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# SACRED SCENES IN EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND.







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# SACRED SCENES;

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## NOTES OF TRAVEL

IN

# EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND.

BT

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#### GLASGOW:

THOMAS ADAMSON, 165 COWCADDENS ST.
LONDON: JACKSON, WALFORD, AND HODDER.
EDINBURGH: W.P. NIMMO.

1864.

203. d. 378.



GLASGOW: PRINTED BY H. NISBET, TRONGATE.

# PREFACE.

I HAVE observed that, in some instances, ministers of the Gospel, who have enjoyed the privilege of visiting the Holy Land, preface their books of travel with apologies for publication, on account of the great number of such works. I do not follow the example of these brethren, because I do not believe that any apology is needed. The Gospel of Christ itself, though preached from Sabbath to Sabbath, is ever invested with some fresh interest, derived from the peculiar experience or idiosyncrasy of the speaker; and a similar variety, attributable to similar causes, will be found in all descriptions of the Holy Land, and records of travel in its sacred regions.

That my reader may be able to understand the circumstances under which the following journey was made, and much of the following narrative composed, I take the liberty of mentioning, that when a kind relative (Colonel, now Major-General Lang,) was returning to this country in the early part of 1862, from a long period of civil and military service in the East, he invited me, in company with a young friend, to meet him in Egypt, and make with him the tour of Palestine. My church willingly

gave me four months' leave of absence, an efficient preacher having been provided for my pulpit. I was naturally anxious to do all that in me lay to give my congregation the immediate benefit of my travels, as well as to maintain their interest in the stated services of the sanctuary. I therefore, when on my journey, wrote letters of some length, which were read by my substitute, at the close of his sermon, on each successive Sabbath afternoon. lowing work is simply a very considerable enlargement and continuation of these letters, changed from the epistolary to the narrative form; and the fact that they were originally written with the view of being read in public on the Lord's-day, will sufficiently account for the proportion of hortatory matter which is to be found in the volume. I did not think it proper to strike out these paragraphs of religious application; for I deem them almost essential to the completeness of a book of travels in the Holy Land.

Too great an interval has elapsed between the date of the journey and that of publication; but the state of my health, which would not admit, for some time, of the labour of composition, is my excuse for the delay.

All writers on the Holy Land are indebted to the works of their numerous predecessors in the same well-traversed field. I need not specify the numerous authors of this class whom I have consulted; but my obligations have been so great to Murray's Hand-Look for "Syria and Palestine," written by the accomplished Dr Porter, late missionary in Damascus, and now of the Presbyterian

College, Belfast, that I feel bound to acknowledge them. While I have been greatly indebted to him and others, chiefly for historical notices of some of the places visited, I am not conscious of having, in any instance, used their exact words without marking the quotation.

I am sorry that I have not been able to bring my narrative to a close in this volume. I had expected to conduct my reader through the "sacred scenes" of Cyprus, Smyrna, Ephesus, and Athens; but having arranged with my publisher for a book of certain dimensions, I did not anticipate the numerous interpolations, particularly in the notices of of Egypt and Jerusalem, which subsequently suggested themselves. It is possible, however, that, if this work should find any favour with the public, and if my health and other duties will permit, I may continue my narrative in a second, although smaller volume. The present volume, however, has a certain completeness of its own, as a book of travels in Egypt and the Holy Land.

As my aim, throughout, has been to benefit spiritually, as well as interest, my reader, I commend this book to the blessing of Him, whose birth, life, and death, have lent to Palestine its unequalled and imperishable charm.

FERGUS FERGUSON.

GLASGOW, June, 1864.



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#### ERRATA.

Page 65, line 11 from bottom, for "often" read always.

Page 72, line 9 from top, for "Nyassa," read Nyansa; or, more fully, Victoria Nyanza.

## SACRED SCENES.

#### CHAPTER I.

# Glasgow to Marseilles.

I LEFT Glasgow with my niece on the evening of Thursday, March 6th, 1862. Arriving in London on Friday, we started on Saturday for Paris. We were favoured with excellent weather, the sea between Calais and Dover, where we crossed from England to France, being smooth as the Frith of Clyde on a summer's day.

I have nothing very particular to notice concerning the journey from Calais to Paris, which occupied six hours per railway. The country is very flat, and in some places, particularly near the coast, it was inundated with recent rains. Much of the land there was long ago reclaimed from the sea. Among other towns, which I need not mention, we passed Douay, the seat of a celebrated Roman Catholic University, resembling our Oxford and Cambridge, as I was told by a fellow-traveller. Here the version of the Bible was made which was authorised by the Church of Rome.

We arrived in Paris on Saturday evening, and spent Sabbath there. I felt somewhat out of my element, not only because I had no public duty to discharge, but also because I was a stranger among strangers, and especially because the sacred day is not

respected by the Parisians as by us. I could sympathise, to some extent, with him whose spirit was stirred within him, "because the whole city was given to idolatry." There is in Paris not only the idolatrous worship of the Virgin Mary and the saints, but also of fashion, and pleasure, and sin. Only the Sabbath before my arrival, a kind of carnival had been held, designed to mark the approach of Lent. The fattest ox that could be found in France had been dragged on a high waggon through the principal streets of Paris. The whole city was turned out to see it. At length it was led to the Tuileries, where it was solemnly delivered over to the Emperor. The childishness of such a scene reminds us of the superstition of pagan Rome.

I was grieved to see the shops to a large extent open on the Sabbath-day, masons hard at work at new buildings in the chief thoroughfares, and, indeed, the whole inhabitants, towards the afternoon, pouring forth, not to worship God, but to enjoy a holiday. Learning from a Glasgow gentleman, who happened to be staying at the same hotel, that many of the mercantile houses gave their hands no release on that day at all; and, contemplating the open shops and perspiring operatives, I could not but remember an argument for the strict observance of the Sabbath, which struck me as very forcible, from the pen of William Arthur, the eminent Methodist, and author of "The Tongue of Fire," to this effect:—Destroy the sacredness of the day, and you will soon destroy it altogether. Let it cease to be regarded as a day set apart for the worship of God, and soon the avariciousness and covetousness of men will rob multitudes of their physical rest, as well as of the amusement and recreation for which some professed friends of the people do continually clamour.

We went out in the forenoon with the intention of worshipping in the English Church, but through some misunderstanding did not reach it. We wandered into the Madeleine Church. This is a most gorgeous edifice, and the Church of Rome is justly proud of it. The priests were performing high mass for the dead. A dead body on an elevated platform was visible to the

assembly; and the rush-lights glimmered faintly for the repose of the departed soul. I was grieved to see the antics performed by the splendidly-dressed priests, whose work seemed more to resemble the theatre than the house of God. I felt persuaded that there was no food there for the soul, and inwardly preferred the simplicity of Protestant dissent to the gorgeousness of endowed and formal Popery.

In the evening, I was fortunate enough to find my way to the Wesleyan Methodist Church. I was happy to hear the pious minister pray thus in our own mother tongue as I entered: "And may the time past more than suffice us all to have wrought the will of the flesh, and henceforth may we live wholly to thy glory and praise." It was a small building—only a hall on a ground floor; but about 150 reverent worshippers were there. I enjoyed much the hymn that was sung after prayer. It ran thus:—

- "Jesus, shall I never be Firmly grounded upon thee? Never by thy work abide? Never in thy wounds reside?
- "O how wandering is my mind, Tossed about by every wind! O how quickly does my heart From the living God depart!
- "Grant that every moment I
  May believe, and feel thee nigh;
  Steadfastly behold thy face,
  Strengthened by renewing grace."

These lines were sung to an appropriate tune, and were accompanied by a melodious little organ. The effect upon my spirit was good; for it was the first outburst of praise in which I had been able to join that day. The hymn had evidently been chosen in view of the sermon about to be preached, which was founded on the words—"No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." (Luke ix. 62.) From

some references both in his prayer and in his sermon, the good man seemed to be much distressed by the inconsistency and backsliding of those who in England made a great profession of religion, but on coming to Paris, threw off all regard for God and his holy commandments. "Ah!" said he, "men send for me on their deathbeds, and bitterly bemoan themselves for the ungodliness to which they have degenerated, and which they feel makes them unfit for the kingdom of God; but I beseech you who are now hearing me, bend over the gospel plough in Paris as well as in London, and draw not back until ye have reached the heavenly side of the field." He said that he would consider, first, the choice of a religious life, implied in the illustrative expression. "putting the hand to the plough"; secondly, the conduct of the backslider, as represented by the man who looked back from the plough; and, thirdly, the doom here pronounced by Christ upon the backslider—"He is not fit for the kingdom of God." remarked, under the first head of discourse, that God forced no man into his service—that man, though depraved, was still a responsible free agent. Yea, I was delighted to hear him come away with the expression that the Holy Spirit of God appeals to the free will of every gospel hearer, and that man's power of choice is consulted along the whole line of his Christian career, as well as at its beginning. Under the second head, he remarked, that a man might be an apostate at heart, although he did not leave the church of God openly. "In the little parable before us the ploughman did not lose hold of the plough, but only looked back In like manner, men may not lose hold of hymn books, or prayer books, or Bibles, or communion elements, but by lapsing into ungodliness of heart and life, and thus looking back to the world and its wickedness, with all these implements of heavenly husbandry in their hands, they may lose eternal life." On the third head, he solemnly observed, that all the past righteousness of the backslider would not save him if he turned from that righteousness; and added, that it would be a fearful thing for those who on earth had acquired much head knowledge, and had

made a loud profession of religion, to be declared unfit for the kingdom of God, by that heart-searching Judge who is "no respecter of persons." The preacher was a man not unlike Dr Robson of Glasgow in personal appearance and in the tones of his voice. I felt thankful that such a sermon could be heard in Paris; and, as the discourse proceeded, my mind almost involuntarily reverted to my own congregation, and I inwardly prayed that all who had grasped the plough under my pastorate might hold on to the end, not looking back, like Lot's wife, to the world, but steadfastly "looking to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

As I walked through Paris for the first time in my life, on this Sabbath day, between church hours, I could not fail to be impressed with the fact, that I was treading ground rendered sacred both by historical and religious associations. At the point at which the Louvre and the Tuileries now meet. I read the following inscription in the French language: - "In 1541 Francis I. commenced the Louvre; in 1564 Catherine de Medicis commenced the Tuileries; between 1852-7 Napoleon III. united the Tuileries to the Louvre." What a wide gap between these extremes, and what a sum of human history do these dates embrace! Since the very pile before me had begun to rise, the Protestant Reformation had been completed, in our own native land, in England and on the Continent; France had afforded sympathy and a place of exile to our Roman Catholic Kings, who had been driven from our shores, first by Cromwell, and then by the no less valorous William III. The very city in which I stood had heaved with agitation and fear at the victories both of Marlborough and Wellington; the Reign of Terror had made men pale within these very boundaries; the blood of the first, the second, and the third French revolutions had dyed these very streets; and these very squares that were now re-echoing the acclaims of the third Napoleon, had heard the yet more deafening huzzas which greeted the first of that name.

But the memory of one individual was yet more sacred to me than that of all the heroes, royal, military, and ecclesiastic, who had figured there. Before leaving home I had been particularly interested in the memoirs of Madame de la Mothe Guyon. I had read extracts from her life, by Professor Upham, of America, at three of my Thursday-night church meetings, in the autumn of 1861. While unable to agree with her in her position, that complete sanctification is produced instantaneously by a single act of faith, I had no hesitation in holding up her consecrated and self-denying spirit as worthy of all imitation. Of noble rank, of great wealth, and a member of the Romish Church, this lady became deeply convinced that salvation did not consist in observing outward formalities and ceremonies, but in the surrender of the whole heart and life as a sacrifice to God. For this doctrine she suffered not only social but civil persecution through a long series of embittered years; and here I was in the very midst of the scenes which had been so familiar to her eyes and her mind. Here were the very streets on which I had read that she walked. Perhaps this was something like the elegant mansion in which she lived. this was the very church in which the good man preached, whose words were made such a blessing to her soul. Perhaps this was the very bridge on which a servant of God one day stopped her, and delivered to her so appropriate a message that it seemed to fall directly from her Father in the sky. That was the site of the very Bastile in which she lay, but did not languish; for her Saviour's presence made her sing like a "little bird" all day And certainly that was the very river Seine on which she sailed away from the rage of her conspiring enemies, and from the bosom of which her little girl gathered, with prophetic instinct, the osier twigs as they passed along, and wove them first into crosses, with which she covered her, and then into a crown, with which she crowned her; for she said that "Mamma would first have the crosses, and then the crown." All day long on Monday I went by rail along the very course which she pursued by river and by road, when she left the persecuting metropolis of France; and the clear moon was shining in an unclouded sky at night when I passed not far from the mountains round Geneva, where first

the Spirit of the Lord came upon her and moved her to teach as well as to visit, and to write as well as to teach. May our lives and our labours be such that, when we are dead and gone, men shall be inspired by viewing the very dwellings in which we lived and the very streets and highways along which we walked. I saw the Empress of France, on that same Sabbath afternoon, bowing her queenly head, and darting from her lovely face her smiles of well-pleased acknowledgment to the enthusiastic thousands who cheered her as she was charioted along the walk of fashionable resort; but the holy woman who trusts in God, in virtue of her marriage with Christ, hath a rank far higher than her's, and reflects a beauty from her soul with which that of the countenance and equipage cannot for a moment be compared.

To pass by a sudden transition to a different subject. I may observe that I was much struck with the fact that although I saw the streets and chief resorts of Paris crowded as densely as Glasgow Green is on the day of a great review, I did not see a single individual the worse of intoxicating liquor. I remarked at the time that such a crowd could not have been collected in our good city, which, according to her motto, should "flourish by the preaching of the word," without affording some lamentable specimens of degrading intoxication. Surely there is a reproof and a lesson here for our country and our city, which glory so much in their pure Protestant religion, and superior observance of the Sabbath. We must confess that the question is a natural one in the mouths of critics, and a somewhat difficult one for our countrymen to answer: -If your religion does not save the masses from drunkenness, what good does it do them at all?" I do not mean to say there is no drunkenness in Paris, but only that it was not to be seen, where scores of thousands were gathered together; and it is very well known that as much could not be said for the city of my abode. The fact is, that the people in France seem to have no relish at all for our strong and adulterated wines, which, in truth, are not the gifts of God, but the dangerous compounds which men have made. The ordinary wine which the French use, at breakfast, or dejeuner, and dinner seems to be weak, and comparatively harmless, as we may judge from the great quantity that can be taken without injury. It was concerning this wine that I remember the eminent Dr. Duff, of India, said—"Wine is to the French peasants, what milk is to the Ayrshire husbandman." The common reply, I find, to this contrast between the beverages of the two countries, is, that our more northern latitudes demand stronger potations. I demur to this sentiment. That the greater coldness of our climate, at certain seasons of the year, may act as a temptation to the use of alcoholic drinks, may be admitted; but that any necessity exists, from our geographical position, for these stimulants, I would unhesitatingly deny. Queen Boadicea and her hardy amazons, with all their courageous contemporaries, in this very island of Great Britain, knew no stronger beverage than the milk of the cow, and the water of the brook. And should not the demonstrations of science, with the warnings of the Holy Bible. bring us back as a nation to such primitive temperance? May God hasten our country's return to that admirable ancestral custom!

On Monday forenoon we left Paris at eleven A.M. per railway for Marseilles. The distance is 534 English miles. We felt the journey to be somewhat fatiguing, as we had never travelled so far, without rest, by the iron road. For many miles the Seine was at our side; and then we flew along the banks of the rather bleak and uninteresting Yonne. We passed Fontainebleau, where Napoleon sorrowfully signed his abdication; Dijon, a city of considerable ecclesiastical and historical importance, celebrated also as the chief emporium of Burgundy's vintage; and Macon, the birth-place of Lamartine.

It was ten o'clock at night when we reached the ancient city of Lyons. This may be called the Glasgow or Manchester of France, since it contains a population of nearly 300,000 individuals, and is the chief seat of French manufacture—principally that of silk. Here the two great rivers Rhone and Saone flow together, the former being crossed by eight, and the latter by nine bridges. I took a rapid walk, while the train stopped, to get my

first view of the broad, deep, arrowy, and kingly Rhone. here, also, my thoughts reverted to other days—days yet more distant than those of which I had thought in the great metropolis. I thought of the early martyrs of the primitive Christian Church. As early as the beginning of the second century, a Christian Church was founded in this city of Lyons, being an offshoot from the parent stem of Smyrna, one of the seven churches of Asia, and to which the Son of God sent a message from the skies. The merchants of Smyrna, when they sailed along the blue Mediterranean, and ascended the waters of the Rhone, brought with them the merchandise of heaven, as well as of Asia—the pearl of Calvary, as well as the wares of Smyrna-and took away with them not only the gold of Lyons, but the gratitude of souls saved and sanctified through their means. As has often happened, the child outstripped the parent in vigour and success; and there is no single church of which we read in the annals of the kingdom of God on earth, that flourished so fairly, and yet so far away from the Asiatic centre—shone out so clearly amid the darkness of persecution, and furnished so glorious an army of martyrs, as this same church of Lyons in ancient Gaul. Irenæus was its bishop, A.D. 170; and it is from the chronicles of his faithful pen that we learn how much his immediate predecessors suffered. There were prisons in Lyons, but the followers of Christ gladly lay in the prisons. There were fires in Lyons, but Christ was with his people in the fires. Yea, there were lions in Lyons, but their growl did not terrify those who had received their strength from the Lamb of God. One lady feared for her servant, lest, being nervous and timid, she would fail to confess her Saviour; but as the dullest youth sometimes becomes the greatest man, the weak and delicate girl shone out the noblest of them all in faith. and patience, and endurance to the end. There was a touching picture in one of the early numbers of "Good Words," of a young man led to the wild beasts with a board upon his back, on which was inscribed, "This is Attalus, the Christian." A higher name could not have been given to mortal, nor could mortal have been

led along a surer and quicker way to immortality. Well, it was in Lyons that Attalus lived, and prayed, and died. As I stood late at night at that bridge, and looked down on the very Rhone which had flowed in their day, had been dyed with their blood, and reddened by the blaze of their fearful funeral pyres, methought that once more these flames were kindled in the darkness, and that the spirits of the martyrs came down to say, "Be faithful unto death, and you shall receive, like us, the crown of life."

It was absolutely impossible that such endurance could have resulted from a fiction and a delusion. Mr. Thomas Cooper, in his valuable lecture on the history of Christianity, delivered in my chapel shortly before my departure, referred to the testimony of Irenæus, in defence of the inspiration of the Scriptures. He told us that, even according to the admission of Strauss, the New Testament, as we have it, was extant, in all its canonical completeness, in the days of Irenæus. Irenæus had been the disciple of Polycarp, who was the disciple of John—the very John who leaned on the bosom of Jesus. Now, argued the lecturer, if, as some say, such a narrative as that of the resurrection of Lazarus had been foisted into the evangelical narrative by the hand of a deceitful annotator, even Irenæus in his day (not to refer to an earlier date) could have said, "I never heard my master, the blessed Polycarp, speak of such a miracle, and he not only read the gospel of John like the rest of us, but received all the details of Christ's humiliation from the lips of the beloved disciple himself." find that, even on the data given us by the great German sceptic (although we can prove the sacred records to have been in existence at a much earlier period), by means of the ancient bishop of Lyons, we can prove that the New Testament, as we have it, has descended to us from the Son of God, and the blessed body-guard of twelve by whom he was surrounded, not forgetting him who was "like one born out of due time." I thought of this, too, at the great bridge over the Rhone, in the old town of Lyons, as the bells were pealing their late nocturnal chimes, and with confirmed faith, "went on my way rejoicing."

After leaving Lyons our course lay due south, along the banks of the Rhone. It was a lovely moonlight night, and, here and there, the glimpses we got of the river, broad as a lake, and reflecting the silvery beams of the queenly orb, were enchanting indeed and quite sufficient to drive sleep away. It is generally confessed that the scenery of the Rhone, although elsewhere comparatively tame, is here equal to that of the Rhine in Germany. morning we passed Avignon where once a competing Pope disputed the supremacy of the Church with his rival at Rome. fell asleep about three o'clock, and when I awoke an hour or two after, day had already dawned. The scene on which I looked was to me a novel one indeed. The train was flying past one of the arms of the Mediterranean Sea, called "the Mouths of the Rhone." Landward, all wore the aspect of a southern clime. Vegetation was far advanced. I had left the orchards of Britain still bare and barren; but the fruit trees before me were blossoming, and there was the gray olive, called in these latitudes "the universal olive," then seen by me for the first time in my life.

On arriving at Marseilles at half-past six A.M., after a journey of nearly twenty hours, we met with a great disappointment. We had been hurrying southward to catch the steamer which had been advertised in London to sail for Alexandria, on the afternoon of that day. But what was our surprise to hear, on driving to the Hotel des Ambassadeurs, that, by an order from our General Post Office, it was detained till the forenoon of the Friday following! We were tempted to feel sorry that we had not spent the time in splendid Paris, or ancient Lyons; for Marseilles, it must be confessed, has few attractions for the traveller. But we could feel no self-reproach; and, as there was no help for it, we determined to look about the town, and enjoy ourselves as best we might.

#### CHAPTER II.

# Marseilles to Ilexandria.

Going out in the forenoon, we felt very sensibly the change of temperature. When we left Glasgow, its citizens were chilled by the east wind of spring, and as we passed through Westmoreland at midnight, the snow drift lay along the railway line; but, at Marseilles, five days after, the heat was insupportable at ten A.M. I could at once understand how a residence during winter, on the shores of the Mediterranean, must be most advantageous to those who are threatened with pulmonary disease. I saw during this walk, for the first time, streets made narrow for the sake of the shade, and shutters made fast on the outside of windows at mid-day to keep back the sun's scorching rays. Even here the oriental fashion is followed, of closing banks and places of business between twelve and three P.M., that the siesta may be enjoyed in shade.

Marseilles (the ancient Massilia) is the largest seaport of the Mediterranean, containing a population of about 180,000. It is, therefore, equal in size to Edinburgh, although it cannot be compared with it, either for beauty of natural situation, or architecture. It rather resembles Greenock in appearance, only supposing that town to be quadrupled, or quintupled. It is a very ancient city, having been founded by a colony of Phocians, 600 years before the Christian era. Of late it has not only risen rapidly in importance as a seaport, but has begun to bear marks of that outward improvement in its buildings and streets, which the energy of the

Emperor has communicated to the principal cities of the empire, and by which, although he has for the time exhausted his treasury, he bids fair ultimately to immortalise his reign.

I am sorry to say that the place is very immoral, and that drunkenness is lamentably prevalent all round the harbour, and that the houses kept open for the sale of all kinds of strong drink are very numerous. Be it observed, however, that this intemperance does not prevail among the French inhabitants, who are very sober, but among the foreigners who visit the port—for Marseilles may be called the Liverpool of the Mediterranean. Wandering about the harbour, we were struck to observe beings of miserable aspect, bare-footed and bare-legged, with no covering but a large blanket thrown over their shoulders. The inhabitants were quite accustomed to the sight; but it filled us with surprise. We found out that they were Algerines from the other side of the Mediterranean. Certainly, this first specimen of African population did not produce upon us a favourable impression.

The well known Mr. Radcliffe had been labouring here for some time, after closing a very successful evangelistic campaign in Paris. In fact he did not leave the town till the day after my arrival in I was not made aware of this till I entered into conversation with the chief engineer of the steam ship in which I sailed from Marseilles to Alexandria. He introduced himself to me as a Scotchman, from the neighbourhood of Stonehouse, near Strathaven, and seemed, moreover, to be a true Christian. He had marched all his men to hear Mr. Radcliffe at Marseilles, and testified that the effect produced upon them. by the addresses which they heard, was truly wonderful, even although the impression must have been, to some extent, weakened by the fact that, after every short speech, the Protestant minister of the town interpreted it in French, for the benefit of those who did not understand the English language. Mr. Radcliffe seems to be one of those men who are continually full of the unction of the Holy One, and who cannot live in a house, or speak in an assembly, without doing good, even although the outward circumstances be adverse and untoward. My informant pulled out from a drawer in his cabin, to which he had taken me, a tract which he valued highly. I was much pleased to meet a fellow-Christian in such a place. The tract was issued by Mr. Radcliffe before leaving Marseilles, and was printed both in French and English. I shall transcribe a few sentences, that my readers may see how clearly the true Gospel is being proclaimed on the shores of the Mediterranean:—

"Dear Friends,—In departing from Marseilles, where so much kindness has been shown me, it is a joy to be allowed to hand you a few lines.

"Could God convince you that he loves you, better than by giving his Son the Lord Jesus, to be punished for your sin? Saint Peter, John, and Paul declare this love to you so plainly! In Christ was discovered to them the forgiveness of their own great sins, and through Christ they declare that every one trusting his soul to this bleeding, but now living, Lamb of God, is forgiven as they were, and that freely, for nothing. God has, thus, better than any generous, loving, earthly father, provided a forgiveness for our sins in Christ's death. Can we, then, refuse to welcome the visit of our loving Saviour, who, at the moment your eyes look on these words, knocks for admittance at your hearts, saying, in gentle words, Have I not done enough ?have I not suffered the whole, leaving nothing for you to do, in order to be forgiven, but to believe, and accept your pardon, and have eternal life, even whilst reading this? See, it is not as if you could get a noble estate for a farthing, but like accepting a noble estate, as a free gift, for nothing. Such is the wondrous gift of God now offered to your soul. How sad that unbelief, often arising from mean thoughts of the God of love, should hinder so many from finding rest, and discovering the secret of a truly holy life." &c., &c.

Such earnest and indefatigable labourers are much needed in France. The Roman Catholic religion has little real hold on the masses there. Only the women go to church. Mengenerally absent themselves, and laugh at the frauds which the priests practise on the weaker sex. Let us pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth such labourers into his harvest, all over the continent of Europe, as will gather in the millions of yet ungathered souls.

I was much interested in certain monuments which I saw in different parts of Marseilles, and which had been erected to the memory of a Bishop, who had died there in the year 1720.

It would appear that a terrible plague devastated the city in that year. Almost the whole population had fallen victims to its virulence. This good man, named Belzunce, had risked his life unsparingly, and had ultimately died of the distemper. tablet, he is represented in the act of administering medicine to the poor people, and relieving their temporal necessities, while a languid patient reverently touches and kisses the hem of his On another, he is depicted in the act of offering supplications for some who are in the agonies of death, while angels are waiting to receive their emancipated souls. In the old town and the new town alike, these monuments meet the eye of the stranger, while squares and streets are called by his name. Nor is he alone eulogised, but a hundred and fifty of the clergy and physicians besides, whose devotion cost them their lives. One tablet, which records the self-sacrifice of these martyrs, bears this inscription:--"They died; but they are truly im-May they never be forgotten! And if a similar calamity should ever return, may worthy successors take their place!" I could not but conclude, as I read these memorial stones, that while the selfish are soon forgotten, how much soever they may have grasped and amassed, the benevolent and the devoted live for ever, in the fragrant immortality of earth, as well as in the glorious immortality of heaven. Nor could I fail to remember the Divine Shepherd and Bishop of our souls, who, when the plague of sin devastated our world, ran in between the living and the dead, and lost his own life in seeking to save the perishing. Therefore does he enjoy an immortality on earth to-day, which statesmen, poets, heroes, and monarchs, may well envy; and all who drink into his spirit of self-sacrificing love. shall share his everlasting fame.

On Wednesday we took a trip to Toulon, one of the great naval stations of France, thirty miles from Marseilles. Oliveyards and vineyards lay luxuriant on either side of the line. Now, we coasted along a broad bay of the Mediterranean, and anon pursued an inland journey. Toulon contains 46,000 inhabitants.

The roads, in which we saw the men-of-war lying, are well defended both against the storms of winter and of war. Two hundred ships of the line can easily be accommodated in what is called the new harbour. We were sorry that the great arsenal of the place was not open to inspection on the day of our visit. The old town, which has very narrow streets, is built close upon the sea shore. Jolly tars were everywhere walking about; and we could have fancied ourselves, for that and other reasons, in Portsmouth or Plymouth. We were affected to observe convicts working in chains in the harbour. Alas! everywhere there are the sinful, the degraded, and the sorrowful. As we returned to Marseilles in the evening, we understood how near we were to the confines of Italy, by hearing some travellers in the same carriage remark that they had left Nice that day by diligence.

On the morning of Friday, March 14, we embarked for Alexandria in the steamship Euxine, one of the noble fleet of vessels possessed by the Peninsular and Oriental Company. Some delay took place before all the mails were got on board, and the passengers with their immense piles of luggage. At length about ten a.m. we steamed out of the harbour. There is generally a swell in the Gulf of Lyons; and shortly after our departure my niece and myself both became sick (for the first and happily the last time in our travels), and did not see one another till the next day. I awoke early on Saturday morning, and, going on deck, was happy to find the sea smooth as glass, and our good ship making vigorous progress through the narrow straits of Bonifacio, which divide Corsica from Sardinia. We could see towns. villages, and solitary houses on either shore. The former island, as every one knows, boasts of having been the birth-place of the first Napoleon. In half-an-hour, however, we came in sight of the islet, in which lies the home of one whose reputation is fairer and more precious than his. I refer to Caprera; and I need not add that the inhabitant, whose name has lent it such a charm, is Garibaldi. Caprera and an adjacent island lie as near the mainland of Sardinia, as do the Cumbrae Islands to the mainland

of Britain. It is wild and barren, apparently of one or two miles in length; and a mountain rises in its centre to the height of 700 feet. We could see the long, low, white house in which the General lives, as the vessel glided through the narrow strait which separates it from Sardinia. How truly the soul of man is the glory of the world, especially when that soul is noble, self-sacrificing, and brave, was made apparent by the fact, that the residence there of a single mind could surround a sterile rock with such a halo of interest, that millions of hearts should turn towards it as a tower of strength, and millions of prayers ascend for him who walked and meditated on its sea-girt shores.

All day we coasted along the thinly-populated shores of Sar-As we retired to rest, we were bidding the last promontory farewell, and when we assembled on deck on a lovely placid Sabbath morning, we found that we were on a line with the classic coast of Sicily. It was well that the sea was calm, and that all traces of sea sickness had vanished, for I was engaged to preach in the cabin at half-past ten A.M. When I went on board, I had no idea of being recognised as a minister, and certainly my habiliments were not specially clerical; but, observing my address in the Company's books, the captain, who was a fine specimen of a gentleman and Christian in one, on the very first day of the passage, asked me if I would say "grace" at dinner, and preach on the Sabbath-day. Being unwilling to resist this call in Providence, I complied, although I had no expectation of being so situated. I was glad that I had brought my professional dress with me; so instead of ministering in Blackfriars' Street, Glasgow, I ministered, for the first, and, I suppose, for the last time in my life, on the coast of Sicily. We were just passing Marsala, where Garibaldi landed with his gallant band, when our service began. What if, on that beautiful Lord's-day, another Liberator landed on some sin-enslaved souls in the ship, and set them free indeed!

The men were all piped on deck, and the roll was called. Each man answered to his name, designating, at the same time, the office which he held. Then the boatswain's whistle sounded, and

they were all marched to the cabin below, a goodly number of the passengers following. The captain, in a clear, manly, yet reverent voice, read the prayers, calling upon me to read the two lessons of the day. These were the 27th chapter of Genesis, in which the theft of Esau's blessing by Jacob is narrated, and the 3rd chapter of John's Gospel, containing the account of the new birth. I chose for my text, as being somewhat appropriate to the chapters read-"Esau, for one morsel of meat sold his birthright. For ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing he was rejected: for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." (Heb. xii. 16, 17.) I endeavoured to show that the birthright of eternal life is brought nigh to every man by Christ—that it is a gift to be accepted of, not a prize to be won; but that after it is accepted, we are warned in the text to beware of losing it. The company seemed to listen attentively, and the captain afterwards thanked me for the discourse, as being calculated to do good to his men.

On the Sabbath evening, we began to stand away from Sicily, and make for the island of Malta. The distance between the two is 120 miles. We cast anchor in the harbour of Valetta after midnight.

Malta is 640 miles distant from Marseilles, and 820 from Alexandria. It is about seventeen miles in length and nine in breadth, and lies low, for its loftiest eminence does not exceed 200 yards. It is rendered interesting by many historical associations. In the time of the Crusades, the chivalrous orders of knighthood were established, chiefly for the protection of pilgrims to the Holy Land, all the members of which were sworn to chastity and devotion to the Church. These were the Knights Templars, and the Knights Hospitallers, called also the Knights of St. John, because St. John the Baptist was their patron saint. Of the two, the latter proved the most popular and the most permanent, and, for hundreds of years, possessed the Island of Rhodes, also in the Mediterranean, its Sovereign being the Grand Master of the Order. After a long conflict, however, they were at length compelled to sound a

retreat from Rhodes. Charles V. of Spain and Germany, being a zealous Catholic, gave them the Island of Malta instead. They always contended that, although they retreated, they remained unconquered, because they carried with them the keys of Rhodes, which I saw suspended in triumph in the church of St. John the Baptist. The Grand Master continued to rule the island of Malta till 1798, when it fell into the hands of Napoleon, but ultimately became the possession of the British. I saw our Queen's throne in the Palace of the Governor, who is her representative. The inhabitants are about 120,000 in number, and have prospered not a little under British rule. The aboriginal population speak a language which is half Arabic and half Italian.

When we awoke on Monday morning, we found that, as the steamer was to sail again at ten A.M., we must make all haste, if we wished to see Valetta, the chief town of the island. Consequently we hurried on shore to see what was to be seen. Valetta is beautifully situated on a promontory, on either side of which two deeply indented bays form fine natural harbours. Many of the streets are so steep, as to be rather stairs than streets; but, as a whole, the place seemed to be clean and healthy. Its two chief objects of interest, to both of which we paid a visit, are the Church of St. John the Baptist, which is the cathedral church of Malta, and the Governor's palace. The former is truly a wonderful edifice, with "its vaulted roof of gilded arabesque, its crimson tapestries, finely carved pulpits, and its floor resembling one vast escutcheon, being a mosaic of knightly tombs, on which the coats-of-arms are finely copied in coloured marble and precious stones." Besides the great chapel, there are small oratoires for the members of the different nations of the earth, such as the Portuguese, the Spanish, the Italian. &c. As we passed through it, about half-past eight A.M., many worshippers were kneeling in these various recesses, with apparent devotion; while to others, the dispensation of high mass seemed a very indifferent matter indeed. Perhaps the finest painting in the church is that of the beheading of John the Baptist. The Knights of the Order, and the ministers of religion, lie buried in the vaults below.

From the roof of the Governor's palace, the position of the bay called St Paul's Bay was pointed out to me, being that where, according to tradition, Paul and his fellow-voyagers were wrecked. Some writers, I may observe, consider the island of Meleda, on the Dalmatian coast, to be that on which the Apostle was cast; but the preponderance of evidence lies decidedly in favour of It is not likely that tradition would be incorrect on so important a point. I may notice that Mr Smith, of Jordanhill, a learned and intelligent Christian gentleman, whose estate lies in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, a few years ago published, in two volumes, a most elaborate essay on the voyage of St. Paul. He sailed, for his own personal satisfaction, over all the seas through which, according to the narrative of St. Luke, the tempest-tossed bark was driven; and his conclusion is, that the account is so exact, and bears such manifest marks of verisimilitude, that it proves to a demonstration the honesty and integrity of the sacred writer, and is worthy of taking a high place in the list of those evidences which are the impregnable strongholds of Christianity.

I could not help thinking, as I gazed upon the bay, that truly my lines were cast more pleasantly than the Apostle's, when he was driven about in distress in that very neighbourhoood. It struck me, also, that his shipwreck was somewhat emblematic of the history of the Christian church on earth. Many a storm she has endured. Sometimes her enemies have triumphed over her, as if she had altogether perished; but she has always hitherto struggled through her difficulties to the shore, and, like that Apostle, who is one of her strongest pillars, prospered more than ever when the danger passed away. Indeed, that shipwreck on the coast of Melita illustrates the experience of some souls when they find a footing on Christ; for there are those who are "scarcely saved." They will not leave the world or their darling sins till all their former hopes and sources of happiness are shattered and taken

away. It is only when their fortunes are exhausted, their friends removed by death, or their health well nigh ruined, that, at length, "on boards, and broken pieces of the ship," they reach the shore of salvation, where a gracious and sin-forgiving Saviour "shows them no little kindness." Yea, that dark midnight and hazardous morning illustrate the death-bed experience of the sorely afflicted believer. The winds of temptation have howled around him, and angrily have the billows of disease and death risen up against him; but, "there stands by him the angel of God, whose he is, and whom he serves." Then he is enabled to comfort all the weeping ones at his bedside, as Paul comforted his pale and terror-stricken companions; and, as then the prisoner exhorted the free men and the officers, under whose charge he sailed, he who is bound by the chains of sickness exhorts the healthful and the strong, and ofttimes the physician too, to whose care he has been committed. Undismayed by the dissolution which dismays and distresses others, the afflicted one can sing-

> "Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck, My Saviour through the waves I seek; There neither wind nor stormy main, Shall shake my shattered bark again."

Then the end comes. In the words of Watts, He

"Who made the tempests rise, Gives to some angel swift command, To bear the drowning mariner safe to land."

There he is welcomed, not by "barbarous people," but by his Saviour and the saved, in whose society he forgets all the pains of dissolution, and wipes his tears for ever away.

Although we landed at Malta between seven and eight A.M., we found the streets full of people, and the housewives abroad making their purchases for the day. We also made a few purchases for friends at home, chiefly in lace, one of the articles of merchandise for which the island is celebrated.

I was much interested in the Maltese manner of wearing the veil. In Egypt and Syria the faces of the Arab women are com-

pletely hidden from view. In Malta, one eye with one side of the face alone is covered, while the other is, of course, left free to do its bewitching execution. This custom is curiously appropriate; for the island is half way between Europe and the East, and its population is half Arab and half Italian.

We were much amused as we rowed from the shore to the steamer, to observe how the boys dived for money. We could not understand what the naked little fellows wished who kept alongside of us, till a gentleman in our boat threw a silver coin into the water. Quick as thought, one of the urchins plunged after it, and brought it up from the deep blue sea shining between his teeth! He got keeping it for his pains.

We took in at Malta several new passengers, and, what was not less agreeable, a large supply of new oranges. These had grown in the island and had a peculiar appearance. They were blood-red in colour, and sweeter in taste than the Spanish or Syrian oranges.

And now the time is up, and at length the steam is up too, and we have looked our last farewell to the vanishing coast of Malta, and have set our faces steadily towards the land of Egypt. Let me indulge in a few meditations suggested by what was to be seen on board and at sea.

The "arms," or characteristic badge of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, in one of whose vessels I was sailing, is the figure of the rising sun, with the motto below, "Quis separabit?" that is, "Who shall separate us?" This meets the eye on all the life-boats, plates, and linen on board, as well as on the caps, coats, yea, and the very buttons worn by the officers of their ships. It is very appropriate for the Company, for it indicates their unity and good fellowship, and also reminds the observer that all their ships sail towards the rising sun. It strikes me that the motto is very suitable for Christian friends likewise, since they can say with the apostle, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" and, by consequence, from the love of one another. Seas and continents may divide them, yea, the

stream of death may part them, but they still remain one in heart. The sun, moreover, is an appropriate emblem. We ever turn and tend towards Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, from whom our souls are continually supplied with the light of heavenly knowledge, the warmth of heavenly love, and the fertility of heavenly holiness. It were well for us if these words, "Who shall separate us from Christ?" were written on all we do, and on all we have, as "Holiness to the Lord" was inscribed of old on all the vessels of the Temple. I could not understand, for some time at sea, what ailed my watch, till I was told that the steamboat clocks were put forward about twenty minutes every day, the continual progress of the vessel towards the east rendering necessary such an alteration. It strikes me that, in like manner, the longer we live we should so continually approximate towards Christ, our heavenly Sun, in holiness of character that our advance will be noticeable to all around. We should not always keep, figuratively speaking, the same time of day. "Nearer to thee; nearer, my God, to thee," should be our hourly cry; and when our neighbours ask why such a difference appears between what we were and what we are, the answer will be, that, by our daily progress Christward, we have reached a different moral longitude and latitude of soul.

Life at sea is proverbially monotonous. From day to day we saw only the wide waste of waters, except when a chance sail appeared, or a steamer of the English or French Company plying on the same station. We witnessed some glorious sunsets, the suddenness of which surprises all who visit the East for the first time; and the full moon, night after night, shone upon us with unveiled silvery beam. The thought was affecting, that these same great luminaries and twinkling stars had looked down upon the same waters for thousands of years, while successive nations had risen and fallen on the shores of the Mediterranean, and sent forth their mariners and navies to do business and wage war on its bosom. These very constellations beheld, and these very waters bore, the adventurous ships

of Phœnicia which first tremblingly crossed the expanse—the Roman and Carthaginian galleys, which there contended for the mastery of the world—and the fleets of Macedonia, whose empire flourished both on the northern and the southern shore. Then the humble evangelists of the Cross carried the message of redeeming love over the great sea; and Moors, Saracens, and Crusaders, in successive centuries, but all now long, long ago, were guided by that very sun by day, and that very moon by night. Alas! how short-lived is man. We must all pass away like them. But thanks be unto God that "his unspeakable gift is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

A few days elapse before fellow-voyagers become acquainted with one another. At length all stiffness and formality wear away, and frankness and good-fellowship prevail. Each one comes to know a little about the history, present circumstances, and destination of his neighbours. Here is a Russian Admiral, with his young aide-de-camp, on his way to take the command of the Russian fleet in the Chinese waters. Here is a young Spanish officer, who wears on his breast, proudly, the Cross of the Legion of Honour, conferred on him, at the hunt of Compiegne, by the Emperor of the French, because, rushing gallantly between him and danger, he had saved his life. Here is an old lady, who spends much of her time in retirement, and who is going on a pilgrimage to see Jerusalem before she dies, and wonders that any one can go to Jerusalem except as a pilgrim. Here are two pushing young Scotchmen, on their way to fill important situations in connection with the Indian railways. And several bridegrooms are here, who have been home to Britain, and have brought away their brides to cheer the solitude of their exile in the distant settlements of China and Hindostan. God knows them all. God loves them all, and wishes them all to be his.

Late on the evening of the seventh day after our departure from Marseilles, the light of the harbour of Alexandria was seen upon our bows. From that very shore, more than two thousand years ago, the celebrated beacon-light of Pharos, accounted one of the wonders of the world, was wont to guide the galleys of Rome and Macedonia through these very waters. It was midnight, however; and, as the harbour of Alexandria cannot be entered without a pilot, and as no pilot ventures out after twilight, we were compelled to lie off the city till dawn. Thus seven full days had elapsed since we had left the coast of France. The thought was suggested to me by this delay, that, when we arrive at the heavenly harbour, we will not be under the necessity of waiting long for a guide. In the darkest and dreariest night of winter our heavenly Pilot will come off at once to steer us safely in.

## CHAPTER III.

## Blexandria und the Beltu.

When we came on deck on the morning of Friday, the 21st March, the classic land of Egypt was distinctly visible at the distance of two or three miles. A flat, sandy coast, on either side, with little vegetation, and right in front of us the harbour and town of Alexandria, made up our first view of the African con-The "Euxine" had been cruising about slowly all night, and about seven A.M., when it was thought the pilot would be likely to come off, she stood in for the shore. Much curiosity was manifested by the passengers when the pilot-boat drew near; and certainly its bare-legged rowers, in their dirty smocks and turbans, had no very imposing appearance. The pilot and his assistant, however, who quickly mounted the gangway, and took their station on the wheel-box, had turbans of a better quality, and were, moreover, distinguished by a white cord which girded their waists, and by having leathern sandals on their feet. seemed to know their duty well, and issued their directions to the steersman with readiness and confidence, while the ship's hands wielded the plumb-line constantly, and sung out the depth every few minutes as we advanced. None of the passengers were allowed on the platform between the paddle-boxes, lest they should interfere with the important operations; for the entrance of the harbour of Alexandria seemed to be a difficult and critical affair. An apparently full sea lay between us and the land; but in reality it was shallow and rocky, save in that narrow, winding channel through which we were so slowly groping our way.

And now we are getting nearer to the shore, and can see how the harbour lies. In olden times it consisted of two harbours with the island of Pharos between; but the eastern one is now disused, and we were about to cast anchor in the western one, called by the Greeks, *Eunostus*, that is, the port of good return. Ships of different countries occupied their several stations, and among the rest a substantial Liverpool steamer. The ascendancy of the Crescent over the land was represented by the presence of several Egyptian men-of-war.

It is very pleasant, when one has seen hundreds and thousands of strangers for weeks, without recognising one familiar countenance, to find a dear and kind friend in waiting on a strange and foreign shore. This was the happy experience of my fellow-voyager and myself when we looked over the ship's side, as our anchor dropped in the harbour of Alexandria, and found that my brother-in-law really was there. He had come from Bombay, up the Red Sea, to Suez, and had been waiting for us in Egypt for a week. The strange land suddenly ceased to be strange; and to the distant land was quickly communicated something of the magic charm of home. Our party now, judged by the standard of the old Romans, trembled within the limits of perfection; for they used to say, after their pagan fashion, that "a party should never be more than nine, the number of the muses, or less than three, the number of the graces."

On rowing to the shore (for such a thing as a pier seems to be unknown on the coasts of the Mediterranean), the sights and the sounds which met us were truly novel and oriental. Numerous wearers of the turban and smock pressed forward as eager candidates for either light or heavy porterage, and importunate applicants for bakshish. Scores of ragged boys with donkeys rejoicing in carpet saddles, were clamorous for patronage; while high over the crowd rose the head of the camel, "the ship of the desert," often seen by me in the drawing, but never before in

reality. With some difficulty we made our way through the motley throng to the omnibus belonging to the hotel at which we were to stay. Arrived there, we enjoyed some pleasant conversation about friends at home, as well as the plentiful dejeuner for which our morning's cruise off the town had fully prepared us.

Ancient Alexandria, as its name imports, was built by the orders of Alexander the Great, in the fourth century before the Christian era, and thus was but a modern city compared with those which existed before the days of the Patriarchs. The keen eye of that conqueror observed how favourably it was situated for commerce, placed, as it was, on the highway between Europe and Asia—a circumstance which the first Napoleon, in the beginning of this century, in like manner pointed out. It grew to be so great a city that its walls were fifteen miles in circumference, while its population numbered 600,000 souls. To the Christian it is interesting as the place in which the Greek version of the Old Testament was composed by the command of one of the Ptolemies, for the benefit of those Jews who resided in Egypt, and had forgotten the language of their forefathers. Because this translation was made by seventy men, the version was called the Septuagint version. It seems to be also undeniable that the evangelist Mark preached the gospel here; and tradition says that he was dragged to death in the streets. One of the churches, which was esteemed an ornament to the city, after the commencement of the Christian era, was called the Church of St. Mark; and the Coptic Christians, of whom there are 150,000 in Egypt, claim him as their founder. Alexandria is also celebrated as the birthplace of Apollos, who was mighty in his eloquence and "mighty in the Scriptures." To the ecclesiastical historian it is interesting as having been the seat of the Alexandrian school of philosophy, of which Clement, one of the early Fathers of the Church, was the founder. In his desire to "become all things to all men, that he might win some," he endeavoured to wed the simple and yet sublime religion of Christ to the proud and pretentious philosophy of Greece.—In Alexandria also the terrible controversy raged on the divinity of Christ, between Athanasius and Arius, his rival. Four times was the former driven from the city, and four times he returned in triumph.

Alexandria had one of the largest libraries in the world, which, after having been twice injured and diminished by fire, amounted, in the reign of Julian, to seven hundred thousand volumes. When the city was taken by Amrou, the victorious general of the Arabs, A.D. 640, he wrote to the Caliph Omar, asking what he would recommend him to do with these books. "If the books of the Alexandrian library," replied the Caliph, "are the same as the Koran, they are useless; if not, they are worse than useless; in either case let them be destroyed." The barbarous orders were obeyed. The world yet grieves to hear that these volumes, whose value cannot be estimated, were ordered to be used as fuel for the public baths, which, according to an Arab historian, were heated by them for six months.

Under the sway of the Saracens, the trade of Alexandria declined till the deserted city became a heap of ruins. It is only since the beginning of the present century, through the energy of the celebrated Viceroy, Mehemet Ali, and the commercial enterprise of Europe, that the modern city has sprung, phænixlike, from the ashes of the other. Its dimensions are poor, indeed, when compared with those of its magnificent predecessor, only a small portion of the ground being occupied, while the population, both of natives and foreigners, does not exceed It is indeed "a pie-bald town, one-half European, with its regular houses, tall and whited and stiff; the other half Oriental, with its mud-coloured buildings and terraced roofs, varied with fat mosques and lean minarets. The suburbs are encrusted with the wretched hovels of the Arab poor; and immense mounds and tracts of rubbish occupy the wide space between the city and its walls: all beyond is a dreary waste."

Our hotel was in the European quarter of Alexandria, and we had not yet seen the Egyptian town. We went out in the forenoon to visit the two great curiosities of Alexandria, and, indeed,

its only memorials of antiquity,-I mean, Cleopatra's Needles and Pompey's Pillar. As these lay in the suburbs, and were besides pretty far apart, we were glad to avail ourselves of the help of a carriage. Returning to the sea shore, we had a fine view of the harbour, and of the position of the island of Pharos. which is now united to the mainland by a causeway. stands the Alexandrian Palace of Mehemet Ali, used only for the entertainment of a passing Pasha; for the chief palace of the Viceroy is at Cairo. Upon the edge of the Great Harbour, and on a line with this rock of Pharos, which forms the extreme northern point of the horse-shoe port, are to be found the two pillars called Cleopatra's Needles. They are not kept in very good order, nor does the traveller find his way to them by any magnificent approach. I thought that our coachman had stopped where a new house was being erected-a not unnatural inference from the rubbish and sand lying all around, yet here were to be found the celebrated obelisks! It cannot be certainly known why they bear the name of that bewitching princess, who, about half a century before Christ, revelled in Alexandria with Cæsar and Mark Antony, and whom she conquered by her charms, if they conquered her by the sword. It may have been that they received her name because they were transported by her orders from Heliopolis. "Their hieronear Cairo, where they had stood for centuries. glyphics date as far back as the Exodus. Each pillar is a single block of red granite, about seventy feet high, and nearly eight feet in diameter at the base. How such huge blocks were cut from the quarry, transported hundreds of miles, and erected upon their pedestals, is a mystery not solved by anything yet discovered of ancient mechanic arts. One only of the obelisks is standing. The other was taken down to be transported to England, but now lies half-buried in the mud and sand. On one side of the standing obelisk the hieroglyphics are distinctly visible, but on the northern or sea-ward side they are much defaced by the action of the weather."

Alexandria is not built at one of the mouths of the Nile, as many suppose who have not made particular inquiry. Long ago, what was called the Canopic branch of the river, here discharged itself into the sea; but this has been dried up for many centuries. A very large canal, however, constructed by the orders of the enterprising Mehemet Ali, who died in 1849, and called after him the Mahmoudieh Canal, joins the water of the harbour to the Nile, which is forty miles distant. Twenty-five thousand lives. it is said, were sacrificed in the execution of this great work. It was completed in one year, namely 1820. This fact harmonizes well with the despotism of Eastern monarchs, and the characteristic serfdom and obsequiousness of Eastern peoples. Driving eastward from the Needles, we soon reached the banks of this canal, where we observed the barges with the lateen sail. such as is to be seen on the northern shores of the Mediterranean, and on the lake of Geneva.

Our coachman now made a considerable detour to show us a beautiful palace, the property of one of the numerous members of the Vice-regal family. We rang the bell of the outside gate, which was promptly answered by one of the servants. The family were from home: but this domestic with the other servants, who soon gathered round us, were very willing indeed to admit us in expectation of the much-loved bakshish. They certainly seemed. poor fellows, to be in need of a gift; for neither their dress nor appearance were creditable to their royal master. But if they were not beautiful, the mansion to which they introduced us undoubtedly was. Its principal rooms were very spacious-about sixty feet long by forty broad. It combined happily the Eastern and Western fashions; for the splendid sofas, and chairs, and mirrors, were apparently of English or Parisian make. bed-rooms were fitted up in a style of similar magnificence. The impression left upon our minds was, that there was no lack of money in the coffers of the Vice-regal family in Egypt, and that they sucked the down-trodden common people well. In truth, they did not seem to be very highly respected by their immediate attendants; for when we asked if the palace belonged to the reigning Pasha, our principal guide, after answering in the negative, mimicked the corpulency of the sovereign, by describing with his hands the great semi-circle of his paunch, and then walking slowly and with difficulty, as if he were laden with a tremendous burden of obesity.

Proceeding next in a south-westerly direction, we came to Alexandria's other "lion"-Pompey's Pillar. In the midst of the garish stones of the modern Mahommedan Necropolis. and six hundred vards from the walls of the modern town, the statue towers aloft—so called, not from Pompey the Great, the rival of Julius Cæsar, but from the name of the Egyptian who was employed to rear it. It was erected by the Alexandrians. A.D. 296, to testify their gratitude towards the conquering Roman emperor, Diocletian, for his clemency towards their city. Its shaft is evidently a single stone, hewn from the celebrated quarries up the Nile, whence, likewise, came the materials for buildings which can boast a much more venerable antiquity. It is of red granite, ninety-nine feet in height, by thirty in circumference. What changes, methought, had taken place around that silent pillar in the course of sixteen hundred years! Its apparent height is increased by the fact that it stands upon a piece of rising ground. It can be seen from many points in the surrounding country; and the sailor, far out at sea, shows to the thrilled traveller the classic land-mark of Pompev's The effect produced by this ancient monolith is spoiled, to no small extent, by the mud houses of a Mahommedan village, which stand in all their squalor, about a stone's-throw from its base, as well as by the proximity of the burying-ground. We were much annoyed, during our visit, by the pertinacity with which men, women, and children clamoured for bakshish. I could not fail to observe, again and again, throughout my tour, the ease with which adults in Egypt could beg from the stranger,-a fulfilment of Ezekiel's prophecy-"It shall be the basest of kingdoms."

The modern made me think of the ancient burying-ground. Long ago, it stood on the outside of the western gate of the city, and we are informed that "the memorials of the dead, both Pagan and Christian, lined the roadside and sea coast for two miles." A few sepulchral stones, from which all inscriptions have been effaced by the lapse of ages, are all that remains of the great city of Alexandria, which, for a thousand years, had flourished proudly there, and concerning which the victorious Saracen general, when he took it, had written to his chief. "It is impossible for me to enumerate the variety of its riches and beauty, and I shall content myself with observing, that it contains four thousand palaces, four thousand baths, four thousand theatres, twelve thousand shops, and forty thousand tributary Jews." Alas! thus passeth away the glory of the world. moderns bury their dead not far from the graves of the ancients, and the contrast is striking between the old and new tombstones.

Riding back into the town we passed through the modern walls, and observed how large a space is unoccupied and strewn with rubbish between them and the houses of the inhabitants.

In the afternoon we walked out to get a view of the European and Egyptian quarters. The former has been growing rapidly in importance of late years. The chief street is a fine broad promenade, shaded with trees, like some of the finest streets in the Continental capitals. The best hotels are in it, as well as the residences of the Consuls of different nations, distinguished by their respective flags. On entering the Egyptian district, what strikes a stranger most, is the bazaars. It is unnecessary to explain, at least to Glasgow people, what a bazaar is; for we have a very good specimen in our own city. Should any reader turn up Walker's Dictionary he will find it thus explained, "An Eastern market; a place fitted up for various shops all under one regula-The first definition shows that we are indebted to the Orientals for the idea; while the second brings up the thing itself The fact is, that, while with us shops are before the mind. generally found in all parts of the city, in the East they are

gathered into one place. It is not to be supposed, however, that this place is a spacious square, like that which is called by the name of Bazaar in Glasgow. In the larger towns it occupies several of the little winding alleys called streets. The shops are ranged on either side not more than eight feet apart, if indeed the distance be so respectable. A donkey passing causes discomfort when the lane is full: the coming of a pannier-laden camel makes no small stir, clearing the market for the time, and driving the customers close in to the little booths. "Each of these is about six feet square, and in it the merchant's stock is locked up during the night, while it is exposed for sale in front of it during the day. The standard articles exposed for sale, are tobacco, lentils, bread in flat loaves as big as one's hand, pipes and pipe bowls, little coffee cups, onions, dates, slippers, shawls and turbans. Occasionally you will find articles of beauty and of delicacy, but usually every alternate stall is for tobacco and bread, and interspersed with these are coffee-shops occupying the space of two or three stalls."

As I gazed upon the sombre faces of these turbaned Mahommedans, the representations of eastern life, which I had read in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," when a school boy, were vividly recalled to my mind. Their fatalistic ideas seemed to make them indifferent as to whether success or failure attended their efforts. We went from stall to stall purchasing kerchiefs to protect our heads from the sun, and other articles of dress, needed for our journey; and the master of a stall who had failed to satisfy us would sip his coffee, smoke his pipe, or sit in motionless inactivity, sublimely unmoved by the fact, that his rival over the way had made a capital sale.

On retiring to my room that night, I found that a graceful curtain of fine muslin had been hung round my bed. This was a mosquito-net. It reminded me that I was in a tropical clime. The muslin was intended to let in the air and keep out the mosquitoes. Thus protected, I fell asleep, for the first time, in the land of the Pharaohs.

I awoke at dawn on Saturday, March 22nd. I might have slept again; but a variety of noises conspired to keep me awake. The cocks crowed, the dogs barked, and the asses braved so loudly as to show very clearly that they were much more abundant in Egypt than in Britain. Besides the matin chimes of the Latin and Greek churches of Alexandria, whose Easter was fast approaching, (and one of them was close to our hotel,) to no small extent augmented the din. Finding sleep impossible, I dressed and went out about six A.M.. to meditate at the base of Pompey's Pillar. I walked through the Mahommedan village in its neighbourhood, and got some idea of both the lowliness and filth of the dwellings of the Oriental poor. Verily, sanitary reform is needed among them: and if Dr. Begg of Edinburgh were a Moslem minister, he would have urgent reason for demanding "better dwellings for the working classes." Many of the houses, I may observe, within the walls of the city were of as miserable an appearance.

Wandering into the Necropolis, I found that several Mahommedans had apparently sought the same spot for the purpose of attending to their morning devotions. One young man as I passed was lecturing a gravestone in Arabic with great energy. He seemed to be holding a conversation with the spirit of the departed. Perhaps his grieved, burdened mind was soothed by the exercise. I could only wish that he knew, in his saving and comforting power, that Prophet who is greater than Moses, and greater than Mahomet.

We started for Cairo by the railway at nine A.M. Egypt owes this great work likewise to the energy of Mehemet Ali. It consists of but a single line, if my memory serves me rightly, and has been open only for a year or two. We may say that by the construction of it and the sister line from Cairo to Suez the prophecy has been fulfilled: "I will make a way in the wilderness." Isa. xliii. 19. The steamer from Southampton had just arrived, and carriages with the passengers were brought up by a little branch line from the harbour to the railway station. We now

learned the reason why we had been detained so long at Marseilles. The mails are so arranged that the steamer from Southampton and that from Marseilles arrive at Alexandria nearly about the same time, so that their passengers may proceed together to India by the Red Sea route. But the Southampton vessel had encountered so severe a storm in the English Channel that she had been compelled, not only once, but twice, to return to England for repairs, and some of the passengers had been so dreadfully frightened that they had given up the voyage altogether, although thereby forfeiting the money they had paid. these was His Royal Highness the Duke of Brabant, son of the King of Belgium, with his family, bound for Gibraltar. post-office authorities at London detained our steamer, therefore, at Marseilles, that she might be able to carry out some days' later intelligence to India. On hearing this piece of news we felt thankful that we had come through France; for our voyage in the Mediterranean had been "the best ever known at that season of the year." Two young men travelled in the same carriage with us who had just come via Southampton, and were on their way to fill situations in India. They had parted with their friends in England a fortnight before, and were full of hope for the future.

For some miles our journey lay along the shore of Lake Mareotis, which is so near the Mediterranean that, long, long ago, in Alexandria's palmy days, "the galleys on Lake Mareotis exchanged signals with those upon the sea, through the vista of the marble porticoes."

As we advanced through the country we could see how the process of irrigation is carried on. It is generally known that were it not for the inundation of the Nile, Egypt would be as barren as the Arabian or African deserts. But some may be disposed to ask how it is that water is conveyed to those districts which lie beyond the portion which is submerged; because, wide though the overflow be, it does not submerge the whole of Egypt; and this was the case with respect to the region which we were now traversing between Alexandria and the Delta. I am

able to answer that question from my own observation during the journey of which I am writing. Canals are cut on either side, extending towards the desert. The water remains in these reservoirs long after the Nile has subsided. Lesser canals again draw off the water from the larger ones, and thus the whole land is irrigated. We saw men lifting water from these small canals by a lever, constructed on a very simple principle-probably it has been in use since the days of Moses. A large stone at one end of the wheel raised the buckets full of water at the other. thought, as I looked upon these labourers, that their work illustrated the duty and the privilege of the Christian Church. The river of life has overflowed its banks at Calvary. The precious water has been poured into the goodly canals of the Christian Church, with which the world is now happily intersected. But shall we allow it to lie stagnant in our books and in our hearts, till it be dried up altogether by the scorching sun of worldliness? No, verily. Let us be up and doing. Let each take his district, or, if that sphere of operation be too formidable for us, let each take some neighbour, and labour, with God's blessing, to communicate to him and to his the gospel of salvation. Let none say, I can do so little that it is useless to attempt anything. Many little labours in the aggregate will bring about the irrigation of the whole world.

As the train advanced slowly, (for seven hours were consumed in travelling a hundred and twenty miles,) we obtained passing glimpses of the simple mode of Egyptian husbandry. The plough seemed to be simply a stick with a sharp prong attached to it. With this the ground was only scratched; but such is the productiveness of the soil, that this rude upturning of the earth was sufficient. We stopped at several railway stations by the way. The towns, or rather villages, seemed populous; but the houses, made of mud, had a very poor appearance. In this country they would have been considered enclosures for cattle rather than the habitations of human beings.

At length we reached the magnificent bridge by which the rail-

way crosses the Rosetta branch of the Nile. My first emotions in gazing upon the waters of that storied river may be more easily conceived than described. Some travellers, I observe, represent even this section of it as from half a mile to three quarters of a mile broad. This estimate I think greatly exaggerated, and I am certain that the measurement of the bridge would not bear it out. The whole Nile at Cairo seemed to me to be about as broad as the Rhine at Mayence; and the dimensions of a single branch of it must have been much less, although, perhaps, the divided stream may lose more in depth than in breadth. The channel, at certain points, both above and below the bridge, was dry, and the current rapid and deep only at one side, as we have seen it to be the case with our own rivers in the summer season. The train stopped at a considerable town on the Delta side of the bridge, called Kafr Sayat, and a few minutes were granted to the passengers for refreshments. I employed the time in sauntering down to the side of the river and inspecting narrowly its mighty tide. It flows at the rate of three The water is of a muddy hue in the channel, but miles an hour. when lifted in a vessel it is wondrously pure and sweet. They who have once been in the habit of using it pine for it even in distant Reference seems to be made to this longing on the part lands. of the Israelites in the complaint of Jeremiah: "And now what hast thou to do in the way of Egypt, to drink the waters of Sihor?" (Jer. ii. 18.) Great quantities of it are constantly being bottled up and shipped to Constantinople for the use of those ladies of the Sultan's harem who, in the days of their childhood, had lived upon its banks, and by whom it is said to be superstitiously prized for its anti-Malthusian properties as well as for its taste. We did not see the river, I may observe, to very great advantage, in as far as the volume of its waters is concerned. The inundation reaches its greatest height at the autumnal equinox, when it gradually subsides, and does not begin again till the period of the summer solstice. As the season of our visit was towards the end of spring, although we did not see the waters at

their lowest point, they were certainly far from having reached their highest elevation. The inundation of the previous autumn had been unusually great. The overflowing flood had destroyed portions of the railway line, so that the traffic had been, for a season, sadly interrupted, if not wholly suspended.

We now pursued our journey across the Delta in a southeasterly direction. My readers are aware that four or five of the mouths by which the "king of rivers" was wont to discharge his waters into the Mediterranean have been long ago filled up, and that only the Rosetta and Damietta branches remain, the former being the western and the latter the eastern division of the magnificent stream. The separation takes place not many miles north of Cairo, and all the land embraced between these two rivers is called the Delta. The student of Greek, on consulting the map of Egypt, will observe that the fourth letter of the Greek alphabet has received its name from its resemblance to the configuration of this insulated portion of the African continent—a fact suggestive of the important part which Egypt and the Nile played, ages ago, in the very infancy of the literature of the world. The Delta is a geographical triangle, whose base on the sea-coast is eighty-one miles in length, while its apex narrows to the point at which the Nile is divided into two. This triangle contains about two thousand square miles; while the whole northern district of Egypt, extending from the Pyramids to the sea, and embracing the Delta with the arable ground upon either side of it, contains four thousand five hundred square miles-" a surface," remarks an American writer, "equal to the State of Connecticut, or one-tenth the size of the State of New York."

The soil in the Delta varies from ten to fifteen feet in depth, and during the inundation the whole section is overflowed—the villages which then stand out as solitary islets in the waste, or, if I may be allowed the expression, the *preserve*, of waters, (since Egypt is saved from becoming a waste by this deluge)—the villages, I say, being protected by embankments, and communication kept up by means of boats. As to the productions of the Egyptian

soil, I may observe that cotton is raised chiefly in the Delta; but though the staple is excellent, the quantity has hitherto been comparatively small. The blockade, however, of the Southern States of America has lent a stimulus to its cultivation; and Britain may henceforth trust to that land, which was the granary of the world in Joseph's day, for supplies of cotton as well as of corn. Looking upon the luxuriant crops of wheat, barley, and beans, which, even in February, are ripe for the sickle, while others are maturing for a later harvest, it is not difficult to understand why, when there was famine in the land of Canaan, Jacob and his sons turned their eyes towards the land of Egypt. Indigo also is extensively cultivated. Tobacco, too, is very abundant. and of a mild quality. It must be borne in mind by the reader. notwithstanding what has just been said, that, owing to the great decline in the extent of irrigation, the productiveness of Egypt has fallen very far below its ancient standard.

Having traversed the Delta we came to the Damietta branch of the Nile. This is crossed by a fine bridge, consisting of sixteen arches, each thirty feet broad by about sixty in height, and a central arch nearly a hundred feet in width. The main arch is kept always open; but the lateral ones are closed when the water is needed to feed the canals for the surrounding region. We had a fine view from the bridge of a palace belonging to a brother of the reigning Pasha, which is beautifully situated on the banks of the river. A dark story of a cruel strangulation recently perpetrated in that mansion, reminded us that, although advancing civilization has given Egypt her railways, it has not succeeded in blotting out from her nineteenth century annals the barbarities practised in Europe in the middle ages. Not till the beneficent gospel of Christ has taken the place of the merciless Moslem creed, will this sorely needed amelioration come.

Our course now lay due south, along the eastern bank of the undivided Nile, of which, however, we did not obtain another glimpse that day. The passengers now began to look out for the Pyramids; for the murmur ran from carriage to carriage that they would soon be in sight. I shall never forget the thrill which ran through me when I first beheld their well-known shapes—well-known from frequent and familiar pictures—clearly defined in the distance. Often had I read of them without ever expecting to see them. Yet there they were undeniably revealed before my eyes. I gazed upon them, endeavouring to recal the vast periods of time during which they had stood on the border of the desert, and the social mutations which had transpired in the remarkable country at their base,—till a curve in the railway line concealed them from view.

But it is now four P.M., and Cairo the magnificent, the capital of Egypt, cannot be far away. Ah! there it is at last, revealed by crowded buildings and tall minarets. The discomfort experienced at the railway station from the number and clamour of donkey boys and omnibus men was very great indeed, but not greater than that which was caused by the clouds of dust which enveloped us as we drove into the metropolis. I never saw such dust. It seemed to be at least a foot deep-a standard of measurement which we are accustomed, in our northern latitudes, to reserve for the stainless and unstaining snow. We were not particularly impressed with the aspect of that district of Cairo through which we passed on our way to Shepherd's Hotel. It was the modern or European portion, and, with its broad streets and fine houses, differed little in outward appearance from the cities in France, which we had recently seen. But, without doubt, the hotel itself was worthy of our notice on account of its size and the quantity and quality of its inmates. In size it was immense, considering the country in which it stood, resembling a great barrack, or, to use a more worthy illustration, a great palace, in whose labyrinth-like passages the traveller might, if not very wary, lose his way, and therefore his dinner. As to the numbers in it, they were legion. It was literally crowded, so that we had some difficulty in obtaining accommodation. Nor were these travellers such as are to be met with every day. They were veritable Anglo-Indians, that is, Britons on their way either to

or from India. There was a meeting at Cairo that night of the two mails—that for Suez and that from Suez. Sitting in the crowded dining hall, so far from home, and yet in the midst of so many gay and fashionable fellow-countrymen, besides the average number of travellers from all parts of the world, one could understand how rich an appanage had been won for the crown of Great Britain by the swords of Lord Clive and Warren Hastings, and but recently preserved by the sword of Lord Clyde. But why should I say Lord Clyde, when there was sitting on the opposite side of the table from me, one who had brought salvation to the endangered dependency at an earlier stage of its distress, and whose name (another Scotchman's too) when I mention it, will be confessed to be at least as glorious and influential as his? I refer to Sir James Outram.

## CHAPTER IV.

## Cairo and its Inhabitants.

WHEN I awoke next morning I remembered with the deepest interest that another Sabbath had arrived, and that I would spend the sacred day in the sacred land of Egypt. In the forenoon we attended the Church of England, where we found a small but respectable company assembled. Both the Old Testament lesson for the day and the text bore reference to the history of Joseph. The young minister truly observed, that our minds were prepared for the subject by our residence in the very land in which such sufferings had been experienced, and such holy endurance manifested. I enjoyed much at this service, the singing of Cowper's fine hymn, "O for a closer walk with God," to the familiar tune of St. Stephen's. On leaving church we inspected the magnificent cathedral which was then being built for the Coptic Christians. It seemed capable of holding about three thousand worshippers. Its erection and size demonstrated both the numerical strength of the Copts and the liberality and tolerance of the Egyptian government. In the afternoon we attended at the chapel of the American Mission, where the well-known and eminent Rev. H. Grattan Guinness preached. This gentleman has devoted himself with much zeal and energy to the work of an evangelist; and his labours have been very successful both in Britain and America. He was then travelling in the East for the benefit of his health, which, I was sorry to find, had been somewhat impaired. I had the pleasure of being introduced to him and his devoted lady, who is a true help-meet in the work of the Lord, and well known as a Christian authoress. I felt very peculiarly as we mounted the quiet stair leading to the little place of worship. It seemed indeed to be but a room of a private house, portioned off for the use of the Mission. Only about twenty persons attended the service, yet the place of meeting was almost insufferably hot, although all the windows were open, so tropical was the temperature. It struck me that, long ago, when Christianity was first preached by the Apostles, they met in little "upper rooms," like that in which we were then assembled, and often addressed audiences as small. Before giving out his text, Mr. Guinness commented briefly on the 3rd chapter of the epistle to the Romans. With evident reference to the state of the millions around, he called attention to the fact that the apostle concluded all men, both Jews and Gentiles, sinners, and therefore in need of a Saviour. He referred to the case of a great American actor, who had accosted him on the streets of Philadelphia. When the question was put by the preacher, "Are you prepared to meet your God?" the unhesitating reply was, "I have never done anything on account of which I need to be afraid to meet my Maker." This man's mouth required to be "stopped," that, deeply convinced of sin, he might confess himself to be guilty in the sight of God. On the words, "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood," he observed that on asking a young man in a British city, on what grounds the hope of his salvation was built, the reply given was, "Because I read my Bible, pay my debts, and do nobody any harm." "How unscriptural this reply," said Mr Guinness-"anything and everything but the one thing needful, the blood and cross of Christ, to which the Scriptures attach unrivalled importance." At the close of this exposition, and after a solemn prayer, the preacher gave out for his text, "The just shall live by faith." (Rom. i. 17.) He remarked that the word "just" did not mean here innocent or morally righteous, but justified. "No doubt, justification by faith leads to a new life, but the Apostle here is describing the blessedness of the man to whom the Lord imputeth not his sin, because he believes the gospel of Christ." He proposed the question, Why is it that salvation, in the remedial scheme, is hinged or conditioned on faith? The answer was, "That all boasting might be excluded, since faith claimed no merit, but ascribed it all to Jesus." He remarked that multitudes were most attentive to outward duties and ordinances, and even anxious to be saved, but they came short here—they did not believe. The preacher then proceeded to show that this faith becomes the grand principle of daily life, so that it may be said that the just man hourly lives by faith, and referred, in conclusion, to the child-like confidence reposed in God by Mr Müller, of Bristol, who had supported hundreds of orphans for many years by faith. I felt thankful that when so far from home, and in so unlikely a quarter, I was privileged to hear so clear and powerful a statement of the way of salvation.

Returning to my room, I committed to paper some thoughts on the fulfilment of Old Testament prophecy, in the past history and present condition of Egypt. These remarks may be appropriately inserted here, as a Sabbath day's meditation in Egypt on Egypt.

The land of Egypt yields only to the holy land of Palestine itself in point of sacred interest and hallowed association. While the Word of God makes repeated reference to Syria, Assyria, and Babylon, Egypt stands undoubtedly second in importance on the sacred page. There the wanderings of Abraham terminated when he first moved southward from the land of Chaldea. There did the children of Israel dwell at first in honour during the days of Joseph, and afterwards in dishonour and distress when "another king arose who knew not Joseph." Thence were they brought forth by their God's high and outstretched hand, under the leadership of Moses, whose intensely-interesting history begins so romantically in Egypt, on the banks of the Nile. To Egypt the Jews continually looked back throughout the successive centuries of their eventful history, trusting to "the broken reed" of its pro-

tection when they had departed from God, and tending repeatedly towards its idolatrous rites. Hence, successive prophets thundered forth God's judgments against them for their longing after Egypt, as well as against Egypt for her general wickedness, and specially for her designs upon the people of his choice. Lastly, Egypt afforded to the infant Redeemer a temporary asylum from the rage of the persecuting Prince within whose dominions he was born. The wondrous parallel that may be drawn between Joseph and Jesus answers in this particular also, that both were persecuted in the land of Egypt. Indeed, the redemption of the Jewish Church by Moses was typical of that greater redemption wrought out by Christ himself, for the family of man, since a passage in the Old Testament referring to the one could be put upon the first page of the New Testament with reference to the other-"Out of Egypt have I called my Son"—as if to bind the two books together, and declare the great topics of which they treat to be not only similar, but closely connected with one another—yes, in a wide and comprehensive sense, one.

I need not descant at length upon the antiquity and greatness of Egypt. Long before the empires of Nineveh and Babylon appear upon the historic panorama, we find Egypt fair and flourishing. Even in the days of Abraham, Abimelech, its king, seems to have held court with oriental splendour and luxuriousness. The magnificent remains at Thebes, Carnak, and the Pyramids, show what a power Egypt must have been four thousand years ago. It is said to have contained at one time eighteen thousand cities, and seventeen millions of inhabitants. This population, it must be confessed, was great for the dimensions of the country; for, south of the Delta, it consists only of a thin strip of land, fifteen miles broad, running up on either side of the Nile, in the centre of the Arabian and African deserts.

Now, that this populous and powerful country should be overthrown, and should cease to exercise any influence among the nations of the East, was most unlikely in the days in which Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel lived; yet these prophets not only predicted the overthrow of Egypt, but exactly described the condition in which she would remain after her overthrow, and in which, indeed, she does remain till this day. The predictions to which I refer will be found in the 19th chapter of Isaiah, the 49rd and 46th chapters of Jeremiah, and the 29th, 30th, 31st, and 32d chapters of Ezekiel. Let me quote a verse or two from the book of the last-named prophet:--" Behold, I am against thee, and against thy rivers, and I will make the land of Egypt utterly waste and desolate, from the tower of Svene even unto the borders of Ethiopia. It shall be the basest of kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations: for I will diminish them, that they shall no more rule over the nations. The pride of her power shall come down: from the tower of Syene shall they fall in it by the sword. And I will make the rivers dry, and sell the land into the hand of the wicked. I will also destroy the idols, and I will cause their images to cease out of Noph." (Ezek. xxix. 10, 15; xxx. 6, 12, 13.)

"More than two thousand four hundred years have rolled away since this prophecy was delivered, and, as is the prophecy, so is the event; for not long afterwards, Egypt was successively attacked and conquered by the Babylonians and Persians. On the subversion of the Persian empire by Alexander, it became subject to the Macedonians, then to the Romans, and after them to the Saracens, then to the Mamelukes, and is now a province of the Turkish Empire; and the general character of its inhabitants is composed of baseness, treachery, covetousness and malice. Syene is in ruins: and the idols of Egypt are scattered; and all modern travellers attest that the numerous canals with which this country was anciently intersected are (with the exception of a few in Lower Egypt) now neglected. The consequence is, that a very large proportion of the country is abandoned to sand and to unfruitfulness, while the effect is a fulfilment of the threatening, 'I will make her rivers dry.' The annual supply of enriching and fertilising water being now lost to an immense tract of country, on both sides of the Nile sand, the natural soil, prevails; vegetation, which once bound together the earth by the roots and fibres of grass, is burned up. And what was once a fruitful field has become desolate, overwhelmed by flying blasts of sand, and consigned to ages of solitude."-Horne's Introduction to the Holy Scriptures, Vol I., p. 357.

If a holy man should, in our day and generation, during Great Britain's season of present prosperity and power, predict that. after the lapse of a few years, she would be overthrown, and, on account of her national sins, never again become an independent State, but remain for ever degraded, base, and enslaved; and should this destiny, now so improbable, unhappily be realised by her, and continue to be realised by her, for more than two thousand years, would not this remarkable fact form a strong presumptive evidence to those who would be living at that distant date, of the inspiration of him who had uttered the prophecy. especially if he declared himself to be inspired by God, and if he should be but one of a series of men all making a similar profession, and whose predictions had all been similarly fulfilled? Now, this is exactly the position of matters with respect to these Old Testament prophets, and their utterances concerning the land of Egypt. And, when we find that predictions, equally unlikely at the time, were made concerning Tyre, Ethiopia, Nineveh, and Babylon, all of which have met with fulfilments as wonderful, it becomes us to conclude that these holy men of old did, in very truth, "speak as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

On Monday, March 24th, we began our excursions among the wonders of Cairo, some idea of which I will now endeavour to give. Cairo, a corruption of El Kahirah, "the victorious," is the capital of modern Egypt. It is called by the natives Misr, or Masr, a word which the student of Hebrew will at once recognise as allied to Mizraim, the name of Egypt in the original language of the Old Testament Scriptures. It was founded A.D. 970, and thus, being of purely Saracenic origin, cannot claim to be regarded with that intense interest with which the awful monuments of ancient Egypt are invested. "It occupies a space equal to three square miles, and its population is said to be about three hundred thousand. It is divided into eight districts, each of which is under the care of a sheikh, or governor, who is answerable for its peace. These again are divided into quarters, named from the origin or occupation of the class of people who inhabit them.

Thus, one is called Hart el Kobt, 'the Coptic quarter;' another, Hart el Yahood, 'the Jews' quarter;' and a third, Hart el Suggoin, the 'Water-carriers' quarter.' The streets, as is the case in all eastern towns, for the sake of protection from the sun, are extremely strait, being not much wider than our lanes or Narrow in their relative position at the bottom, the houses are so constructed, by the jutting out of the second storey, as nearly to come into contact at the top. This makes them dark and dismal, and gives them the appearance of arcades, without the benefit of windows." This holds true especially of those houses which are situated in the Coptic quarter; and the explanation given is, that in the time of persecution, the Christian Copts wished their dwellings to be so built that, when chased by their persecuting enemies, they might be able to escape from window to window—that is, from the one side of the street to the other. This characteristic of the streets of Cairo was rendered all the more remarkable to us by the contrast between them and the broad European square in front of our hotel, and through which we passed from time to time, on our way to the Egyptian quarters. Entering an arched gateway, which in our own country would lead only to some private residence, we found ourselves in one of the principal streets of Cairo, which was, nevertheless, not more than twelve feet wide. Every now and then, of course, we were under the necessity of turning aside to let others pass, or halting in the midst of the confusion which our driver's progress But when a great man's carriage came along, preceded by a barelegged herald, brandishing a huge stick around his head. and shouting out the dignity of the approaching pasha, or bev. the street was most effectually cleared, and all passengers were under the necessity of pressing up against the wall. One day we drove in a carriage from the one end of the city to the other: and as I sat in the box seat, I had a good opportunity of noticing the way in which Egyptian drivers treat humble pedestrians. Our Jehu, a turbaned and smocked Moslem, kept continually calling out-"O'oa, o'oa," take care, take care,-"yemeenek."

thy left,-" shemalek," thy right,-" riglak," thy leg-according as he wished the people in his way to go to the left. or the right, or take care of their feet. The streets of Cairo ring all the year round and from morning to night with these cries. often think I hear them yet, when, during some meditative mood. the wondrous panorama of Egypt's metropolis passes before my But often the luckless passenger, without having time to escape, is rudely pushed by the advancing donkey, or carriage-Yea, the driver will frequently inflict a sharp stroke of the whip on his fellow-citizen if he be slow in getting out of the way. I saw our driver do so repeatedly on the occasion to which I am referring: and the astonished individual on whom the thong descended, instead of shouting for a policeman, or running off to commence an action of damages, as would be done forthwith in our country, merely jerked aside, rubbed his leg, and pursued his difficult journey. Methinks I still see these dark, damp, narrow streets, on which the light of heaven struggled down through the narrow aperture above! From what I observed afterwards in Damascus, I can readily believe that there may have been much splendour within the forbidding and unpromising blank wall in which only a doorway led us to expect a dwelling-such a doorway as that on which the robber in Ali Baba left his red chalk mark, that was rendered harmless by the ingenuity of the faithful Mustapha. The veiled women are moving to and fro in the city. Even while I write, the fervent sun darts down his rays upon it: its streets are resounding with the cries I have described; and its teeming thousands labour for their daily bread, like ours at home. Ah me! how little does the world depend on us, how very insignificant is our influence in it, and how great must be the Almighty One who holds it all in the hollow of his hand!

I have said "the veiled women." They are quite a sight, even although the face cannot be seen, which all wish to see. Yea, it is precisely its jealous concealment which makes them to Europeans so strange a sight. The women of the better classes, on the street, are shrouded in linen from head to foot, and waddle along

on great yellow boots, with only one eye visible above the white lace veil. If mounted on horseback they seem to be huge bundles of linen led out for equestrian exercise, and are recognised to be human beings only when the uncovered eye or eyes meet those of the observer. The women of the lower class wear only a long loose blue frock, and for a veil they have a kind of black, tapering snout, bound over the cheek bones, and supported from the forehead by a string of beads. The faces we did see, especially of women approaching middle life, appeared to require concealment, not for bewitching beauty, but sallow, withered ugliness. I may further observe, that a settled melancholy seemed to rest upon the countenances of all the people in this land, as well as in its sister country, Syria.

The bazaars of Cairo were arranged on the same principle as those of Alexandria, only they were larger, more crowded, and stored with richer merchandise. They were classified, moreover, by commodities as well as by countries. Thus, there were the armourers', the weavers', the jewellers', as well as the Turkish, Persian, and Frank bazaars. Being roofed in, and protected from the sun's fervent rays, they were, in general, tolerably cool. I think I still see the merchants of these markets, mute and motionless, among their valuable wares, "as if they were for ever sitting for their portraits," while the motley throng of natives and foreigners passes unceasingly before them.

Travellers are commonly taken, soon after their arrival in Cairo, to an elevated platform at the southern extremity of the city, on which stand both the citadel and mosque of Mehemet Ali, for the double purpose of visiting these interesting buildings and of viewing the city and surrounding region from the commanding eminence. We were compelled to do the penance, like our neighbours, of putting our "shoes from off our feet," when we entered the court leading to the mosque, which is undoubtedly a most magnificent building, and little inferior, as my brother-in-law observed, to the Mosque of St. Sophia which he had seen at Constantinople. It was designed by its founder to hold his body

and perpetuate his fame; and it has answered both ends. lofty dome and minarets are to be seen from all parts of the city, and the decorations within are so gorgeous that any description by the pen would fail to convey an adequate idea of them to the The blending of the green, brown, red, and golden hues reader. by which the interiors of the greater and two lesser domes have been adorned, its quadrangular corridor of forty-three alabaster columns with richly ornamented capitals, and the sheen of alabaster walls around the whole court of prayer,—showed a taste that was highly creditable to the celebrated Musselman vicercy by whom it had been designed and reared. The shaded light fell softly upon us through the richly stained glass; and the ceaseless cooing of doves in the ceiling heightened the peculiar effect which the "Moslem St. Peter's" produced upon the mind. of Ali, the founder, stood in one of the recesses; and we saw also the special seat which had been erected for the Sultan when he was expected to visit the land which, though well-nigh wrested from his grasp, still owned him nominally as its sovereign. A band of Turkish pilgrims, on their way to Mecca, were conducted through the building during our visit. They gazed around with rude and stolid curiosity, and seemed ready to believe the most monstrous absurdities which either the wag or the knave might palm upon their credulity.

If the mosque perpetuates Mehemet Ali's glory, the citadel perpetuates his disgrace; for within its enclosure he mercilessly slaughtered the Mameluke nobles whom he had invited to a feast, being actuated by a desire to exterminate a class of men whom he jealously regarded as his rivals. Only one of them escaped, by spurring his steed sheer over the giddy precipice. Extricating himself from the animal's mangled remains, he fied to a place of refuge. I was reminded of that remarkable escape when I read, last summer, an inscription on the platform of the cathedral church of Berne, in Switzerland, recording the good fortune of a student whose horse accidentally slipped from that height, carrying its dismayed rider down to the banks of the Aar far below—

a descent of more than a hundred feet. He not only survived the shock, but lived to a good old age, as pastor of a rural parish. Good hope in this fact for ministers with shattered nerves!

The view from the citadel is grand indeed. All lower Egypt lies at the spectator's feet. The Pyramids, though ten miles away, seem close at hand. But the sand of the desert (and this is the peculiarity of Cairo among the capitals of the world,) advances to the very gates of the city, as if threatening to swallow it up. The citadel, I may add, is built upon the last and lowest spur of the Mokattum range of hills which run up for several miles parallel with the Nile.

We drove also through a magnificent avenue of sycamores to the Shoobra palace, distant about three miles from Cairo. Its celebrated grounds extend to the banks of the Nile, whose undivided stream we saw, for the first time, at this point. The palace was occupied by that brother of the reigning pasha who has, since his death, succeeded to the viceroyalty. In the midst of gardens of the deepest verdure, and fragrant with the scent of the orange, we suddenly came upon a splendid pavilion glittering like porcelain. It was supported upon light pillars, by which were formed shaded cloisters, surrounding an immense marble basin. This was supplied with water from a perpetually gushing fountain. Gaily painted little boats floated on the surface of the artificial lake, whose waters shone with the gleam of gold and silver fishes. In each corner of the building were apartments fitted up with all the splendour of the drawing-rooms of London or Paris. It was only needed that the ladies of the harem should sail about in these boats, built for their use, or recline on the magnificent couches, to complete the picture of an oriental paradise.

The mosques of Cairo are very numerous, and form prominent objects in the panoramic view of the city. We entered several; for the presence of Christians is not prohibited except on Friday, the Mahommedan Sabbath-day. Ancient and spacious although some of them were, they seemed poor and tame after the mosque

of the citadel, and, moreover, did not seem to be particularly clean. They are kept open every day, and are periodically visited for prayer, by apparently devout worshippers. The Mahommedans have no clocks for measuring their time like us. They know the hour of the day by the position of the sun in the heavens, and the muezzin call to prayer, solemnly sounded from the minarets over the roofs of the houses. "This is done four times daily. The first summons is given at the Maghrib, or sunset, when the Mahommedan day commences; the second at the Eshe, when the last streak of day has vanished; the third at the Subh, or dawn; the fourth at Dhur, or noon: and the fifth at five in the afternoon, or mid-time between noon and night. At day-break the Mueddin calls, 'God is great: there is no god but God! I testify that Mohammed is the prophet of God! Come to prayer: prayer is better than sleep! Come to security! There is no god but God!' At noon he says, 'Come to prayer: prayer is better than food! Come to prayer!" I remember how this shrill and wailing cry startled and thrilled me when I first heard it break in upon the tranquillity of evening; and, indeed, during all my sojourn in the East I invariably stood still till the impressive and mournful cadences had all died away upon the ear. It made me both sad and glad, -sad for what was deficient, and glad for what was good in the Mahommedan religion; for I suppose that all my readers will confess it to be for man's advantage to be called from secular and sublunary things to a spirit of devotion and of prayer.

And here, although it is with with some hesitation that I approach the subject, I will venture to express some thoughts on the state of the heathen before God, which passed through my mind during my residence in Cairo, and which recurred repeatedly throughout the course of my journey, and especially at Damascus, towards its close. It is impossible to find oneself far in the minority, as a Christian, among millions who have been reared from their childhood in another faith, and with educational and national prejudices enlisted on its behalf, without ruminating thoughtfully on the question, "Will all these multitudes be lost

for ever, because they do not, like us, look for salvation to the cross of Calvary?" I found that other Christian friends in Cairo were not a little exercised in mind on this topic; and for myself, I could find no satisfactory answer to the question, save on that principle of the Divine administration that seems to be clearly revealed in the apostle Peter's sermon in the house of Cornelius: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him." (Acts x. 34, 35.)

I will not speak dogmatically on this solemn subject. Let me only take the liberty of proposing a few questions for consideration. While admitting that Christ is the only Saviour of the world, and that they, in these benighted regions, who are led to break through the trammels of creed and caste, and exercise in Him child-like faith will be promoted in another world to high and advanced glory, is it not possible that the Divine Being may show mercy to those who, while they may not have confessed Christ, yet have, by listening to the voice of conscience, of nature, and the measure of truth to be found in their erroneous religions, been led, upon the whole, to live honourable and upright lives? Are there not men to be found among Mahommedans, for example, who are righteous, as distinguished from those who are manifestly wicked? Are there not men who, believing in the mercy of God, and his all-seeing eye, have, by his Spirit working in them, been led to live purely and conscientiously, as compared with those who, although enjoying the same light and privileges, have lived impurely and immorally? May not the Divine Being, who knows the strength of educational prepossession, while he would far rather have seen these men groping their way to the Saviour, and nobly confessing him, nevertheless, because they have to a great extent improved the dim light of their country's faith, forgive their sins, and save them at last for the sake of that propitiation, the value of which the "veil upon their hearts" did not permit them to see. They "spake a word against the Son of man," but they did not speak words of utter reprobation

"against the Holy Ghost" (Matt. xii. 32); for they so far yielded to his benignant influences as to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God." We believe that God will raise little children and imbeciles to heavenly glory for the sake of Christ's sacrifice, although they could not believe on him; and may He not raise to heavenly glory, upright and merciful Mahommedans, Jews, and even Hindoos, for the sake of that sacrifice which was offered for the sins of the whole world? True, that "where there is no vision the people perish" (Prov. xxix. 18); but may not these words refer to a subjective, rather than an objective vision, and I speak thus hopefully of those who have a certain subjective vision of the soul? True, that "without faith it is impossible to please God" (Heb. xi. 6); but that text is applicable only to those who possess a written revelation; and may not this improvement of a dim twilight be regarded as faith, or the product of germinal faith? Nor would the admission of such a principle in the Divine administration cause the preaching of the gospel or Christian missions to be undervalued; for between the dim light of Mahommedanism, or the yet dimmer light enjoyed by heathens, and the bright shining of Christianity, there is all the difference that is to be found between the twinkling of a planet or a star, and the meridian lustre of the sun. It may possibly be denied that any Mahommedans or heathens live, or have lived, such upright and conscientious lives as would satisfy Him who has said, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." I make no strong assertion: I only ask, "Is it not possible?" And I have been informed by those who are competent judges, that the lives of many of them would shame not a few who make loud-sounding professions of Christianity. One day as we passed a stall, in one of the bazaars of Damascus, our guide exclaimed, "That old man, although a Mahommedan, saved the lives of seven Christians during the massacre." The thought rushed into my mind, "Would God not smile upon him from heaven while he frowned upon the murderers?" On another day when we were riding between Tyre and Sidon, one of my fellow-travellers read an account of an officer of state who was

degraded by his Sultan wrongfully, and spoiled of all his goods. Next week he was seen selling oranges and water-melons in one of the squares of Constantinople, and when asked how he could endure his fall, meekly replied, "God's will be done!" Would not our heavenly Father, methought, smile upon that resignation, and frown upon the pride in prosperity, and discontent in adversity of many professed followers of his Son? I know that many objections may be started against these speculations which I have not time to specify or consider; but it gives me some pleasure to indicate, however faintly, an outline of Christian argument by which the dark cloud that overhangs the future state of Mahommedans and heathens, may be somewhat dissipated. I would not be understood as speaking with absolute assurance on this subject, but simply as groping my way towards the light on a point which oppressed my mind much when I was in the East. I could not but think it highly probable, as I looked upon the crowds in the bazaars, and the worshippers in the mosques, that if I had been born, like them, a Mahommedan, I would have remained a Mahommedan still; and therefore was my mind set to work to canvass the question of their future treatment at the judgment-seat of Christ. And crude though my ideas may be thought, I still record them, because I hold the slightest gleam of light to be invaluable that is thrown on a difficulty which has made more sceptics than the Christian world is aware of. The thoughtful mind, indeed, can often obtain perfect rest in the interrogation, which was proposed by Abraham long ago: "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?"

The Mahommedans were holding their Lent, called the Ramadan, during our sojourn in Egypt; for they fast, like the Romanists, for a month in Spring. Early every morning a cannon was fired from the citadel, whose loud report announced to the faithful in the metropolis and adjacent towns that day had dawned. Ill fared he who had taken no food before hearing that reverberating peal; for by the stern law of his rigid faith he would be allowed none till the sunset gun would be fired. Hence,

during this season the people are astir before dawn, preparing their repast in the darkness. We could observe an air of exhaustion in their countenances towards the afternoon, and a tendency to irritability that was not to be wondered at. One afternoon, when we were driving in the suburbs of the city, our coachman signified to us that he was very hungry, and would be thankful for a cigar. We were sorry that we had none to give him, and could not but regret the tyranny of superstition under which the people were manifestly groaning. As evening approached, the bakers' booths were besieged with applicants, and crowds of hungry men and women elbowed their way through the narrow streets, carrying in their hands large, flat rolls of bread-what Scotchmen would call scones, and Australian emigrants, dampers. The Australian name seemed to be very inappropriate; for, instead of damping, the edibles wondrously revived the spirits of the Egyptians.

I represented Shepherd's Hotel to be in quite an overcrowded condition on the evening of our arrival. In a day or two, however, all discomfort ceased. The mails and mail passengers departed for their respective destinations, and the travellers who remained began to move about with freedom, and know somethirg of one another. Here were clergymen both British and American, ladies and gentlemen of fortune travelling for pleasure. and invalids in quest for health; for Egypt, like Algiers, of late years, has become quite a sanatorium for the consumptive. I have already observed that the celebrated Sir James Outram was at Shepherd's Hotel while we were there. His health had completely broken down when the excitement of the mutiny had passed away. He had stopped at Cairo on his way home to Britain, and was waiting till summer would be so far advanced as to permit of his return to our northern latitudes. He was afflicted with chronic bronchitis, and it was sad to observe the breathlessness which distressed him at times. Yet his brave spirit held out wonderfully; and after spending a sleepless night he would endeavour to conceal the fact, lest the knowledge of it should give sympathetic pain to others. Alas! the conqueror was being conquered by a subtle and irresistible foe. On reaching England in the Autumn following, well-won honours were heaped upon him. He spent the subsequent winter at Nice, and died at Pau, exactly a year after we met him in Egypt. I did not think that he could have held out so long. The respectful and influential crowd which thronged Westminster Abbey on the day of his interment there, showed how deep an impression his heroism had made upon the public mind.

The Prince of Wales had set out on his journey to the East about a fortnight before us, proceeding by Vienna and Trieste. He had made good use of his start; for when we arrived in Egypt we found that he had already made the voyage up the Nile to Thebes and Carnak, and was on his way down again. He arrived at Cairo the day after us, and took up his residence in one of the royal palaces in the city. Stanley (now Dean of Westminster) was met with the news of his mother's death on landing; and thus was the illustrious party made to feel the power of death by the sepulchres of the present time, as well as by the sepulchres of the past which they had just been visiting. We were sorry, on returning to the hotel, one afternoon, to find that we had missed an interesting sight. Prince had called, during our absence, on Sir James Outram, to make kindly inquiries after the veteran warrior's health, and had remained with him for some time in friendly intercourse. But fortunate rencontres lay before us in the yet more sacred land of Palestine. We went on the day of the Prince's departure to see the grand palace in Cairo which he had occupied. It reminded us much of that which we had seen in Alexandria, only that it was even more spacious, and more gorgeously finished. It may seem strange to my readers that there are so many royal residences in Egypt; but the explanation to be given is this, that every son and brother of the reigning pasha must be provided with a palace. In gazing upon all this splendour, I could sympathise with the remark made upon it by Dr. Buchanan of Glasgow, in his "Notes of a Clerical Furlough," that it would be well if a portion of the extravagant sums of money, expended on the decoration of these mansions, could be devoted to the improvement of the mud hovels in which the common people dwell.

Among the incidents of my visit to Cairo I may mention that I retired to rest one night without observing that the mosquito curtain had not been drawn, as usual, around my bed. I awoke, in an hour or two, to a sudden realization of the effects of that oversight. And although I quickly drew the muslin shield around me, yet, like a man locking the door where a robber or murderer had already secreted himself, I only shut my tormentors effectually in. The consequence was, that in the morning, my brow bore unmistakeable marks of the feast which I had afforded to the insects of Egypt; and for a fortnight afterwards, all who saw me, I verily believe, would suppose that, while I might have very good flesh, I had very bad blood in my constitution. In fact, during the whole period of my stay at Jerusalem, I bore "the mark of the beast."

One afternoon, this week, I paid a visit which interested me much. I was aware that a friend and companion of my youth had been buried in the English cemetery in Cairo. We had been brought up in the same town in Scotland, had been educated in the same grammar-school, and had competed year after year in the same classes of the University of Glasgow. He had chosen the medical profession, while I had chosen that of the ministry. He had shone conspicuously as a classical, philosophical, and medical student, and had gained the high esteem and personal friendship of the first physicians in our city. As he was not very robust, he was recommended to avail himself of an opening at Cairo, where he was rapidly acquiring a first-class practice, backed by the powerful influence of the Duke of Hamilton, whose nephew was then British Consul-General of Egypt. alas! his sun went down before it was noon. Cholera manifested itself at Cairo in 1848, as it strode in its fearful overland route from India to Britain. Inspired by the enthusiasm of his profession, and being anxious to master all the symptoms of the disease, Dr. Anderson actually sought out the destroyer, and visited from house to house in the poorest parts of the city. Poor fellow! in a day or two he took ill, and after a few hours' suffering, died, to the great regret of all who knew his worth and early promise. It was with no little emotion that, after wandering about from stone to stone, I at length stumbled upon the following simple inscription on a neat marble monument :--" In memory of Robert Anderson, M.D., of Hamilton, Scotland, who died 4th July, 1848, aged 23 years." He had been much mourned by his friends at home; and little did I think when I used to hear him translate, with scholarly taste and appreciation, the pages of Herodotus, who has written so much concerning Egypt and the Nile, that I would ever stand beside his Egyptian I could not but moralise on the diversity of the lots of men. Our paths in the journey of life had at first lain side by Then a divergence came. He left for a brief career in Egypt, while I remained to labour in the very city in which I had been educated. Some die young, while others live to three-score vears and ten. Some die in the land of their birth, while others die far off among strangers. Some seem to have done but little when they are called hence, while others are spared to extensive and protracted usefulness. But with the blessed doctrine of the soul's immortality in our creed, we pronounce no life a failure, however brief it may be; for abundant opportunity will be given for the development of talents on high which seemed on earth to be prematurely nipped in the bud. I take pleasure in paying this tribute to the memory of the friend of my youth.

### CHAPTER V.

# The Hile and the Pyramids.

Every traveller who arrives in Egypt is impatient to sail upon the Nile and stand upon the Pyramids. Having imbibed this irresistible enthusiasm, we could hardly visit the sights of Cairo with patience, so great was our desire to be off to the glorious river and the wondrous sepulchral monuments. Our arrangements were complete on Tuesday, March 25, and on the afternoon of that day we drove off from Shepherd's to Boulak, the port of Cairo. I have not as yet mentioned, indeed, that Cairo does not stand on the Nile, but about three miles from its eastern bank. town I have just mentioned is at the very water's edge, and, before the railway was made, used to be the landing-place of all travellers. On our way down to it we noticed the magnificent avenue of sycamore trees which was wont to excite the admiration of all who approached the metropolis from the river. It is still a well-frequented highway, and I observed more of the welldressed Cairenes promenading in it than I had seen since my Boulak is still a thriving and populous town, and has arrival. corn piled up in its open granaries, (for no coverings for stores are needed in a land where it never rains,) probably as it was piled long ago in the days of Joseph's prime ministry. Among a fleet of those large and commodious yachts on which travellers sometimes sail for weeks towards the regions of Abyssinia, we found one ready at its moorings which had been engaged for our use.

Although we were to be only two days and two nights upon "the deep," (for the Egyptians dignify their river by that name—El Bahr,) we were received respectfully by the rais, or captain, and the seven or eight boatmen who were to accompany us on our watery way. A widow lady and her daughter, from Malta, acquaintances of my brother-in-law, who were seeking change of scene and increase of strength in Egypt, after a severe bereavement, had joined our party for the excursion, and contributed much to our common enjoyment. We were also accompanied by the valet who had waited upon us at the hotel, in the capacity of dragoman, and by whom, I may observe, all the necessary arrangements had been made between us and the owner of the sloop, and all the necessary provisions laid in for our little voyage.

About five P.M. we left the harbour, and as the breeze was very light indeed, we made at first but little progress. We sailed very slowly past the long and magnificent palace of the viceroy, which faces the Nile, and were regaled with the instrumental music of the soldiers who were serenading their sovereign with their sunset performance at the time. I must confess, however, that the military music of the Egyptians is by no means very thrilling. They make plenty of noise, and when hearing them at a distance, and for the first time, the traveller may possibly be pleased; but he soon discovers that they seem to have but one monotonous tune, which, of course, soon palls on the ear. The same holds true of the music of the Turkish garrisons, which we heard at Nablous and Damascus. What a difference when we listened to the evening performances of the celebrated bands at Vienna!

We had now time to look about us on the great river of Egypt. Its full and undivided tide seemed to be six or seven times wider than the Clyde at Glasgow. Apart from its almost unrivalled historical and scriptural associations, it is one of the most remarkable rivers in the world. The discovery of its source has been a problem for the calculating geographer and adventurous traveller from the days of Herodotus till now. Our own Bruce did valuable and valiant service; but he mistook a branch stream, called the

Blue River, for the main stream, or White River; and though he died in the belief that he had tracked the Nile to its source, (and nobly had he wrought for the bliss of that belief, delusive though it was,) it has since been discovered that he discovered only the source of a gigantic tributary. Quite recently the gallant Captain Speke, landing on the coast of Africa, nearly opposite the northern end of Madagascar, and not very far from the mouth of Livingstone's Zambezi, travelled into the heart of the country till he came to the great Lake Nyassa, and there found his sagacious theory fully verified; for the noble Nile, more than two thousand miles south of the Mediterranean, was issuing in full flood from that inland sea! But a river flows into the lake at the other end, which the Captain had not time to explore, and took for granted to be another altogether; but now Dr. Beke, who is also well acquainted with Africa, has risen up to say that he believes that stream to be still the Nile, and has gone off to Wonderful river! Well worthy of the old name, "King of Rivers!" Ask Nubians and Abyssinians, in the distant interior, whence it springs, and the only reply will be, "South." Yea, ask our rival investigators of the present day, and the cry is still "South." It is certain that, after joining its superior stream to the waters of that Abyssinian tributary which Bruce explored. it flows steadily onwards for twelve hundred miles to the sea. and, although drained off to fill numerous canals, to irrigate a whole land, and supply a whole nation, without receiving one other accession, it nevertheless pours into the sea a flood yet fuller than that which rolls between its banks at the cataracts, five hundred miles away. "This," as the learned Humboldt says. "is an example without a parallel in the hydrographical history of the world."

The Nile is all in all to the Egyptian. The land he lives in would be a desert without its fertilising tide. Why is it that one crossing the Lybian Sands suddenly comes upon this fruitful garden before entering the desert of Arabia? Solely because the Nile flows down the valley. It, under God, produces the harvests,

and then transports them to the sea. Yea, more, it creates the very soil which it fertilises; for the rich loam of the Delta is the deposit of the Nile, so that we may regard the land as having sailed from beyond the cataracts, and to borrow the words of Warburton, as having "risen like Aphrodite from the wave." I have stood upon the lofty citadel of Cairo, on the eastern side, and have gazed across that lovely garden to the burning sands of Africa. I have stood also on the summit of the great pyramid, on the western side of the river, and have gazed across the same verdant valley towards the desert of Arabia, and have been deeply impressed with the value of that river to Egypt. No wonder when the Jews had left the land of Pharaoh, and caught their first glimpse of the promised land—the precious Jordan, like a silvery thread, meandering through its fields—that they were reminded of the well-watered land of Egypt.

Let me here take the liberty of briefly observing that the Saviour of the world is all in all to man, as the Nile is all in all to the Egyptian. No Egypt without the Nile; no salvation without the Lamb of God. The parallel is not unnatural, or overstrained.

"A river is, whose streams do glad The city of our God."

Like the Nile, the sources of the river of life have hitherto eluded human observation. Men must, in their search after them, go higher up than Nazareth or Bethlehem. The cry is still, "Higher, higher." All that we can say is, "The Son of man came down from heaven." Again, like the Nile, Christ receives no tributaries. His kingly flood rolls on alone, majestic in its unassisted current, for the salvation of the world. Once more, the uses of Christ are manifold. The thirsty soul drinks of his tide, and is satisfied. The sin-polluted bathe in him, and are cleansed. The barren soul welcomes the overflowings of his grace, and is fertilised. The weary soul embarks on his bosom, and is transported to paradise. Nor is the Nile a respecter of

persons; it flows for all Egypt. And Jesus, in like manner, flows for all mankind. He who would perish of thirst on the banks of the Nile would have himself alone to blame, like him who madly dies on the banks of the river of life.

But now we are opposite Rhoda, the little island on which the celebrated Nilometer stands, that is, the instrument used for measuring the rise and fall of the waters of the river during the period of the inundations, and by whose indications the government knows when to shut and open the sluices used in the irrigation of the land. We passed Ghizeh on the right, the town at which travellers generally land on their way to the great pyramids; for our purpose was to sail sixteen miles up the Nile, and view the lesser pyramids of Sakkara next forenoon, dropping down the river to Ghizeh in the afternoon.

At this point we enjoyed the luxury of tea; and in our novel circumstances, looking out at a beautiful sunset on the stream which had been made famous in the biographies of Joseph and Moses, it can easily be believed that the exhilarating beverage was unusually agreeable, and the conversation which accompanied it unusually animated and entertaining. By this time a most favourable breeze from the north had begun to blow, (for which all travellers on their way up the Nile so devoutly wish,) the large lateen sail was spread out to catch it, and we were rapidly advancing southward. The shades of evening had now gathered around us, and while the rest of the party were on deck looking up to the very stars which had shone on Moses when he watched the flocks of Jethro, I sat in the cabin listening to such a tale of sorrow as multitudes on earth can tell; for Mrs. R--- unburdened her heart's grief by communicating to me the particulars of her husband's illness and death. He had acted as consul in the island of Malta for one of the continental kingdoms, besides being at the head of a banking establishment there. Sudden illness had overtaken him. A removal to Pau in the South of France had brought no relief; and an operation performed there, instead of retarding, had accelerated his decease. Of a truth, "every heart knoweth its own bitterness;" yet, what a consolation that, on the other hand.

#### "Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal!"

But now our expeditious craft suddenly slackened its speed, and a gentle bump against the mud bank of the river informed us, somewhat to our astonishment, that we had already arrived at our destination. It only remained for us to retire to rest for the night—a step which required some arrangement, as our naval accommodation was but limited. Though limited, however, it proved adequate; for the ladies were stowed into an inner apartment, while my brother-in-law and myself occupied the cabin. The gentle rippling of the Nile proved a soothing lullaby, and we soon fell asleep near the ruins of Memphis, the ancient metropolis of Egypt, probably not far from the very spot at which the infant Moses cried, when cradled among the bulrushes of the stream.

Next morning, having awoke early, I took a solitary walk for a mile or two up the river. I flattered myself that I got a very good idea of what its appearance would be far up its gigantic On the other side the view was bounded by the Mokattum range of hills; and nearer still were the Masarah quarries, whence was brought, as is supposed, a great proportion of the materials used in the construction of the pyramids. rolled the broad, brown stream between its silent banks. villages or houses were in sight; and I could have some conception of the unbroken solitude amid which, through uncounted ages, that mighty flood had journeyed from its source to the sea. Its margin seemed to consist of that yielding mud which is common at the sides of some of our Scottish rivers. Generally the bank rises more or less precipitously from the water's edge to the height of ten, twenty, or even thirty feet. During my walk I saw that the shore was here and there indented with beautiful little bays, to which the descent was more gradual than at other parts. On reaching one of these, I found that the solitude of the scene was agreeably broken by a party of young women who had come down to the river's side from some neighbouring, though invisible village. Their errand was to draw water for the day-a burden that is laid upon Egyptian women throughout all the land; for wells being few and far between, the inhabitants depend upon their precious river for the water which they drink, and which is used in their humble households. These young women, who were unveiled, appeared to be conversing very merrily with one another, giving and receiving, without doubt, the gossip of their little neighbourhood—to them their little world. They seemed to have come for the double purpose of washing and carrying; for they did not lift their liquid loads till they had performed their morning ablutions in the stream. I was quite astonished to see the ease with which they bore off on their heads their immense pitchers, containing some eight or ten gallons of water, and bulging out in the middle, after the fashion of the pitchers of the time of Joseph, seen to this day on ancient monuments. indeed, required their naiad sisters to help them with their loads to their airy resting-place; but once there, no hand was needed to support it, and away the water-carrier glided up the sloping bank, chattering her guttural Arabic as she went. For myself,

> Still, as I gazed, my wonder grew the greater, That one small head could carry all that water.

I concluded that the great secret in this, as in many other acquirements, was a long apprenticeship and daily practice. It is said that the chief cause of the erectness of Egyptian women is the necessity that is laid on them, when thus burdened with water, to keep the body straight. I would recommend the exercise to the teachers of calisthenics, as an infallible specific for a young lady's stoop.

By the care of our dragoman, donkeys had been sent from Cairo to met us here, and at nine A.M. we started for Sakkara, a distance of about seven miles. After travelling for a mile or two, frequent hillocks of earth arrested our attention, with rubbish protruding every here and there. Reader, we must not pass these heaps indifferently by.

"Stop! for thy tread is on an empire's dust— A nation's spoil is sepulched below."

We were actually riding through all that was left of Memphis. the great metropolis of Egypt in its day—the city in which Pharaoh ruled, and in which Moses was reared by the daughter of the king. But, where now are all its temples, and palaces, and hundreds of thousands of inhabitants? Alas! all are vanished! not even a ruin remains. In a well-known passage Lord Macaulay speaks of the day when the fates of nations may be so changed that "a New Zealander will stand on London Bridge, and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." We smile at the very supposition; but the day was when Memphis seemed as unlikely to fulfil such a prophecy as the London of this hour. But, alas! she has far exceeded in her fall the apparent extravagance of the historian's fancy; for there remains not a ruin to sketch. Subterranean mounds of brick, extending apparently for miles, constitute the sole memorials of Egypt's capital. We saw, indeed, one monument which interested us much. This was a prostrate figure of Rameses the Great, the same mighty king whose countenance appears continually in the monuments of both Upper and Lower Egypt. The colossal statue was lying all alone in a forest of palm trees; and, although the face was partially concealed by its position, enough of the profile was visible to give us an idea of the fine union of beauty and power which all travellers have traced in the likenesses of this monarch.

I have already referred to the heat of Egypt. I may observe that this forenoon especially, we felt it to be excessive, and particularly so when we dismounted and began to walk on the sand of the desert, which had accumulated at the base of the pyramids. We could understand how it is that the glare of the sun, reflected from the burning sand, produces ophthalmia, that disfiguring scourge of the land of Egypt.

We did not think of ascending the pyramids of Sakkara, which are much smaller than those of Ghizeh, but contented ourselves with exploring some interesting excavations in their neighbourhood.

It is well-known that the bull was held sacred by the Egyp? tians, and even worshipped as divine. Especially during a dynasty of kings, called the Taurine dynasty, were religious honours paid to it. A temple was built called "Serapium." that is, the temple of the god Apis, or the bull, beneath, or in connection with which it was known that the deified animals were buried in immense sarcophagi of porphyry brought from Upper Egypt. Their average life was from seventeen to twenty years; but those of them who lived more than twenty-five years were drowned in the fountain of the temple. Now it had been conjectured that this building was buried in the sand of Sakkara; but traces of it have, only of late, been discovered. This honour was reserved for an enterprising Frenchman, M. Mariette, whose successes have rivalled those of Belzoni, the distinguished Italian. He spent two years on the ground, and was at length rewarded by reaching the interesting tombs. We descended to them gradually by a long approach, now filled up to some extent by the quickly-gathering sand; and, after entering a cave, walked for about a quarter of a mile along a dark and narrow passage, twenty feet high and as many broad. At regular intervals, on either side, recesses appeared in the subterranean walls, in each of which was found n surcoplugus, that is, a great stone coffin. We carefully measured these ponderous receptacles, and found, on an average. that they were twelve feet long, seven broad, and as many deep. By the help of the candles with which our Arab attendants furnished us, we could also observe that, in every instance, the immonse lid had been moved forward a foot or two, so that the empty inside of the coffin was exposed to view. When the Mahommedan Caliphs gained the throne of Egypt, they opened as many of the sepulchres as they could reach, in the hope of finding treasures secreted in them. How sad and distinct the story which each sarcophagus seemed to tell in that subterranean darkness! It told of a day, ages ago, of great pomp and parade, when the king, and priests, and people of Egypt, were gathered to pay divine honours to the embalmed remains of a bull! And it also

Seemed to say: "I lay here undisturbed for many slowly-revolving centuries, till eager plunderers moved my heavy lid, and rifled my recesses in the hope of finding gold!" We felt that if these coffins bespoke the strength, they also bespoke the folly of a people, who, although they had some learning and civilization. yet, "professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds [the worship of the ibis by the Egyptians is also well-known, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things." Rom. i. 22, 23. In the same neighbourhood, we visited a temple, which has also been recently excavated. All along the walls, hieroglyphical inscriptions might be traced, bearing a close resemblance to those with which Mr. Layard has made the world familiar as found by him at Nineveh. was the king advancing in triumphant procession, and his attendants, bearing sacrifices for the gods, while the figure of the sacred bird, and fish, and bull, (each symbol expressive of its own hidden meaning) continually appeared and re-appeared. The reflection was irresistible. The hands which made these inscriptions, how long have they mouldered into dust! The people whose power these drawings represent, how vain have been their attempts to secure immortality for themselves!

Returning to our boat about four P.M., we proposed to drop gently down the river, so as to visit the great pyramids of Ghizeh next day, which lift their grey summits to the sky nine or ten miles from Cairo. The wind, however, still blew steadily from the north; and although it favoured our ascent on the previous evening, it was now so very adverse to our descent that our boatmen were compelled to use their oars. I was much interested in the Egyptian mode of rowing, not to say amused by it. The rowers were not contented to sit during the exercise. Rising up and rushing forward like soldiers advancing to a combat, they put the oar as far back into the water as it would go. Then they pulled with might and main, till the veins seemed to start from their brows; and before the vehement exertion of a single

stroke was past, their heads nearly touched the hold of their boat. Of a truth it was "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," worthy of imitation in all our labours of love. At the same time, they sought the stimulus and charm of inspiring music. The leader would sing in Arabic a line or two of a song, when the whole band would burst forth in a loud-sounding chorus. Thus did they serenade us as we sailed down Egypt's classic Nile. Here I may record a trifling loss. I had purchased in Cairo, on the day before, a rather expensive hat, or cap, to shield my face from the sun. I had not adopted the precaution of fastening it to my dress, and a sudden gust of wind whirled it into the Nile. One of the boatmen offered to swim for it; but as it was getting dark, I would not permit him. I could only resign it as a gift to the river.

We had retired to rest ere they reached their moorings. Next morning we set out on our asses to visit the great pyramids. First of all we passed through the populous town of Ghizeh. Emerging into the open country, we found that our path (a mere bridle path indeed,) as on the previous day, lay through palmtree groves, and along the border of well-cultivated fields. As we drew near the stupendous erections, our hearts swelled not only at the sight of their great dimensions, but at the thought of their antiquity and historic associations. Abraham had seen them when he pitched his tents in Egypt. They had met the gaze of Moses when he returned from Jethro's land, to set God's people free. Jeremiah saw them through his tears when he was led to the valley of the Nile against his will. And on these very tapering piles the thoughtful mother of Jesus had looked when she bore her precious charge to that very vicinity, far away from the rage of those who plotted against the Lord and his anointed. And lo! their grey summits rose before me-a sight in itself sufficient to reward so long a journey. Napoleon showed that he knew how to give a watchword as well as Nelson, when on the eve of the Battle of the Pyramids, he said, "Soldiers, the memories of four thousand years look down upon you."

I need not describe the form of a pyramid. That must have been made familiar to all my readers by drawings which they have seen. The derivation of the word helps us somewhat to understand of what shape the pile was intended to be. is the Greek word for fire, so that a pyramid is an erection broad at the bottom, and tapering to a point at the top like a flame of Sir Gardner Wilkinson dates the building of the pyramids about 2160 B.C., or 625 years before the exodus of the Israelites. Lord Lindsay ingeniously argues that they were built by the shepherd kings who were expelled by the Pharaoh of our Joseph, about 1900 B.C. Learned men have differed as to the purpose for which they were reared. Some have maintained that they were intended for astronomical observations, and others for the measurement of the waters of the Nile, which seems in former days to have flowed near their base; but it is very manifest that none but the insane would erect observatories or nilometers so prodigiously expensive. Both the tendencies of the people and the entire relics of the land leave us no room to doubt that they were meant to be receptacles of the mighty dead; and if any doubt had remained on the subject. that would long ago have been dissipated by the discovery of sarcophagi in their interiors. The ancient Egyptians seem to have been even more anxious to provide dwellings for the dead than for the living. All the memorials, both above and below the cataracts, are more or less sepulchral. And the Pharaohs of old appear to have been so proud withal, that, having defied the world, and ruled with something like divine sway over the abject millions who crouched at their feet, they threw down the gauntlet to the grave likewise; and by the erection of the marvellous temples at Thebes. and the yet more marvellous pyramids at Memphis, sought to secure to themselves a death-defying immortality.

As we drew nearer, the impression of their vastness diminished, rather than increased, as is the case with St. Peter's at Rome, and our own St. Paul's in London. Near their base we passed as at Sakkara on the day before, from the region of vegetation to the wilderness of sand. We found that they stand on an elevated

platform of lime-stone, said to be 127 feet above the level of the Nile, so that the natural height sets off the artificial to advantage.

There seemed to be ten or twelve pyramids at Sakkara and Ghizeh, all of them most wonderful erections; but three, and especially two, at the latter site eclipse the whole fraternity by the vastness of their proportions. According to the nomenclature of Herodotus, these are the pyramids of Cheops, Chephren, and Mycerinus, three successive monarchs, of one of the ancient That of Cheops was at first thirty feet higher than dynasties. that of Chephren, but is now its superior by only two feet. Whether this dilapidation is to be laid at the door of old Father Time himself, or, what is more than likely, of ruthless spoliation, and the tread of visitors' feet, I cannot say: but such is the As many travellers have erred in confounding the original and the present height of this pyramid, I will give the former and present perpendicular heights of the three pyramids from the accurate measurements of Colonel Vyse.

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Cheops, former height, 490 feet 9 inches; present height, 450 feet 9 inches.

Chephren ,, 454 ,, 3 ,, ,, 447 ,, 6 ,,

Mycerinus, ,, 218 ,, 0 ,, ,, 203 ,, 0 ,,
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Although, however, the present difference in the perpendicular height of the two is only two-and-a-half feet, Cheops is in reality much larger than its neighbour; for, whereas the original base of the former measured 746 feet, that of the latter measured only 707 feet, and no disproportionate diminution of base has taken place in the course of centuries.

Herodotus tells us that Cheops "hurried forward every wickedness: for he closed all the temples, and having first prohibited sacrifices, then commanded all the Egyptians to labour for himself." He then gives a particular account, as he learned it from the Egyptians themselves, of how the stones were dug out of the quarries across the Nile, how they were brought over in barges, then carried along an elevated highway, constructed for the purpose, and piled up, layer after layer, till the pyramid was complete. Detachments of men, each 100,000 strong, were told off for this

work. The only dubious part of the story is that the body of Cheops is said to have been placed in a vault beneath the pyramid, to which a canal was led from the river Nile, and that this, circling round it, made a sepulchral, subterranean island. The land groaned for 106 years, according to Herodotus, under these pyramid-making kings, Cheops and Chephren; but enjoyed a sweet breathing time under Mycerinus, who seems to have endeared himself so much to the people, by his mercy and impartiality, that they must have been willing, one would think, to build his little pyramid for the love which they bore him. According to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Cheops ascended the throne 2123 B.C.

The pyramid of Cheops is the nearest of the three to the traveller coming from Cairo. We first rode along its eastern side and dismounted at the northern front. We rested for some time after our arrival, feasting our eves upon the wonderful sight. almost despair of giving my readers an adequate idea of this vast monument, both of the folly and power of man. Let him imagine an immense pile, nearly as high as St. Rollox in Glasgow, but covering an area of 12 acres 3 roods 3 perches, and containing 6,316,000 tons of stones! On four sides, the mighty mass rises up tapering to a point, the stones not now covered with smooth cement, as appears at one time to have been the case from certain indications which remain, but left bare for a few feet at the end, so that the ascent is comparatively easy over the jutting projections. To one gazing along its vast extent, the side of the pyramids, if I may be allowed the metaphor, presents the appearance of a sea whose waves, even when the winds of heaven were agitating them, had been suddenly turned into stone, by some arresting gorgon's head, and then, when newly petrified, miraculously piled on high!

We sat down at the base, among the rubbish which had fallen from above—the *debris* of centuries. The great boulders almost reached the entrance to the tombs within. Travellers who had preceded us had carved their names upon these stones, adding such dates as "1685," "1702." Meeting such inscriptions in a

Scottish church-yard, we would think them old, but on a building reared about four thousand years ago, they seemed to be but of yesterday.

But now an interesting question was to be answered, and that in a very practical manner-" Would any of our number ascend the pyramid of Cheops." I alone answered in the affirmative. Immediately three half-naked Arabs, who had been clamorous for such employment, attached themselves to me in a very close and familiar manner. I was told by our dragoman that the sum which had been agreed upon as the reward of their services was not to be given to them, but to their master, a kind of village sheikh, after my return, who issued to them his word of command, and to whom they seemed to pay some rude deference. arrangement being made, we started for the ascent at the northeast angle of the pyramid. At first the stones were three and sometimes even four feet high, so that it was necessary to climb from the one to the other, but as we ascended they became less broad—only one or two feet thick. I then gave my guides to understand that I wished one of my hands to be freed; for they had held me tightly by my two hands—like a tottering child led out to walk between two anxious nurses—while they pulled me after them over the hard stones. They were disposed, however, to magnify their office, and this they did most effectually by a stubborn fact, narrated in broken English:--"One gentleman take only one hand—all dashed to pieces—all dashed to pieces down-down-down." There was no resisting this terrific appeal, and I suffered myself thenceforward to be dragged uncomplainingly upwards.

We did not halt till we had accomplished two-thirds of the ascent. The Arabs had, indeed, once and again hinted that I might rest if I pleased; but as I prided myself on being a pretty good climber of Highland hills, I was, I must confess, somewhat ambitious of showing pluck on the pyramids. At length we reached a little platform which had evidently been levelled as a breathing place, and used for that purpose. Here my

guides broke out into a loud hurra, and praised me highly for my endurance, because other travellers had stopped "one, two, three times," whereas I had almost finished the feat at one bound. Following their example, I sat down and surveyed the distance already traversed. My friends below had dwindled into Lilliputians, and, tired of following me with their eyes, they had ceased to watch my upward movements.

I was not allowed, however, to look around me, or below me long, for the importunity of the Arabs at my side. They had plainly been flattering me with a selfish end in view, for they immediately began to make most earnest and resolute demands for bakshish. I told them I had agreed to pay their master; but they insisted that there must be some perquisite for themselves. Then, their clamours increasing, I was constrained to inform them that, although I had plenty of English money in my pocket, my supply of Egyptian coin was exhausted; for having made some purchases before leaving Cairo, I had forgotten to get more change. At length I told them that if they would only be quiet, I would procure bakshish for them whenever we would get down. On this, both by significant shrugs of the shoulder and in broken English. they stipulated that I must not tell the sheikh or the dragoman of this extra largess; for this very good reason, I suppose, that it would be taken from them, and that all they would receive would be a severe reprimand, perhaps a severe castigation. readers will probably think me very facile in having yielded to all these exactions; but I must confess, however humbling it be to do so, that by this time I was becoming giddy and uncomfortable, and wished only to be let alone. Once or twice during my lifetime I have, when much exhausted, almost swooned away: and as I looked down the lofty ladder by which I had ascended. the fear of such a catastrophe took possession of my mind. As I was determined, however, not to turn back, I gave no hint of my perturbation to my guides, and summoning all my resolution, began to struggle to the top. Now I was glad of that firm manipulation of which I had at first complained; for

I was encouraged by knowing that even although I should faint they would not let me fall. Judging from my own experience, I would conclude that only persons of strong nerve and good head should clamber up these stony stairs; and I must confess that I am "nervous," not in the sense of having a superabundance but a deficiency of that invaluable commodity. At length we reached the top, about twelve minutes after leaving the base, when the Arabs again gave three ringing cheers, and I sat down to wipe my burning brow and survey the splendid scene.

Originally the pyramid tapered to a point; now, however, a space of thirty feet square receives the panting traveller. view was undoubtedly magnificent and never to be forgotten. All lower Egypt was at my feet—the Nile, like a stream of silver, threading its own verdant valley—the minarets of Cairo sparkling in the sunshine—the desert of Suez stretching eastward, and the desert of Lybia stretching westward, in brown and barren desolation. Not the least impressive sight was the immediate neighbourhood of the wonderful tower on which I stood-the other pyramids of the grand necropolis—the watchful Sphinx far below -and the pyramids of Abousir and Sakkara, ten or twelve miles away, which, also, for so many generations, had uttered their solemn memento mori to the world. I must confess, however, that the haziness of the atmosphere, caused by the glare of the sultry sun, somewhat narrowed the horizon; and my enjoyment was lessened yet more by my anxiety about the descent which vet lay before me. I observed that many travellers had cut out their names upon the flat summit, and, being ambitious of a similar memorial of my visit, I found to my regret that I had no knife with me. But here my guides were ready with the requisite instrument—only there must be more bakshish, and the sheikh must not be told, and the dragoman must not be told, for they were "non bono," "non bono,"—not good, not good. ding unresisting compliance, I scratched "F. Ferguson, Glasgow," on a stone, which I hope still retains the slender inscription. After indulging for some minutes in solemn reflections on the vast periods of time during which the pile whereon I sat had pointed upwards to the sky, I prepared for the descent. I could not bear to look to the level plain below, but kept my eye fixed on each successive stone that offered me a foothold. When about half-way down, my nervousness left me, and amid the deafening huzzas of my conductors, I reached the base again in safety.

I here found that my friends had gone off to see the Sphinx, leaving a message for me to follow them when my descent would be accomplished. This is a monstrous human figure resting on the paws of a lion, (a combination intended to be symbolical of united wisdom and strength,) which the Egyptians placed as a sentinel before their great sepulchral monuments. It stands on the south side of the pyramid of Cheops, overlooking the valley I was accompanied in my walk by one of the guides of the Nile. who had just stood with me on the giddy elevation. Our path lay between the two great pyramids which are not separated by any very considerable distance. I was here more deeply impressed than I had yet been with the size of these stony structures and the immense quantity of materials which must have been brought to the spot for their erection by the laborious Egyptians. Dr. Buchanan gives us a very good idea of the extent of the larger one when he says that it covers as much ground as is embraced within the Tron parish of Glasgow, of which he was minister so long. a truth, if it could be transported thither by Aladdin's lamp, so as to displace the crowded houses of the locality, its presence would contribute to the health, as well as the adornment, of our teeming city.

Sinking deep into the burning sand at every step, and with an ardent sun overhead, it was with no small difficulty that I made my way towards the slope on which the Sphinx holds solemn guard. I had entered into conversation with my guide on the relative claims of Mahomet and Christ, as far as his limited knowledge of our language would allow. He somewhat surprised and amused me by suddenly asking, "How many wife you have?" When I

replied that I had only one, he seemed surprised, and added, that while he had no more himself, if he had only money enough he would have two. I may observe here that poverty very considerably restrains polygamy in the East. Monogamy is much more common among the humbler classes than we would expect, considering the license both of their laws and religion. It is indeed only among the "upper ten thousand" that polygamy may be said to flourish. The early marriages of Egypt deserve also a That very morning, as we were leaving the passing notice. suburbs of Ghizeh, our dragoman, who was riding beside me, pointing to a band of boys, apparently intent on some game, said, "Do you see that fellow there? He is married. I know by the turban which he wears." The vouthful Benedict seemed to be twelve or thirteen years of age.

Arrived in front of the Sphinx I could not fail to be impressed with its gigantic proportions. Let the reader imagine to himself a human head and neck of stone 60 feet high, and measuring round the temples 102 feet. The lower part of the human body and the leonine paws have been buried in the wind-swept sand of the wilderness, as well as a paved court in front of it with an alter and lions conchant of which ancient records inform us. Indeed the sand has made great encroachments on the pyramids themselves; for when first erected they also seem to have been encircled with courts and temples, long since hid from view. It does not appear to have entered into the calculations of short-sighted man that it was possible for his gigantic places of burial to be themselves buried as to many of their ornaments and surroundings.

The effect produced by the face of the Sphinx is much injured by the mutilation of the nose; and the vainest beau or belle will confess that it is hardly possible for the most refined beauty to bear up against so signal a drawback and discouragement. Traces, however, still remain of pensive leveliness blended with majesty. Yet it is not wonderful, considering its present condition, that the Arabs have designated it "Abu'l Hol," the Father of Terror.

While we sat gazing upon it the Arabs around were very anxious to make money. One offered, for a few piastres, to climb the great pyramid "in five minute." I believe the fellow, nimble as a goat from frequent practice, could have performed the feat; but we did not smile upon his project. On another offer to climb the Sphinx, we looked with more favour; and forthwith a barefooted Blondin began the ascent. Finding precarious foothold by a well-worn path which ran up by the ears of the statue, the candidate for coppers scaled the dangerous ladder with fox-like wariness and cat-like tenacity. At one point we shuddered lest he would have lost his grip and been dashed to pieces, but, that difficulty overcome, his subsequent success seemed easy, and he returned presently to level ground, rejoicing in the cheers of his semi-barbarous brethren, and in the donations of the strangers.

We could not but be solemnised by the thought, that the gigantic face before us had gazed over Memphis, and the site of devastated Memphis to the Nile for thousands of years, undisturbed by the rise and fall of successive dynasties. No tears had bedewed it; no fear had blanched it; no shame or passion had reddened it; while human faces, in the vale below, had indicated all these varying emotions, till they had at length stiffened in the rigidity and pallor of death. Neither the ruthless invasion of Cambyses, nor the fury of the scorching sirocco had disturbed its everlasting calm.

But the adventures of the day were not yet at an end. I had paid penance on the outside of one pyramid: I was now destined to pay penance in the inside of another. Passages have been discovered in these three great piles leading to chambers in the interior, containing sarcophagi, thus leaving no doubt, as already noticed, that they were intended for the reception of deceased royalty. In the pyramid of Cheops two great chambers have been discovered called respectively the King's chamber and the Queen's chamber. In the former a sarcophagus has been found measuring six feet and a half in the inside, just of sufficient size to accommodate a man of ordinary stature. Dr. Wilson of Bombay de-

scribes it as being of "red granite closely resembling that of Peterhead, wrought at Aberdeen." But no trace remains of the royal founder's bones. Hence the couplet:

"Let not a monument give you or me hopes, Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops."

I had determined to enter the second pyramid, because its interior is seldom visited by travellers, and therefore seldom described, and also, because the passage leading to it had remained undiscovered till 1816, when it had been found and explored by the distinguished Belzoni. When a boy at school, I had received "Belzoni's Travels," as a present from a friend, and had perused with much enthusiasm his modest account of this great discovery; and I was anxious to disturb again the very echoes which the exulting Italian had been the first, for many centuries, to awaken. The ancient Egyptians themselves did not know of this second pyramid's sepulchre; for Herodotus distinctly says concerning it: "Neither does it contain subterranean chambers." One day in February 1816, Belzoni stood in pensive mood gazing at the pyramid, and wondering if he could not unveil its secret to the world, if secret it had. He was indeed a remarkable man. A native of Padua, he was compelled through the political troubles of the time to find an asylum in Britain. where, for some years, he supported himself and family by following the humble occupation of itinerant player. He led the same wandering life in Spain, Portugal, and the south of France, and ultimately visited Egypt, led thither both by the love of adventure, and the desire to make improvements upon the hydraulic machines then in common use in the land. At the time to which I refer he had just returned from Upper Egypt, where he had made some most important discoveries. On the day in question, after gazing narrowly at the rubbish which had fallen down at the base of the pyramid, it struck him that, near the centre, it seemed less closely cemented together than at other parts, as if indeed it had been removed by the hands of men in

other days. He immediately set the Arabs in the neighbourhood to work to clear away the stones, without consulting the authorities at Cairo, lest their jealousy should throw obstacles in his way. The task was indeed a Herculean one, so great were the boulders, and so firmly had they been wedged together by the fervent heat of the sun. But the Arabs wrought well, inspired by the love of the stranger's money, although they called him "mangoon," that is, "madman," for his pains. At length one of the workmen descried a chink in the wall into which a stick, three feet long, was easily inserted. When the stones round about this aperture were removed, a low and narrow passage indeed was discovered; but Belzoni's heart sunk within him as he began plainly to perceive that this entrance was a forced one, and that he was only exploring the work of some disappointed and baffled explorer.

Cast down but not despairing, the brave Italian again took his seat at a little distance from the pyramid, and began his studious He observed that the passage leading to the king's chamber in the pyramid of Cheops, was not in its very centre, but about thirty feet eastward from the centre. Judging that since their proportions were otherwise so similar, there would be a resemblance in this respect also, he concluded that if a place of sepulture really were within the pyramid of Chephren, it would be found at that very point also. Casting his eyes then about thirty feet eastward from the centre, he was encouraged by noticing both a greater hollow in the pyramid at that point, and also in the rubbish at the base. He set the Arabs again to work, and was rewarded in a few days by coming upon three granite stones in the pile, not laid in the usual level, but pointing inward, like the stones at the entrance to the pyramid of Cheops. Then they reached moveable stones, and these being displaced, a passage opened before them four feet high, and three feet six inches Time would fail me to tell of all the difficulties which they encountered in exploring the winding way, but suffice it to say that within thirty days after beginning his operations, and at the expense of only £150, he had the satisfaction of standing in a lofty chamber, and looking upon the long-lost sarcophagus.

It was into this passage, then, that Colonel Lang and myself followed three or four of our Arabs, as greasy as the candles they My readers will readily understand that, in a passage of the dimensions just given, we could not occupy a very comfortable We were under the necessity of sitting down and sliding inwards as best we might. In this way we performed a difficult pilgrimage of 110 feet, descending at an angle of 26 degrees. We then came to what, at the time of Belzoni's discovery, had been a sheer descent of fifteen feet, but which he had obligingly filled up for the benefit of future explorers. Still the depth was considerable, and the Arabs offered to help us down slowly from the subterranean eminence. Hastily surveying the distance, I felt sure that I could leap it, and, beckoning to them to hold off. I sprang almost over their heads, at first to their great dismay, but afterwards to their great delight; for when the feat had been accomplished they clapped their hands and laughed, and awoke the echoes of the cavern by the vehemence of their applause.

From this point onwards the passage was cut out of the solid rock, for we had reached the ground below the pyramids. also a side passage branched off, which Belzoni thought might lead out of the pyramid by some other way of egress. I followed one of the guides along its dark and low recess, till at one point a flight of bats, which our approach had disturbed, causing me to shudder, I was glad to rejoin the rest of the party. We now advanced straight forward, along a horizontal passage, 5 feet 11 inches high, and 3 feet 5 inches wide. The walls were covered with white arborisations of nitre, the slow formations of millenniums. At length we came to a door in the centre of a large chamber. apartment was 46 feet 8 inches long, 16 feet 8 inches wide, and 23 feet 6 inches high—all cut out of the solid rock, from the floor to the roof, which was formed of solid blocks of calcareous stone. The sarcophagus we found lying level with the floor, 8 feet long, 3 feet 6 inches wide, and 2 feet 8 inches deep in the inside. Large

blocks of granite had been planted round it to prevent its removal; but, like all the other tombs in the neighbourhood, it had been rifled; for the lid was removed at the side, so that the coffin was half open. No hieroglyphics were visible either on the sarcophagus or on the walls: but on the west end of the chamber there was the following inscription in Arabic:--"The Master Mohammed Ahmed, lapicide, has opened them; and the Master Othman attended the opening; and the king Alij Mohammed from the beginning to the closing up." Brief though this inscription be, it was abundantly suggestive. First of all, it pointed us back to the far-distant day when, the great building being completed, and the reign of that Egyptian Pharaoh completed too, for whom it had been reared, the body, borne with royal honours to its long home. was laid in the very sarcophagus before our eyes, and left in solitude and secrecy. Thousands of years rolled away. Moses and all the prophets, Aaron and all the priests, David and all the kings served God in their day and generation; and still the silence of that pyramid remained unbroken. Then Jesus came, and lived and died and ascended. Christianity took root in the earth and spread its healing branches over the world; and still the silence of that pyramid remained unbroken. Its chambers felt not the mighty changes which were passing in the world without. At length Mohammed arose, and left to Egypt a race of Caliphs, who were altogether careless about her sacred monuments, save for the treasures they were supposed to conceal. Cupidity made them curious and diligent. Ah! there they are at last knocking at the door of the sepulchral vault! They have found out the secret. There is the lapicide, proud because he has cut his way so far. There is the chief minister rejoicing that the discovery has been made during his administration. And there is the King looking upon his predecessor's rifled coffin, and forgetting, perhaps, that he too must die and be buried out of sight. This brief record of their presence is left, and then the chamber is shut up again. The stillness of death once more reigns in the recess, and its secret path is forgotten. Centuries roll away. The darkness of the

middle ages passes, but unbroken darkness reigns there. Americ is discovered; but this narrow chamber again defies discovered Religion is reformed in Europe; but there is no reformation i Egypt, nor light thrown in upon her sepulchres. At length or day the tread of the discoverer is again heard in the vault, and the chamber hid so long is thrown open to the world, never to a closed again.

As we emerge from the Cimmerian darkness and bid farewe to the pyramids, let us learn to leave behind us monuments, not a folly, but of heaven-imparted wisdom. When our works do follo us, let them be such as will not make us ashamed. Let us sho little concern about the future home of the poor body, but I specially solicitous to secure a heavenly home for the immort soul. And let us also bear in mind that our lives should be mor pyramids—broad at the base—their foundations fixed on Chrif and holy habits, and tapering upwards ever in heavenward aspir ation.

Let us also be affected by the thought that our dust shall slee somewhere in awful stillness and the world move on heedler about us and feeling not our loss. But at length a great Discoverer will come knocking at the door of our sepulchres. Egypt pyramids and Britain's cemeteries will alike fly open before hin and Death which destroyed so long be "swallowed up in victory.

The transition is often very abrupt, especially in the traveller experience, from the sublime to the ridiculous—from the pathet to the amusing. On our way back to Ghizeh, and at the outskir of the town, we crept into a spacious mud-oven to see the way i which Egyptian chickens are hatched. It would appear that thens in that country do not care for their eggs after they are laid it is therefore found necessary to maintain the race by artificianess. One would have thought indeed that the natural heat the sun would have been sufficient of itself for the process of hatching; but it would appear that an oven with the thermometer 100° is required. It was with difficulty that we entered the hove so low and strait was the passage; and it was with difficulty that

we remained in it, both on the account of the heat and the offensive odour. We saw eggs just in the act, or rather in the state of being broken, and others almost lost in the full-formed chickens; while in another apartment, callow birds just beginning to walk, were all that was left of eggs which once had been. The man who turns these eggs and watches the curious process is paid in kind. He gives back only fifty chickens for every hundred of the raw material that is committed to his care. There was indeed a contrast between the two vaults into which we had crawled that day. In the one we had seen ancient death, and in the other young life. And if the house of death was more splendid and durable than the house of life, the explanation was to be found in the fact that "man is of more value than many" chickens.

We reached our boat at the Nile about two P.M., and proceeded slowly down to Boulak in the afternoon. On our way a large steamer passed us crowded with workmen for the Suez canal. They had come from a great distance up the river. We were told that they would get little more than their food for their hard and oppressive work, and that food of the poorest kind. In fact, it would have been said in this country that they had been press-ganged by the government. Cabin and steerage were alike crammed with these serf-like Egyptians. I could not but think of the wives and children they had left behind them far up the Nile, who doubtless had bewailed their departure; and I contrasted in my mind the happy companies seen in summer time on the Frith of Clyde, with that kidnapped freight so mute and so melancholy on the river of Egypt. We reached Cairo at six P.M.

On the day following (Friday, 28th April,) we drove eight miles into the desert of Suez, to see "the petrified forest." We got a very good idea during this short journey, of what desert life would be, and of the desert itself. It is not composed of pure sand as we are apt to suppose, but of gravel and sand mixed together. We required four horses to pull our carriage along the vielding road. The heat, both from the rays and reflection of the

sun, was intense, and the desolation of the scene extreme. "The petrified forest" presented indeed a memorable sight. On an undulating rising ground, some acres in extent, what seemed to be the wood of the sycamore or palm tree, turned out to be stone, hard as adamant. Some of the specimens were about twelve feet long, and looked like boughs or stems, that had long ago fallen in the forest; and yet there were no roots or standing trees in the neighbourhood. A mystery hung about them which we could not solve. Ancient as the stones of the pyramids were, these stones of the desert spoke of vanished epochs more distant still.

On our way back to Cairo, we turned aside to see the "tombs of the Caliphs." These lie in a lonely valley, about a mile and a-half from Cairo, but completely surrounded by the sand of the desert. They are, in truth, palaces of richest architecture, and appeared to be as much mosques as mausoleums: but, like everything else in Egypt, they are suffered to crumble into ruins. We again and again noticed this as a characteristic of the people, that they would expend great sums of money on the erection of edifices, and afterwards abandon them to utter neglect. It was so in the originally gorgeous sepulchres before us. Their custodiers did not incur the charge of "building again the tombs" of their The light of day could be seen through roofs on which every expense had been lavished, and dogs prowled through halls of which princes might have been proud. Yet was there something in this very ruin in keeping with the dynastic decay of those proud Caliphs, who had for many centuries reigned on the banks of the Nile.

I must now draw my notes of travel in Egypt to a close. Before doing so I may mention that the Rev. Mr. Haskel, of Boston, U.S., who was staying in the same hotel with us, at Cairo, introduced me to the two American missionaries there, the Rev. Messrs. Lancy and Ewing, and their devoted fellow-labourer, Miss Bain. The Pasha of Egypt had recently given them a present of property for their schools to the value of £8000, and the zealous little band were in high spirits.

Among the Mahommedans they make little progress; but the children of the Coptic Christians they find to be very accessible and docile. With tears in my eyes, I heard the scholars repeating in Arabic the words, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," and the story of the conversion of St. Paul. They sung also a hymn to the tune of New Lydia. Mr. Lancy asked me if I knew the Rev. John Ker, of Glasgow. He had been twice in Cairo, and was "the best preacher he (Mr. Lancy) had ever heard."

We returned on Saturday, the 29th, to Alexandria, and made preparations for our departure to Palestine, which was to take place on the Monday following.

### CHAPTER VI.

# Alexandria to Jerusalem.

It is a more formidable thing to make preparations for a journey through the Holy Land than my reader might be disposed, without due consideration, to believe. The prospect of being in the saddle for five or six weeks, in a country in which towns of any importance are exceedingly rare, and in which hotels hold out their welcome only at its distant extremities,—in which, moreover, the traveller's luggage, as well as himself, must be carried from place to place on a horse or mule, (since the wretched roads afford no passage for a wheeled vehicle,)-all this calls for no small forethought in the provision of food, bedding, and beasts of But one of the laws of social economy is happily exemplified in this respect: I mean the law that supply generally is equal to the demand. There are men whose calling it is to provide for the traveller's necessities when he is meditating such "Dragoman" is a cor-They are called dragomans. ruption of the Arabic word "turjoman," which means interpre-Certainly the dragoman's province has extended beyond the boundaries which the original meaning of his name seems to imply; for he not only interprets for the traveller and shows him the curiosities of the country through which he passes, but enters into a contract by which he binds himself to furnish food, horses, and all other requisites for the journey. The terms of these contractors generally vary from £1 per day for each traveller to £1, 10s. If there be only a small party, the latter sum is thought an equitable allowance; but if the party consists of seven or eight individuals, the former sum is thought sufficient. We heard of two wealthy ladies who travelled through the desert and through Palestine with a considerable party, at the rate of £2, 10s. each per day; but the dragoman, in that case, was considered to be thoroughly fortunate and the worthy ladies to be thoroughly fleeced. I sometimes thought that, on the etymological principle on which the word woman was once said to mean a woe to man, the dragoman might be defined, the drag o' man; for he dragged us after him at a rate and after a fashion of which we did not always very highly approve.

Both Cairo and Alexandria are places at which dragomans,-I will not say waylay or lie in wait for, but, to use safer words,walk about in waiting for travellers; for they know that they generally come to Egypt before visiting Palestine. On the day on which we returned to Alexandria we were in some perplexity as to the respective merits of two rival claimants belonging to that fraternity,—one of the gentlemen of our party advocating the cause of one, and another giving his vote for the opposition. Our party, I should have observed before, had been increased at Cairo by the accession of Mr. and Miss G--- and Mr. and Mrs. D-, all from America. They had just returned from a long voyage up the Nile, and were setting out, like ourselves, to see "the city of the great king." As both candidates for our favour seemed to know their work well, we had some difficulty in deciding between them, but resigned ourselves ultimately to an Abyssinian Mahommedan, with sable face and white flowing robe. His young partner, a Jew, was with him. were to sail with us to Jaffa, and enter upon their duties whenever we would set foot on the shore of the Holy Land.

The steamer, which belonged to a Russian company, and plied between Alexandria and Odessa in the Black Sea, was advertised to sail on Monday morning as early as four A.M. Passengers were expected to be on board on Sabbath evening. The shades

of night had fallen around us as we sailed out of the harbour of Alexandria in a small boat, and took our stand on the deck of the steamer. We had first seen Egypt in the darkness, and now we were bidding her farewell in the darkness,—fit emblem of the spiritual night which brooded over her people. And yet the sable shades were not altogether unrelieved; for we were surprised to see lamps burning in every direction. They were shining in the houses on the shore, and were suspended from the masts of the Egyptian ships in the harbour. The Ramadan, we were told, was ended. The tyrannical fast had closed. These lamps announced the "feast of jubilee." Surely it was not an extravagant stretch either of fancy or of faith to hail this as the symbol of that heavenly light which will yet shine upon the land of Egypt, as well as upon all other lands, and in the hearts as well as the homes of her sons and daughters.

When we awoke next morning, the screw of our good steamship had been vigorously at work for two hours, and we were making steady progress towards the Asiatic continent. On reaching the deck we found that we were passing Aboukir, which is about twelve miles east from Alexandria, and into whose port vessels run in stormy weather, when it is dangerous to attempt the larger but more intricate harbour. The Bay of Aboukir is celebrated as the scene of the terrible conflict between Lord Nelson and Napoleon on the 1st. of August, 1798, when victory declared for the former, and thus the Indian empire was saved to Great Britain. date of the conflict is inscribed upon Nelson's monument in Glasgow Green. It is certainly by a license of nomenclature that this contest is called "the battle of the Nile," for the river is several miles distant from the scene of action. Aboukir means in Arabic "the father of the merciful." God haste the day when, by the universal and everlasting cessation of war, such a contrast will be impossible between the horrors of battle and the sweet name of the spot on which this sanguinary engagement took place.

It is time now to survey the passengers on board. Those astern were mostly like ourselves, travellers to Palestine; but in the

steerage end they were, in truth, a motley group. We carried with us 160 pilgrims to the holy Jerusalem, and even that considerable number was small, as one of the officers on board informed me, compared with the crowds which would present themselves a week or two afterwards, when "the season" would be at its "height" by the celebration of Easter. We who live in the west of Europe have no idea of the importance which is attached in the East to a pilgrimage to the holy city. I am afraid that many who are no more than nominally Christian expect that their salvation will be secured by it, regarding it in the very light in which Mahommedans regard a pilgrimage to Mecca, so that the taunt applied to the latter may be applied to the former, "If your friend has made the pilgrimage once, distrust him; if he has made it twice, cut him dead!" If they have seen Jerusalem, and have bathed in Jordan's hallowed stream they are satisfied, fancying that having accomplished this feat, they have not lived in vain, and in many instances, seeming to consider themselves sure of heaven, however unjust or impure their lives may be. They save money for the journey with provident forethought, and undergo many hardships and privations. When a man has been to Mecca, he is a person of no small importance. He paints his house afresh on his return, and when he dies the fact is duly chronicled on his grave. Similar honours await him who has looked upon Jerusalem, and lived within its sacred enclosures. A portion of the pilgrims who sailed with us belonged to the Russian or Greek Church, and one or two of their priests were on board. Some were Abyssinian Christians: but the great majority belonged to the Coptic Church. or the Church of St. Mark, whose chief seat is in Egypt. I have once or twice merely referred to this sect. Here I will take time to observe that the Copts are Christians, but not a little degenerate in their faith and worship. They have the Bible, and do not refuse it to the laity; but it is written in the old Egyptian language which was spoken in the country before its conquest by the Arabs, and is not now understood by the people, or even by the ministers of religion themselves. "Their clergy consist of monks, deacons,

priests, and bishops, under a patriarch, who resides in Cairo, but takes his title from Alexandria, regarding himself as the successor of St. Mark, the first bishop. They are, like the Greeks and Roman Catholics, grossly superstitious. They have images of the Virgin Mary in their houses, to whom they pray in their affliction. When their prayers are not answered, they load her and her image with reproaches. 'Do you not see,' they exclaim, 'do you not see our affliction? Are you blind? Are you deaf? Have you no heart, no feeling, no power?' They will then throw the image from them, and assail it with blows." Their chief recommendation as a religious community to Protestants, is their freedom from prejudice, and their readiness to hear and be taught, and extend the same privilege to their children. It is among this people, as I mentioned in the last chapter, that the American missionaries labour with not a little comfort and success. The dragoman who waited upon us in Egypt, was one of their number. I asked him what the derivation of the word Coptic might be. His reply was -" It comes from Copt the name of a village in Egypt in which St. Mark preached his first sermon." More learned etymologists, however, believe it to be merely a corruption of the word Egyp-This man told me that he was very sad because his little boy, of five years of age, had died only a fortnight before our arrival in Egypt. He expected, however, to meet him in that beloved "kingdom of heaven" to which Jesus said all little children belong.

The distance between Alexandria and Jaffa is about 260 miles. This our ship traversed in thirty hours. During the voyage, we were favoured, once more, with a smooth sea and a clear sky. It was in the forenoon of Tuesday, the 1st of April, that we got our first view of the Holy Land, and set foot for the first time on its sacred shores. It had become visible while we were at breakfast, and I confess that I was peculiarly affected on being suddenly told when I came on deck that the coast before me was that of Palestine. I could see plainly the district south of Joppa called by the Hebrews "the Shephelah"—that is, the low-lying country.

which extended between the coast and the more hilly regions of Philistia, as well as the plain beyond and north of Joppa, celebrated as "the plain of Sharon"—that is, the smooth plain, which stretches from the Mediterranean to the mountains of Ephraim. Joppa, from the sea, looked a respectable and considerable town, built on an eminence and presenting an appearance not unlike the higher part of Stirling. It was well for us that the sea was so smooth; for we had been told by the second officer to our dismay, that if there should be anything like a swell on the water they would be under the necessity, on account of the insufficiency of the harbour of Joppa, of carrying us on to Haifa, at the foot of Mount Carmel, by which, of course, our plans would have been seriously disarranged.

When we stopped in front of the town, we found that the English man-of-war which had accompanied the Prince of Wales to the east was lying at Joppa, his Royal Highness having landed there a day or two before us. As we were being pulled ashore, we met a boat-load of her young midshipmen leaving the har-The harbour, we noticed to be, in truth, insufficient and hardly worthy of the name; for, at one point, the passage between the suspicious-looking rocks was so very narrow that our boatmen could, with difficulty, take the full use of their oars. Some of our party had been talking of falling down on the Holy Land. and kissing it, whenever they set foot on the shore; but if ever this purpose had been seriously entertained, the appearance of that portion of the ground which we first touched would have broken at once the strength of their resolution. It was but a narrow ledge between the wall of the town and the sea, and was both filthy itself and crowded with not over-cleanly specta-As sometimes happens, at our own railway stations and tors. steamboat wharves, representatives of the English hotel had come down to the landing-place to see what luck might be in store for them. The younger of our two dragomen, who was a relation of mine host, held up as many fingers as our party numbered, and led us in triumph along the shore. Then he suddenly turned up what we would call a lane, but what was in reality Joppa's principal street. It resembled the very worst of those steep alleys which lead from the Mound to the Old Town of Edinburgh. When we had pursued a zig-zag course for awhile, and were as yet only half way up the hill, he told us to our surprise that we had arrived at the hotel. On mounting the stair, however, and entering, we found that its accommodations and comforts were much better than the unpromising exterior had led us to expect. We could observe also from the well-filled album, that previous travellers spoke highly of the entertainment and attention which they had received. As is the case with the better class of Syrian houses, the walls were very thick, and the roofs arched and vaulted—a mode of construction which secures an agreeable coolness and shade, even on the hottest day.

Our dragomen asserted that they required the rest of the day to make preparations for the journey, and that we would be under the necessity of staying all night in Joppa. As mid-day had not long passed when we had made our quarters good, we sallied forth to see the town and its suburbs. We expected on leaving the inn, to come to something like a street, but nothing had Joppa to show better than narrow lanes, and these the most filthy and abominable. Verily, we felt the need of sanitary laws during our walk, as, two days after, we felt the need of a railway to Jerusalem. We came at length to the bazaars which are situated near the only gate of the town, on its northern side. We sound the space outside very much crowded. A kind of fair was being held in celebration of the close of the fast, and hundreds of the people were assembled in that suburb keeping holiday. Joppa contains about 5000 inhabitants, of whom 1000 are Christians, about 150 Jews, and the rest Moslems.

As Colonel Lang had been favoured with a letter of introduction from his friend Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, to Dr. Asaad Rayat, the British consul at Jaffa, we proceeded to pay our respects to that gentleman. We found his conversation to be at once entertaining and edifying. He laid not a little weight upon the fact that

although the successive conquerors of the Holy Land-Babylonians, Macedonians, Romans, Saracens, and Turks-filled with hatred to God's cause and people, had changed the names of its cities and towns, their endeavours had been unsuccessful. were, nevertheless, called, and are called to this day, by their old scriptural names. He instanced Gaza, Ascalon, and Joppa, in support of his observations. In Greece, and in Italy, ancient names had disappeared; but not so in Palestine. Joppa, now called Jaffa, had returned to its old Hebrew name Yafa. believed to be derived from "Japhet," one of the sons of Noah; and when he had mentioned this to Dr. Stanley, on the occasion of his having had the honour to dine with the Prince of Wales. in his yacht, on the previous Saturday evening, the doctor had been much interested in the remark. Dr. Rayat told us also that the memory of Dorcas, or Tabitha, was still respected in Joppa. Once a-year, on the 25th of May, a holiday was held in honour of her. The whole town poured out in procession to a house in the country, called "the house of Tabitha," about a mile distant. Dr. Bayat, who, if I remember aright, was said to be a native of Damascus, belonged originally to the Greek Church; but after a short residence in London, he had joined the Church of England.

On leaving the consul's house we repaired to the celebrated orange groves which are situated about a mile to the east of the town. Here, by paying a small sum to the gate-keeper, we enjoyed the luxury of pulling the most delicious of oranges come the trees on which they had ripened, or of gathering those which had recently fallen to the ground, as, at home, we had pulled or gathered apples in the orchards of Clydesdale. We found it pleasant also to stroll along Joppa's sandy, sea-washed beach. The scriptural associations of the place were interesting and profitable. It was from the very port before us that Jonah (oh, how long ago!) set sail for Tarshish, most probably Tarsus in Cilicia, fleeing from the post and the path of duty, to which he was so sharply and so strangely brought back. And even before his

day, the rafts laden with the cedars of Lebanon crept slowly down from Tyre, which were then carried up that very valley before us to fill their places in Solomon's celebrated temple. And in later, but yet more memorable days, the Apostle Peter, when the young church at Jerusalem had been scattered abroad by short-sighted persecution, came down from Lydda, where his labours had been most successful, to Joppa, in which Dorcas lay dead. Her deeds of charity and life of holiness had won for her the love of the inhabitants; and when the servant of God arrived, "all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them." In that very town the mighty words, "Tabitha, arise," had been spoken, and "many believed in the Lord," convinced by the undoubted miracle.

We went to see the ruin which is shown to travellers as the house in which "Simon the tanner" lived. We could have no faith in the identity of the building, and all the more so that Colonel Lang felt persuaded that a different house had been made to do duty as Simon's on the occasion of his visit three years before. We did not the less, however, realise the importance of the vision which "the apostle of the circumcision" saw somewhere in that town and on that shore; and especially when I ascended to the flat roof of our hotel were all the circumstances of the memorable occasion vividly presented to my mind. Before me lay the very sea which he beheld, and behind me slumbered in noonday sunshine, and on either side of the blue mountains of Judah, visible in the distance, the very land of Palestine in which he had been brought up, and in which he had already played so memorable a part. It was, indeed, fitting that Peter should see his remarkable vision on the shore of the sea; for it seemed to say to him that the gospel was not to be confined to the narrow strip of Judah, but was to be proclaimed to the millions who dwelt in the western world beyond the sea, where it was destined to "have free course and be glorified." Along the very shore before me, too, the messengers of Cornelius had come to

inquire for Peter; and, on the day after, he accompanied them to the now vanished Cesarea, to preach his first sermon to the Gentiles.

We could not fail to remember that at the very close of the last century Napoleon had made Joppa the scene of two acts of deliberate and almost unexampled cruelty. He had ordered from four to five hundred of his own soldiers to be poisoned because they were too weak to be removed from the hospital of the Armenian convent, and four thousand Albanian soldiers of the garrison to be murdered in cold blood, on the sands, after they had suffered themselves to be disarmed on the word of honour of his two generals. It is not too much to say that the vengeance of Almighty God followed the murderer to the island of St. Helena.

I had the pleasure of exchanging cards at the table of our hotel with Dr. Nippold, a young German, who was connected with a Home Mission Institution on the Rhine, and bore the diploma of one of the German Universities. His very respectable knowledge of the English language allowed of some interesting conversation on Hengstenberg, Schleiermacher, and other leaders of theological thought in his country. We were also grieved to observe the weak health of a young Russian Baron, who, notwithstanding his great unfitness for the journey, was making a religious pilgrimage to Jerusalem. An elderly lady, who, if she was not his mother, was at least most maternal in her attention to him, did all in her power to soothe his sufferings.

Next morning we had a long stroll on Joppa's sandy beach, and made our preparations to depart at noon. At the door of the English hotel we mounted our horses for the first time in Syria, and moved away at a very moderate pace through the lanes of the town and its narrow bazaars. Just as we were leaving the environs one of the young ladies of our party, who had not yet learned all "the manners and customs" of her rather spirited horse, came into sudden and unexpected contact with the dust of the highway. She looked very pale and frightened for a while, but was none the worse of this accident on the very threshold of the journey, and made a first-rate horse-woman ever afterwards.

Jerusalem is thirty-five miles, and Ramleh, the only haltingplace by the way, twelve miles from Joppa. Our first ride was easy as well as short; for the plain of Sharon, the southern end of which we crossed, was about as level as the shore of the sea. The direction of our route was a little south of east. At first the road lay between the lofty hedges of prickly pear which bounded off, on either side, the dense and fragrant orange groves to which I have already referred. On reaching the open country we found it to be well cultivated. Crops of various kinds of grain were fast approaching maturity, and needed only the "latter rain" to complete the harvest. Near Ramleh, a splendid tract of meadow-land appeared, which was alive with flocks and herds. One of our baggage-horses gave us considerable amusement on the way. It determined to have a scamper after an equine friend in an adjoining field. Although heavily laden with luggage which towered high above its head, it flew with undiminished Arabian fleetness after the cov object of its pursuit. Great was the dismay of the perspiring muleteers, who joined in the chase; for they feared every moment that the girths around the bags and boxes, for which they were responsible, would snap, and the motley burden be scattered about on the field.

> Sore they panted, half despairin', Up and down the plain of Sharon.

How they fared I cannot tell; for we were compelled to leave before the termination of the double hunt. Only, our luggage, at night, seemed none the worse of having served as ballast in the hot pursuit.

One floral peculiarity of the district interested us much during our journey. This was a large red lily which grew in great abundance on both sides of the road. It was called the some of Sharon. Its modesty, beauty, and colour reminded us of Him who seems to be represented by that name in the Song of Solomon.

Our dragomans had determined to put up for the night at the

Latin Convent. The monks there are willing to entertain travellers; and although they do not make any fixed charge, like the keepers of hotels, they expect, and, indeed, are entitled to. adequate remuneration. The convent is situated at the entrance into Ramleh, which, as we approached it, looked a quiet and comparatively clean town. I felt strangely when I found myself an inmate of "a religious house" of the Roman Catholic Church. Dismounting in the courtyard, we were ushered first into a small reception room. We were glad to fling ourselves down on its sofas and chairs; for we felt fatigued by our four hours' ride under the fervent sun. After waiting for about half an hour we were conducted into a larger apartment, or hall, where an abundant repast was spread before us. There were two holy fathers and five holy brothers, as they are called, in the monastery, one of the latter of whom waited upon us at table, his rosary hanging from his rope-like belt. After our repast, the gentlemen of our party ascended to the flat roof of the building; for, by the laws of the institution, ladies were not allowed to advance beyond the ante-room in which we had dined. From this eminence we saw in the distance Lydda, where Peter had healed Eneas, who had been bed-ridden for eight years, "sick of the palsy." We were shown also the room of the convent which had been occupied by the first Napoleon, on the occasion of his Syrian expedition. Concerning the present Napoleon, one of the brotherhood remarked, in Italian, that he was "a man of a profound mind;" by which he did not mean that his talents were great, but that his purposes were inscrutable. Ramleh is the chief modern city of the plain of Philistia. It contains about 3000 inhabitants, of whom two-thirds are Moslems, and the rest Christians, chiefly of the Greek Church. It has been confounded both with Ramah, the birth-place and residence of Samuel, and Arimathea, the city of Joseph, in whose grave Christ was laid. It seems, however, to be wholly of Saracenic origin, and to have received its present name from the extensive tract of sand in the midst of which it is built, the word Ramleh meaning sandy in the Arabic language. It was a place of great military importance in the wars of the Crusaders.

In the evening we walked out to visit a remarkable tower which stands on elevated ground a quarter of a mile west of the town. We observed on the way that the houses were well built and the streets tolerably wide. A great crowd of the apparently indolent inhabitants gathered around us, and, with their obstreperous dogs, somewhat impeded our progress. Passing the ruins of a Gothic church, for many centuries converted into a mosque, we came at length to the chief curiosity of the place. The tower, which is 120 feet high, stands quite by itself, although it evidently was built in connection with a large khan, some of whose ruinous cloisters are still to be seen at a little distance. A tradition had obtained universal credence among travellers that this tower had been built by the piety of Helena, the mother of the emperor Constantine the Great, in the fourth century of the Christian era, till Dr. Robinson of America deciphered the Arabic inscription over the door, bearing the Mahommedan date which corresponds to A.D. 1310. We climbed, by an interior staircase, to the top, and found the prospect to be both pleasant and interesting. The sea lay about nine miles directly behind us, and the mountains of Judah rose in front between us and Jerusalem. The plain of Sharon stretched away towards the site of Cesarea northward, and southward lay that other plain in which the Philistines had lived, who had troubled the people of the Lord so sorely after their settlement in the land of promise. Advancing spring had clothed it with a lovely carpet of green, and, if I could have blotted out of my mind the memory of my journey, I might have fancied myself looking down upon some lovely strath in Lanarkshire or the Lothians in my native land.

Returning to the convent we prepared to retire for the night. The entertainment of strangers is evidently a source of considerable emolument to the religious fraternity; and they have shown great ingenuity in converting out-houses of no very promising appearance into tolerable sleeping apartments. As we were not

the only travellers who had sought shelter within the convent's walls, the four gentlemen of our party were compelled to sleep in one room. It was sufficiently spacious, and looked well, each little bed being surrounded with its mosquito curtain as white as snow. But, alas for the sleep! It was not to be had; for "the Philistines were upon us" in the shape of small, but irritating enemies. The ladies, we found, had no better report to give in the morning, when neither they nor we needed to be awakened, although the hour of call was unusually early. We were never afterwards, during our Syrian tour, troubled with the insect tribe, either in hotels or in our tents, and consequently have no very favourable report to give from experience of the comforts of convent life.

We had agreed to start very early in the morning, as a nine hours' ride to Jerusalem lay before us. We observed, during our repast, that the monk who attended us seemed to be much To crown his discomposure, an accident happened at table involving not only the loss of what he had cooked, but of his crockery. All the rest of our party having left the room to prepare for departure, observing that he was still muttering his displeasure in Italian ejaculations, and not knowing that language, I made an attempt to soothe him in Latin, between which and the Italian there is, as my readers know, a considerable resemblance. "Haec vita lachrymosa est"—This life is full of tears—I said to the grieving brother. He immediately shook his head sorrowfully, and said with a sigh, "Lachrymosa, lachrymosa." Encouraged by my attempt, I added, "Sed in calo quies"—but there is rest in heaven. The monk lifted up his eyes devoutly to heaven, and responded "in calo quies." "Per Jesum Christum"—through Jesus Christ—said I. "Per Jesum Christum." rejoined the assenting brother. May he indeed find rest there through the only mediator between God and man!

We thought that we saw signs of angry altercation between our two dragomans and the monks, as we moved away from the convent. Our suspicions were confirmed when the younger of them joined us, when we had advanced about half-an-hour's journey beyond the town, and explained his delay by saying, "These fellows almost made a prisoner. It was with difficulty that I could get away from among their hands." It then turned out that the monks considered themselves very much underpaid for our entertainment, and this without doubt, had caused the discomposure of our attendant at breakfast. From our subsequent experience at Jerusalem we could readily believe that the monks were in the right, and that our guides had been endeavouring to increase their own profits by making mean and dishonourable payments in our behalf. This is one danger to which the honour able traveller is sometimes exposed, resulting from the system of performing journeys by contract that obtains in the East.

We got on for the first four hours very pleasantly. The road along the gently undulating plain was tolerably good; and we beguiled the tedium of travel by interesting conversation. length the heat of the sun became oppressive; and when we entered the narrow ravine along which our path lay, at the foot of the mountains of Judah, we found our journey to be difficult indeed. As a whole, the road from Ramleh to Jerusalem was bleak and dreary. In many parts, the scenery resembled not a little that of the Highlands of Scotland; for gray mountains rose on every side, and far as eye could reach, the ridges ascended higher and yet higher to the verge of the horizon. No heather, however, bloomed upon them, nor did lovely sheets of water diversify the scene. I was much struck with the absence of population. We rarely saw a human habitation, or a human being; and what villages did appear were diminutive and desolate in the extreme.

After entering the narrow pass just referred to, our discomfort was increased by the crowded state of the road. Hundreds of poor people were performing the pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and we often experienced considerable difficulty in getting past them. About eleven o'clock we rested for an hour in a grove of olives

near a fountain; and after resuming our journey at noon, we hardly halted till we reached Jerusalem at six o'clock in the evening. For those who were mere novices in the use of the saddle in Syria the distance was too great, and the exertion too severe. I shall never forget my own sufferings that day under the burning sun, and I was especially sorry for the ladies of our party, and glad to see them at their journey's end.

I could not help comparing in my mind the ways to the earthly and heavenly Jerusalem. The following were the points of resemblance which suggested themselves.

Both are narrow and difficult. For many miles the way to the metropolis of Palestine is a rocky footpath, now winding up the hill, and now descending so rapidly that the horses require to be led along by the travellers. And our Saviour has told us that the way to heaven is narrow. We are called to take up the cross and follow him in the path of suffering and self-denial. I found myself more than once repeating during that toilsome journey, Dr. Watts' well-known lines:—

"Sure 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint,
But they forget the living God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint."

On both roads many stumble and fall. We saw a father, mother, and child, belonging to a company of pilgrims, fall from a mule in a steep defile, and we were very glad that they were not hurt. But many, alas! on the way to the heavenly Jerusalem, not only stumble and fall, but, by their lamentable defections, injure the cause of God and grieve his Holy Spirit.

From both, some turn back, and walk no more in them. The young Russian Baron to whom I have already referred, turned back from the way which led to Jerusalem, shortly after leaving Jaffa. Although his palanquin had been so ingeniously constructed as to minister to his comfort in every way, he could not bear the journey. But how many turn back from the road that

leads to the heavenly Zion, whom we cannot pity, but only blame!

In both journeys travellers are sustained by hope. All day our spirits were sustained by the hope of seeing Jerusalem before night. And is it not true that throughout our entire pilgrimage to heaven, the hope of being there at length, supports us from hour to hour and from year to year?

Finally, In both, travellers gather fresh strength from taking note of their actual progress. When about two p.m., we had at length clambered up to the summit of the lofty chain of mountains on which Jerusalem is built, we felt that the hardest part of our work was done. We were on a level with Jerusalem, and we would not need to ascend much further. We saw far below us the toilsome footpath which we had pursued; and the blue waters of the Mediterranean slept calmly beneath the brilliant and burning sun more than twenty miles behind us. We could not actually see Jerusalem; but we could see far towards its much desired situation, and we were satisfied. In like manner, the Christian pilgrim who has been gradually approaching the heavenly Jerusalem in the midst of much pain and weakness, is often not saddened but gladdened when he is assured that he will soon be at rest.

The thought of home his spirit cheers, No more he grieves for troubles past, Nor any future trial fears, So he may safe arrive at last.

Among the villages of note which we passed, I may mention Latrum (from latro a robber), so called because it was supposed to be the birth-place of the penitent thief—Yalo, supposed to be the ancient Ajalon, over whose valley the moon was commanded to stand still, while the sun tarried over the not distant heights of Gibeon (a miracle which we could best understand by supposing a miraculous interference with the laws of the refraction of light)—and Kuryet-el-'Enab, which Dr. Robinson has proved to be Kirjath-jearim, "the city of the wood," where the

ark, after its restoration by the Philistines, "abode in the house of Abinadab on the hill," for a long series of years. The hill sloped before us, as it undoubtedly did when the lowing cattle brought their sacred freight from Ekron and Bethshemesh; and along the very road on which we were about to proceed to Jerusalem, David bore the ark in triumph to the shrine he had prepared. The hills of Bethoron arose on our left for several hours, on which Joshua discomfited the kings of Caanan; and, as we drew nearer the end of our journey, the lofty eminence of Neby Samuel appeared, where the great prophet of that name is said to have been buried.

It was after passing Kuryet-el-'Enab that we became "much discouraged because of the way." We were thoroughly fatigued, and knew that weary miles of a difficult journey yet lay before We had been crossing the elevated table-land to which we had just climbed, and whose stones and rocks gave back to us with reflected fervour the sun's rays. Here we found that we must descend again into a deep valley by a path which was so steep that we were compelled to dismount. About 4 P.M., we reached Kulonia. We were glad to recline beneath the shade of its fig-trees, and drink the refreshing coffee which an Arab was ready to serve out to exhausted travellers in the tiny cups peculiar to There is a tradition that the brook which crosses the road at this village, is that very brook from whose channel David gathered the smooth stones wherewith he armed himself for his contest with Goliath the boastful Philistine. I may also notice that, in the opinion of many competent judges, Kulonia stands on the site of Emmaus, to which Jesus walked from Jerusalem on the afternoon of his resurrection, with the perplexed pair whose hearts did "burn within them by the way." And certainly its distance from the city far better suits the requirements of the sacred narrative than that of other rival claimants for the honour.

But we could not linger long in that agreeable and interesting valley; and once more set out for Jerusalem, which now was not far away. Shortly after leaving Kulonia, and about five o'clock in the afternoon, I felt persuaded that, when the top of the hill before us would be reached, our eyes would behold the city of our desire. Mr. D---, (who, I should have said, was travelling for his health, which had been seriously impaired,) his lady. and myself, were riding alone, the rest of our party having fallen behind. He had felt very poorly during the day, having been overcome by the fatigue and discomfort of the journey; but he was determined to look upon Jerusalem, even although he should die after the sight, and be translated straightway from the Jerusalem below to the Jerusalem above.\* We were all in a serious frame as the sight drew nearer and yet more near. The thought was uppermost in my mind that I was about to look upon a scene to which I had referred, either expressly or by implication, in every prayer I had ever offered, every hymn I had ever sung, and every sermon I had ever preached—the scene of the Saviour's humiliation, sufferings, and death-familiar since the days of childhood, and whose charm, instead of diminishing, had only increased as years rolled on-a scene to which, at that very hour, millions of believing minds and loving hearts were turned in all quarters of the world. There was only one incident which, at this moment, somewhat disturbed the pious current of A young man rode forward to meet us, and pressed us hard to take some apartments in the hotel whose card It was in vain that we informed him that our rooms were secured. He urged us most importunately to consider the reasonableness of his terms, and the eligibility of the house which he recommended. "Alas!" thought I, "must the keen commercial spirit predominate here also, and the sacredness of thy precincts be violated by money-changing and money-making, as

<sup>\*</sup> This gentleman, I am sorry to say, has since died in America, and I grieve to hear that his amiable widow is well nigh inconsolable for her loss. He seemed to be a sincere Christian. May the hope of yet being with him in Jerusalem above, as they were together in Jerusalem below, sweetly console the mourner's heart!

of old, O Jerusalem!" This interruption, however, passed, and our serious thoughts resumed their steady flow. At length we saw before us an eminence, crowned by a prominent tower, inside which sundry weary pilgrims were evidently solacing themselves with a view of the much-loved spot. Fixed to the place. they could proceed no farther,-their entrancement had stayed their advancement. Soon our eyes caught the very view on which they feasted. First, the clear outline of the bold and lofty mountains of Moab, on the other side of Jordan became visible; then the gray walls of Jerusalem rose before us. It was a moment never to be forgotten. We looked upon the city of David, and the city of Jesus—the city in which David's Son and Lord still reigned, sitting upon an invisible throne, and swaying a sceptre which, though likewise invisible, is the most powerful which our planet knows. At first, it must be confessed, the traveller who approaches Jerusalem from Jaffa is dissatisfied with what he sees, in so far as mere prospect is concerned. Very little is to be seen from the west but the walls. But, in another sense, disappointment is impossible. The very fact that he looks upon Jerusalem is sufficient to fill the Christian's heart with indescribable emo-As we drew nearer the city, the beauties of its situation tions. became more apparent. The valley of Gihon opened out before us on the right, and we passed beneath the strongly-fortified wall at the Bethlehem gate, as the setting sun approached the verge of the horizon.

What we saw within the gate surprised us not a little. An open court received us first, on one side of which rose the time-honoured tower of Hippicus, and further on the beautiful modern church of the Protestant Mission; but afterwards the path was so narrow, steep, and slippery, that we were compelled to dismount for fear of sustaining bodily injury. I am certain that my reader will be almost as much astonished as we were when I inform him that the principal street in the metropolis of Palestine is not more than eight feet broad, and is indeed what we would call in Scotland a venue! Of course anything like a

wheeled vehicle is out of the question. I have already said that such a luxury is not to be enjoyed in all the land.

Our guide led us next along another principal street, as narrow, but not so steep, and which cut, at right angles, the breakneck causeway by which we had entered. In this lane stood the hotel in which we were to lodge. The interior, like that of the inn at Joppa, exceeded our expectations: for we ascended by a narrow stair-case to a somewhat spacious landing. into which excellent sleeping apartments opened on every side. This landing was crowded with dragomans and travellers; for Easter was at hand, Jerusalem was filling rapidly, and accommodation was becoming scarce. Whatever discomposure of mind might have been produced by the fatigue of the journey and the bustle of arrival, fled away and gave place to solemn thought. when Mr. Howser, the active and obliging landlord, remarked, as he showed us to our rooms, "That brown elevation yonder is the mount of Olives." We were reminded, however, that the crescent had usurped the place of the cross in the holy city, when the strange muezzin call to evening prayer, from a neighbouring mosque, fell upon the ear as we sat down to dine about an hour afterwards. But at night we realised again the hallowed associations of the city to which we had come, when we were told that the water we heard falling outside of our bed-room windows gushed into "Hezekiah's fountain"—one of the undoubted antiquities of the place—the veritable fountain which the good king Hezekiah had dug in his far-distant day.

## CHAPTER VII.

## Jerusalem.

Ir must be candidly confessed that we were so exhausted with our ride from Ramleh to Jerusalem, that we were not able, on the day following, to make any serious effort in the way of sight-seeing. We spent the forenoon in writing to our friends at home, wondering as we inscribed the date of the letter, if it really could be true that we had at length arrived in the city of David. It was Friday; and we were informed that the Jews in Jerusalem wailed weekly for the faded glory of their country, on that day at three o'clock in the afternoon, beside some ancient stones now in the substruction wall of the Mosque of Omar, but which, as they have every reason to believe, once occupied a place in Solomon's temple. There they weep and lament before the Lord, and beseech him to restore to them their country, their city, and their much-loved holy of holies. As the distance was not great, we set out, a little before the time, to make our first excursion in Jerusalem.

Our guide pointed out to us on the way the slight hollow indicating the ancient boundary-line between mount Moriah and mount Zion, on the latter of which eminences our hotel stood. Long ago the deep valley of the Tyropæon separated the two, but the rubbish of ages has filled it up, and left only a slight cavity to mark its former position. We saw here the remains of the magnificent viaduct by which Solomon was wont to go, in all his glory, from his palace to the temple of the Lord—a proces-

sion, the sight of whose splendour so overwhelmed the Queen of Sheba, that "there was no more spirit in her." 2 Chron. ix. 4. We then proceeded to that spot in Moriah at which the Jews wail. When we arrived, there might be sixty Jews and Jewesses on the ground, chiefly advanced in life. They were standing in a narrow lane with their faces towards the much-loved wall. One venerable old man was reading, in a loud and wailing voice, selections from the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and the Psalms. Every worshipper present had a copy of the Hebrew Bible, either in whole or in part. When the old man came to any specially affecting portion, the whole congregation broke out into load mourning, wailing, and amens. The word "amen" they repeated peculiarly. On the first syllable they hardly rested at all, but reserved all the emphasis for the second. Then the old man ended his readings, and the lamentations became more general. Every one read his portion from the Psalms or the Prophets in a mournful tone, which affected me much. Their grief seemed to be sincere. Tears streamed ever and anon down their withered cheeks, and betimes they kissed the vet more withered stones of the temple. I felt disposed to say to them, "Why weep, ye sons and daughters of Abraham? Although your temple has been overthrown, one greater than your temple has triumphed. 'If that which is done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious.' God's temple is now to be found everywhere, for 'neither in Gerizim nor in Jerusalem do men worship the Father,' as if there alone he was to be found. 'Your father Abraham rejoiced,' and still rejoices, to 'see Christ's day;' or if he weeps, it is because 'even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon your heart.'" I left the sorrowful scene, saying, "O that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! When the Lord brings back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad." I may add, that one lamentation which they always utter is in the words of the Psalmist (lxxv. 1, 4, 5) -" O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem in heaps.

We are become a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. How long, Lord? Wilt thou be angry for ever? Shall thy jealousy burn like fire?" Some idea may be formed of their degraded position from the fact, that they are compelled to pay a tax to the Turkish government for liberty to wail at these time-worn stones, and that soldiers stand by to see that they do not wail too loudly.

We next proceeded to visit the church of the Holy Sepulchre. which place of interest was also quite near. We passed suddenly from one of Jerusalem's narrow streets, by a low door, into a spacious court, at the end of which the front of the celebrated church rose to view. Merchandise flourished here as in the Temple of God of old; for the court was full of men and women, who were selling beads, trinkets of mother-of-pearl, and pieces of olive wood to travellers, as memorials of the Holy Land. The sides of the court were themselves portions of some of the numerous edifices which are attached to the church. The European features of the Gothic portal and facade built by the Crusaders could with difficulty be made to harmonize with the oriental imagery that surrounded them. The building was erected and dedicated A. D. 335. by Constantine the Great, at the instance of his pious mother, the Empress Helena, although, indeed, like all other buildings of any note in the city, it has been so frequently destroyed and repaired again, as to have lost all identity with the original edifice. The church is very large, and very gorgeously decorated; but the effect produced upon the spectator is somewhat spoiled by the number of chapels into which it has been divided. As one enters the door. the spot is shown, marked by a marble slab, on which the body of Christ was laid to be anointed after the descent from the cross. Further on, the sepulchre is to be seen in which, as they say, he was buried, and from which he so marvellously rose on the third day, according to the Scriptures—a low room, six feet by seven in dimensions, the very spot whereon he lay being distinguished by another marble slab about three feet in height, and well worn by the kisses of the pilgrims. At the distance of not quite a stone's

throw to the right, and upstairs in a gallery of the church, is shown "the place called Calvary," where he was crucified—an affecting representation of the suffering Saviour deepening the impressiveness of the scene. At the side of the cross, a fissure is shown in the rock—the very rock, it is declared, which was rent when groaning nature sympathised with the agonising Emmanuel. Besides these remarkable localities, the place is pointed out where the mother of Jesus watched the sufferings of her son—where he appeared after his resurrection to her and Mary Magdalene—where his garments were parted—where the men stood who mocked him, and where the holy zeal of the Empress Helena was rewarded by the discovery of three crosses, namely, those of Jesus and the two thieves, about three hundred years after his death for the sins of the world.

Now, all these scenes would be undoubtedly most impressive. nav. absolutely overwhelming in interest to the pious mind, if we could only be certain that Jesus really did suffer there, and really did there become the first fruits of them that slept. But, in truth. the identification of these "holy places" has given rise to serious controversy in the Christian Church. While the denominations which flourished before the Reformation do generally accept them as genuine, among Protestants, one party affirms, another doubts, while a third absolutely denies. I would have been most happy to have believed that I looked upon the very spot of earth on which my Saviour suffered, and where he rose again. My devotional feelings would thereby have been strangely and strongly excited, and I might not have lost, for many a day, the hallowed influence of that edifice. But my great difficulty was to understand how the scenes of the crucifixion and the resurrection could have been enacted in the very heart of the city of Jerusalem. doubtedly, its dimensions, as it now stands, are not exactly identical with those of ancient Jerusalem; but, even making allowance for this fact, it is difficult to see how the ground now occupied by the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, situated as it is, between the Valley of Jehoshaphat and the Valley of Gihon-the very best and most central part of Jerusalem in its palmiest days --ever could have lain without the walls, or have been occupied by the garden of Joseph of Arimathea. We all know that grass grew in the western part of the city of Glasgow less than a century ago, but if any one should say that when Cromwell or the Pretender marched through it, the High Street was a garden, we would not believe him; for we know that in these days the best houses stood The reply made is this: The portion of Jerusalem in that street. which covered Mount Zion was the city proper. The rest, separated by walls from that more ancient quarter, was looked upon as somewhat suburban. Besides, it is undeniable that what is now called the grave of Christ has been cut out of the solid rock, and that, at one time or other, the locality has been used for burial. Two tombs are shown hard by, called the tombs of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, and although it is probable that the names are fictitious, it is undeniable that bodies have been inhumed This circumstance has not a little staggered Dr. Stanley. to whom I have already referred, so that in his recent work he allows it to be barely possible that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was built over the grave of Christ. It cannot be denied that Calvary was very near the garden of Joseph in which Jesus was laid: for the evangelist says,--" Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid." (John xix. 41.) And the strange theory of the non-reformed churches is, that the rock at the cross which was rent, was originally connected with the rock of the Saviour's grave, but that the intervening parts of it have either been cleared away by pious builders and excavators, or have disappeared in the destructions and devastations which have swept over the city.

The very statement of the case seems, however, to expose its untenableness. Besides, the fact that so many "holy places" are so very conveniently clustered together within one church, carries suspiciousness on its very face. Moreover, the circumstances which attended the alleged identification of the cross and se-

pulchre, on the occasion of the empress Helena's visit, look still The pious old lady came to Jerusalem bent upon the work of discovery. She was unsuccessful, and was about to depart disappointed and discouraged. Macarius, the bishop of Jerusalem, saw that it would be a very good thing for him, in every way, if the royal pilgrim could be satisfied. He was anxious besides, that the statues of Venus and Jupiter, by which Adrian had defiled the city, should be displaced by the building she proposed to rear and endow. He therefore reconciled his conscience to the perpetration of the "pious fraud" of assuring her that the site of Christ's cross was immediately below the statue of Venus. while the site of his grave was below the statue of Jupiter. remove all hesitation from her mind, he and his accomplices pretended to find three crosses which they declared to be those of Christ and the two thieves who were crucified with him. first there was a difficulty, as they alleged, in distinguishing the cross on which the Saviour hung; but, at length, complete satisfaction was obtained on this point, when the title was actually deciphered on it which Pilate had written, or when, according to others, it restored a corpse on which it was laid to life, or (a third version of the story) a female on the point of death! Sinful imposture, to all appearance, laid the foundation-stone of the far-famed Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

That Christ suffered outside of the city is manifest from the following passages in the New Testament:—"And as they led him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus." (Luke xxiii. 28.) "The place where Jesus was crucified was night to the city." (John xx. 20.) "Jesus suffered without the gate. Let us go forth, therefore, unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach." (Heb. xiii. 12.) These passages of Scripture, when taken together, are sufficient to satisfy me that our Saviour died and was buried at some distance from the city. Although it may seem superfluous to adduce any additional evidence on this point, I may notice that the site of the Church of

the Holy Sepulchre must have been within the wall which Josephus says inclosed, in his day, the northern part of Jerusalem, and therefore could not have held the body of the Redeemer. Bishop Gobat told us, on the occasion of our interview with him, that, in his opinion, Christ was both crucified and buried near the Tombs of the Kings, at a spot lying both north and south of the road from Jaffa, by which we approached Jerusalem. Dr. Buchanan, again, decides that the awful tragedy was enacted near the northern end of the valley of the Kidron, and near the hill called Scopus on the road to Bethel. It is strange that Calvary, both by Christian poets and authors, has been called a hill, while no countenance has been given to the idea, either by the evangelists, or the geographers of Palestine.

Although I was thus prepared to dispute the authenticity of these holy places. I confess that I was much impressed by the reverence with which the pilgrims around us regarded them, as well as by the thought that, for at least fifteen centuries, the great, the titled, the beautiful, the learned, and the godly, had bowed before them with holv awe. The Crusaders had left their homes in the west to win them back from the infidel: and when our own King Richard, the lion-hearted, had first caught sight of Jerusalem, hiding his face behind his armour, he had piously exclaimed-"O my Lord, let not mine eyes look upon this city unless I restore it unto thee." I stayed for a long time in the Holy Sepulchre, and while I was there an unceasing stream of men and women of all ranks, ages, and countries, passed in and out, several of whom wept aloud, while they all kissed the "place where the body of Jesus had lain" (as they believed) with much apparent affection and devotion of soul. My want of conviction as to the genuineness of the localities did not prevent me from meditating with profit upon the sweet and solemn fact that if not there, yet in that very neighbourhood, my Lord had suffered and had risen again.

I had studied church history, to some extent, at home; but the moving panorama within that building, in which appeared repre-

sentatives of all the great ecclesiastical sections, refreshed my memory and interested me more than the mere perusal of books There were the Greeks, rejoicing in the protection of the Czar, and singing the hymns of Chrysostom, which long ago were first chanted on the shores of the Bosphorus. There were the Latins, ambitious and devoted to the Pope, but constrained to confess that they were only a second-rate spiritual power so far away from the banks of the Tiber. There were the Armenians from the base of Ararat, "the merchants of the east," still true to that Monophysite faith which separated them from the patriarch of Constantinople, more than a thousand years ago. Abyssinians from the Nile, Maronites from the Lebanon, and Copts from Lower Egypt, added their contributions to the striking display. I could not but think of the days long, long gone by, when the twelve tribes crowded, after a similar fashion, to that very Jerusalem, to keep their periodical feasts, and of that blessed day of Pentecost when "there were dwelling" in the same sacred city "devout men out of every nation under heaven;" and when "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselvtes. Cretes and Arabians"-heard the Apostles speak in their own tongues "the wonderful works of God." "O for another Pentecost," I could not but inwardly exclaim, "another effusion of the Paraclete, and another Peter to preach to these credulous pilgrims with heavenly authority and power, the gospel of the remission of sins, in all its original simplicity!" Still, surely it was not culpably latitudinarian to add myself and my fellow Protestants from Britain to their various bands, marred by errors though they were, and acknowledge in that wondrous assembly before me a partial fulfilment of Isaiah's prediction, and an earnest of its ultimate realisation:--"And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above

the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob: and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." (Isa. ii. 2, 8.)

Fellow-Christians, in a wide sense of the word, they are; but they need many reforms. They have their rivalries and jealousies; and Protestants cannot claim to have none. The distribution of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre among them has been a fruitful cause of strife. The porch near the entrance and the space surrounding the Holy Sepulchre are common to all. None are excluded from the other sacred localities, although they are under the charge of distinct communities. The Greeks occupy the greater portion of the building, including the large church; and they reckon it a high privilege, for which they are ready to contend to the death, to adorn it and keep it in repair. Indeed, a quarrel with the Latins, as to who should repair the dome above the building, helped, to no small extent, to fan the kindling flame of the Crimean war; for the Emperor of Russia favoured the one party, and the Emperor of France the other. The Latins and Armenians come next in point of possession, and their appropriations are nearly of equal extent. The Latins, however, claim the sole privilege of performing public mass over the tomb of Christ, the key of which is in their possession, but is never used by them, except in presence of a Greek monk. The Syrians, Copts, Abyssinians, Nestorians, Georgians, and Maronites, have small chapels or altar-pieces where they perform their public services. It must be confessed that the priests and worshippers belonging to all these denominations sometimes, to all appearance, endeavour to disturb one another as much as possible. the Greeks will be praying, the organ of the Latins will drown the voices of the suppliants, or the loud chanting of the Armenians will suddenly fall upon the ear. Occasionally, the processions come into collision as they wind along the corridors, and very unseemly altercations take place.

I felt proud that I was a Protestant when I saw the value set both by the priests and members of these various sects upon rites and ceremonies, and the visitation of holy places. I could clearly perceive wherein lay the great necessity for the Reformation of Luther, and felt fortified more than ever in my determination to represent to my fellow-men, as far as the sphere of my influence might extend, that God's great requirement of them is humble faith in his Son, and the consecration of their whole hearts to his service.

I did not form a very high opinion, either of the intellectual calibre or religious earnestness of the numerous priests whom, on the occasion of several visits, I saw officiating at these various altars. Long familiarity had made them apparently heedless of those "places," in whose sacredness they professed to believe; for they seemed to sing their hymns and repeat their prayers at the cross and tomb of Christ with perfunctory indifference. They were evidently not averse to the assistance of the laity, especially when the laymen were wealthy; for we were astonished to see an Italian gentleman of fortune, who had stood beside us when we were listening to the wailing of the Jews, afterwards join in the procession of the Latins in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with his wax candle in his hand, make his genuflexions, and repeat his Ave Marias as cleverly and correctly as any of the clergy. We were informed that about 5000 pilgrims, on an average, visit Jerusalem at Easter from all parts of the world.

Next morning, our fatigue having passed away, like the Saviour of the world, in his day, we "went unto the Mount of Olives." We were under the necessity of traversing the city from west to east, and in doing so, trod a path which is held most sacred in the estimation of pilgrims, I mean the via dolorosa, that is, the way of grief, by which our Saviour is supposed to have walked, burdened by his cross, from the house of Pilate to Calvary. Having decided the position of the place of crucifixion, churchmen were compelled to get a via dolorosa to match. Thereby they have exposed the falseness of their theory; for no unbiassed

reader would ever, for a moment, conclude from the sacred narrative that the Redeemer carried his cross through the very heart of Jerusalem from east to west. Yet along that line of highway the traveller is shown the place where Simon of Cyrene was compelled to relieve the Divine sufferer—where he fainted from exhaustion-where he left the mark of his shoulder in the wall when he rested—where he addressed his words of warning to the weeping daughters of Jerusalem-where Pilate exclaimed, "Behold the man!" besides other spots of a like melancholy celebrity. was indeed to us a dolorous way, not because we believed that the Saviour was led along it "as a lamb to the slaughter," but because, for so many centuries, the stories of the priests had been so readily received by crowds of the credulous, and because it was in itself a dreary path—every now and then gloomily overarched, and winding among gray and crumbling ruins which seemed incessantly to cry "Ichabod"-- "Jerusalem's glory is departed."

Having crossed the city by this celebrated path, (although, necessarily, in an opposite direction to that pursued, according to tradition, by the Divine sufferer, beginning where he is supposed to have ended, and vice versa,) we emerged at the eastern, or St. Stephen's gate, so called from the tradition that the proto-martyr was there stoned to death. a most impressive spectacle presented itself. The deep ravine of the Kidron was at our feet, and, like the elevated seats of the ancient amphitheatre, the Mount of Olives rose high on the other side, not only above the gate by which we had made our exit, but 175 feet above the loftiest quarter of the city behind us, thus thoroughly commanding the prospect of every part of it. Without tarrying meanwhile to describe what we pass by the way. let us ascend to its summit and look back upon Jerusalem. found the view from the west comparatively tame; this from the east is intensely interesting and grand. In fact, Captain Lynch of the American expedition to the Jordan and Dead Sea, who got his first view of the city on his way from Jericho, remarks that Jerusalem, as seen by the traveller approaching it from the east, presents a more memorable appearance than any other metropolis in the world. The valley between it and the Mount of Olives is not unlike that between the Necropolis and the northern part of the city of Glasgow, although the distance from the top of Olivet to St. Stephen's gate is fully half a mile; and, indeed, these landmarks may serve to give my readers some idea of the holy city's topography.\* Let us, then, suppose ourselves standing near John Knox's Monument. In such a position we are, as it were, on the brow of the Mount of Olives, which sweeps round for a considerable distance, divisible into four parts, or wave-like eminences, to which separate names have been given. This hill is a burying-ground; for, on its surface many tombstones mark the last resting-place of Jews and Mahommedans. The Garden of Gethsemane is near the foot of the Mount of Olives—as if near the Molendinar, on the Necropolis side of the valley-an enclosure of no great size, walled around, and rendered remarkable by eight very ancient olive trees. distance of about "a stone's throw" the place is shown to which he retired to pray while his disciples slept. The bed of the brook Kidron (dry at this season) occupies a position similar to that of the stream which flows at the foot of our Necropolis. The village of Bethany lies behind the Mount of Olives, as Hogganfield lies behind our Necropolis, although not quite so distant. Jericho, the road to which passes through Bethany (to continue my homely comparison), would lie where Airdrie lies, only not on elevated table-land, but in a deep valley. The Jordan flows a few miles

<sup>\*</sup> This description was written in Jerusalem, and was intended originally for the members of my own congregation, to whom it was read during my absence, on a Sabbath afternoon. As many who heard it were helped by the local references, not a little, in understanding the position and aspect of the city, I have ventured to retain them in this volume, and the more so, because the great majority of my readers, although not my fellow-citizens, will be more or less familiar with the objects and districts in Glasgow, of which mention is made. Those to whom they are not familiar, will, I doubt not, benevolently excuse the liberty I have taken.

east from Jericho in a southerly course, and falls into the Dead Sea, as it were, near the town of Hamilton. (I mean no disrespect to my old fellow-townsmen, by assigning to them the position of Sodom and Gomorrah.) But let us return to the Necropolis, that is, the Mount of Olives. All Jerusalem is spread out before us, surrounded completely by the lofty fortified wall which was built about the time of the Reformation. three hundred years ago, by the victorious Sultan of Turkey. Mount Moriah lies right over against us on the eastern side of the city, as if occupying the position of the Infirmary and Barony Church. Here the temple stood; but its site is now occupied by the celebrated Mosque of Omar, already referred to, which Mahommedans consider to be second only to the Mosque of The district of Mount Zion lies to the south and west, as if the southern wall of the city ran along George's Street, and the western along High John Street-while the more modern divisions of Acre and Bezetha are situated towards the north, as if in the direction of Sighthill and St. Rollox. You will thus observe that the dimensions of Jerusalem are comparatively small. It does not contain, indeed, at present more than twenty thousand inhabitants. In its palmy days, however, not only was all the ground now inclosed fully occupied, but its walls extended further, chiefly towards the west and the north. The deep valley of the Kidron is generally called by its modern name, the Valley of Jehoshaphat;—I say modern, because it was not so called after king Jehoshaphat, but received the appellation only in the fourth century of the Christian era, when Eusebius and other fathers of the Church insisted on applying to it the words of Joel. "Let the heathen be wakened, and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat: for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about" (iii. 12)—evidently not a literal, but a metaphorical valley of judgment. This is joined about half a mile below the south wall of the city by another deep gorge, called the Valley of Hinnom at one part, and the valley of Gihon at another, which sweeps round from the west, precisely as if the ravine of our

Necropolis were carried on to the Tron Church, and were there joined by another ravine which circled round from Sighthill. will thus understand how Jerusalem is protected by nature on three sides, and has always been taken on the north side, whether by Babylonians, Romans, or Crusaders. The description which I have given is, I confess, very imperfect, and may, perhaps, owing to its familiarity, provoke a smile; but I have sacrificed the dignity of my delineation to my desire to give my readers a clear understanding of the situation of a city from which, in a sense, all their hopes arise, and to which their hearts should ever revert with fond affection. The gifted and lamented Warburton, when speaking of the appearance and position of Jerusalem, uses an illustration which the youngest of my readers will be able to understand. He says that it lies like the letter Y placed horizontally, thus: - The valleys of Gihon and Hinnom sweeping round from the west, make the upper line, while the valley of Kidron forms the lower. The city lies between the two, accessible only at the northern They join near the Pool of Siloam, and thereafter the bed of the brook runs eastward towards the Dead Sea. only add that Jerusalem is built on the summit of a mountain range, upwards of two thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea on the one side, and upwards of three thousand feet above the level of the Dead Sea on the other; for Moriah, Zion, and Acre may be called ridges on the lofty water-shed between these two seas. To complete the illustration, then, my readers must suppose the northern part of the city of my habitation translated to the summit of Benlomond, or the mountain ridge of Arrochar-no dense clouds of smoke filling the air, and few human habitations visible for many miles around—the glens peopled by Bedouins as wild as the Highlanders of yore, and the thermometer kept at 80° or 90° of heat, in April, by a fervent oriental sun.

A Greek Church has been built on the summit of the Mount of Olives, called the church of the Ascension; for the Empress Helena, during her celebrated visit, decided this point also, that the Saviour ascended thence to the glory of his Father. I need hardly

observe that the tradition is at direct variance with the narrative of the Evangelist, who declares that Christ led his disciples "out to Bethany" before he was parted from them. And, without doubt, the retired valley of Bethany better suited the departure of Him who had been "despised and rejected of men," than the publicity of the top of Olivet. The priests of the Greek Church, however, unblushingly show the mark left by Christ's footsteps in the stone, which mark, instead of increasing, only tends to lessen our faith in their story. From the summit of an adjoining tower, besides obtaining a more commanding prospect of the city and surrounding objects, the traveller sees distinctly, for the first time, in the distance, the bed of the Jordan, and the solemn waters of the Dead Sea slumbering at the base of the mountains of Moab, on one of whose eminences Moses died.

Of a truth, the prospect from the Mount of Olives is the most affecting and impressive in the whole world. London, Paris, Rome, and Constantinople, have their own thrilling associations: but they all yield the palm of precedence to Jerusalem. I saw before me that city where David and Solomon worshipped,where Isaiah warned and Jeremiah lamented,-where, for many centuries, sacrifices were offered solemnly to the Lord, and where his awful Shechinah dwelt. Above all, I stood on the hill where Jesus oft had stood, and like him, looked over the intervening valley to the very site once occupied by the stones of that temple on which he had pronounced a sentence of final overthrow. On the very scene before me he had fixed his long and earnest gaze, and had wept, saying, "If thou hadst known. even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes." (Luke xix. 42.) In the valley, at my feet, he had said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death," and "being in an agony had prayed more earnestly." (Matt. xxvi. 88; Luke xxii. 44.) From the very city before me he had been led to be crucified, and somewhere in its immediate neighbourhood, probably at a point actually within my view, he had been made "a propitiation for the sins of the whole world." (1 John ii. 2.) Yes, the entire gospel had become a fact in the city before mine eyes; for there "he had died for our sins according to the Scriptures, been buried and had risen again the third day according to the Scriptures." (1 Cor. xv. 34.) My reader, I trust, sympathises with the emotion with which I gazed upon this truly sacred scene. Let me venture to ask him if he has given the Saviour of the world any return for all his self-sacrifice—if he has given him love for love, heart for heart, and life for life—if he has yet experienced "the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, being made conformable unto his death," or if he has remained hitherto so indifferent to this great salvation, that Jesus, were he on earth to-day, would weep over him as he wept over Jerusalem. May this sudden, and perhaps, unexpected interrogation be made a blessing to my reader's soul!

During the forenoon of this day we paid a visit to Bishop Gobat. It is only of late years that Protestantism has been represented in Jerusalem by a respectable ecclesiastical edifice, and a dignitary of the church. England and Prussia have united for the support of that establishment and mission, of which the bishop is the head. A German, by birth, he had proved himself to be eminently qualified for such a post by long and devoted labours among the Abyssinians. Although it is still the day of small things with his foreign diocese, the number of children in the schools and of adult converts attending church is decidedly encouraging. He received us with much courtesy and inquired kindly after the welfare of gentlemen whom he had met in the city of Glasgow, in which, more than once, he had advocated the claims of the Protestant mission at Jerusalem.

In the afternoon, we took a walk to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, chiefly for the purpose of seeing the Pool of Siloam. Leaving the city by the Bethlehem or western gate, we, in the first place, examined the Valley of Gihon more closely than we had been able to do on the day of our arrival from Joppa. There are still to be seen in it the Upper and Lower pools referred to by the

prophet Isaiah. (Chapters vii. 8; xxii. 9; xxxvi. 2.) The first of these passages presents a graphic picture to the mind: "Then said the Lord unto Isaiah, go forth now to meet Ahaz, thou, and Sheariashub thy son, at the end of the conduit of the Upper pool, in the highway of the fuller's field." The waters of that very pool gleamed before us, and the same "hills round about Jerusalem" looked down upon the scene, and we could almost fancy that we saw the God-appointed meeting between the re-assuring prophet and the disheartened king! When, on another occasion, the king of Assyria besieged Jerusalem, Hezekiah "stopped the Upper out-flow of the waters of Gihon, and brought it down to the west side of the city of David." (2 Chron. xxxii. 30.) would appear that the pool called by the name of that king, and into which, as I have already given my reader to understand, my hedroom windows looked during the whole period of my stay in Jerusalem, was constructed for the purpose of receiving the water thus cut off from the pool of Gihon, outside of the walls. I may here add that it is indeed a spacious reservoir, 240 feet long, by 144 wide, and seems to have been excavated from the solid rock on which the city was built. We also observed, during this afternoon's walk, how the valley of Gihon passed into the narrower. deeper, and more gloomy valley of Hinnom, made infamous by the cruel sacrifice of helpless children to Moloch. Instead of finding our way, however, along the ravine, we ascended to the district of Mount Zion, and paid a visit to the Armenian Church, where we heard the venerable patriarch of that ecclesiastical community preaching in the Turco-Greek dialect, and eloquently too, if we might judge by the loud responses which broke forth betimes from the large and attentive auditory. It is the great wealth of the merchant princes belonging to this section of the church which has enabled it to maintain so respectable a standing in Jerusalem; but its pilgrims, of whom as many as fifteen hundred have visited "the holy places" in one year, were evidently not of the upper classes, but rude and credulous like the rest. Their church and convent are not built within the city walls. but in front of the Zion gate, and are spacious enough to accommodate all the members of the denomination at the season of Easter.

We visited at the same time the mosque of David, which likewise stands on Mount Zion. This district of Mount Zion, I may observe, is the oldest part of the city. In it Melchisedec reigned, and it David took from the Jebusites. It contains a great proportion of the houses of the present inhabitants. In the mosque of David are to be found, on the ground floor, the tomb of David, and up stairs, the room in which Jesus instituted the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. This is mere tradition; but it is probable that the royal Psalmist was buried near at hand, if not in that very spot. I was interested to see ten lepers in this neighbourhood, sitting by the wayside begging. I was forcibly reminded of the miraculous cure wrought by the Saviour on exactly that number, and of the question which the return of one, and only one, called forth, "Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?"

Descending somewhat abruptly to the valley of Jehoshaphat from the Zion gate, we could observe how large a portion of Mount Zion has been left outside of the city walls, thus literally fulfilling the prediction: "Zion shall be plowed like a field." (Jer. xxvi. 18.) Narrow patches of cultivated land appeared here and there, on the height and down the slopes, but the empty space wore an air of desolation. Without doubt the city of Jerusalem extended all over this ridge in ancient times.

The pool of Siloam lies near the bed of the Kidron, and before its junction with the valley of Hinnom—if indeed we may employ terms concerning dried-up water-courses which are generally used of full-flowing rivers. It is a rectangular reservoir, 53 feet long, 18 deep, and 19 wide. We found the cavity dry, but, at one end of it there was a fountain, and, at the other end, a well which that fountain supplies. I looked into the former and saw the water which descends by a subterraneous passage from the Fountain of the Virgin, about 1100 feet higher up the ravine. The eminent American traveller, Dr. Robinson, proved the existence

of such a connection between the two by crawling on all-fours from the one to the other—work, indeed, for which one would think the miner better qualified than the minister! The Doctor, however, had dug sufficiently in the *mines* of archæological research to deserve the name and the privilege of the order. He could not have been very fit, in sooth, to appear either in pulpit or lecture-room after emerging from the clayey conduit!

The pool of Siloam is mentioned three times in the Word of God. Isaiah speaks of the waters of Siloah that flow softly (viii. 6.); Nehemiah says "Shallum built the wall of the pool of Siloah by the King's garden" (iii. 15.); and (what has given the spot its chief celebrity,) our Saviour said to the blind man "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam . . . . He went his way, therefore, and washed and came seeing." (John ix. 7.) While we were standing round the margin, I repeated to our party as much as I could remember of the hymn which the holy M'Cheyne composed after having visited the pool in 1889:

- "Beneath Moriah's rocky side,
  A gentle fountain springs;
  Silent and soft its waters glide,
  Like the peace the Spirit brings.
- "The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
  Of the clear and cooling wave;
  And the thirsty spirit stops to think
  Of Him who came to save.
- "Siloam is that fountain's name,
  It means 'One sent from God';
  And thus the holy Saviour's fame
  It gently spreads abroad.
- "Oh grant that I, like this sweet well,
  May Jesus' image bear,
  And spend my life, my all, to tell
  How full his mercies are."

An interesting incident occurred on our way home from the pool.

We were quite near the village of Siloam, which is among the overhanging rocks, and on the right hand of the traveller, who is making his way up the valley of Jehoshaphat towards Jerusalem. We saw a considerable party of gentlemen on horseback advancing towards us, followed by a troop of Turkish soldiers, every one of whom carried a long spear, surmounted by a small red flag. They were urging their steeds down the ravine as rapidly as its ruggedness would permit. Our guide, after a few moments of observation. exclaimed, "The English Prince!" We were all thrilled with delight at the prospect of seeing the Prince of Wales so far away from home, and that, too, in the sacred valley of Jehoshaphat! We took up our position on the side of the narrow pathway, the gentlemen of the party uncovering their heads. We could not tell at first who the Prince might be, till we observed a young man. the fourth or fifth of the cavalcade, unbonnet himself at some distance from the place where we stood. He returned our salutations with a kind and well-pleased look, and remained uncovered for some time after passing us. I thought him good-looking, healthful, and amiable in the expression of his countenance. I had never seen the heir-apparent of the British throne before. He was just returning from an excursion to the Dead Sea, by the way of Jericho, and had ridden down to take a look at the pool of But our good fortune was not yet at an end for the day. For when we had ascended the bed of the Kidron a little, and were slowly approaching St. Stephen's gate, some one called aloud, "Here's the Prince again!" The party were returning to their tents for the night, which were pitched near the northern or Damascus gate. Similar salutations were given, and returned again. respectful on the one side, and gracious on the other. Indeed, on this occasion his Royal Highness was even more gracious than before; for, after passing, he still kept looking at us, as if to say, "If you wish to see me well, I am as desirous to see you." When the company reached the wall which surrounds the Garden of Gethsemane, their horses broke into a gallop, and an angle of the wall of Jerusalem soon concealed them from our view. I

could not but contrast, in my mind, this Prince of Britain and the Prince of Life, who often walked in that very valley of Kidron, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." His attendants were poor fishermen, and weeping women of Galilee. not his own pleasure, or even his own intellectual gain, but sacrificed himself daily for the weal of others. In the environs of Jerusalem he rested not in princely pavilion, but flung himself upon his face, saving, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; yet not my will, but thine be done." The brook Kidron resounded not with the ring of his prancing horse's hoofs, but re-echoed with his heart-felt groans. May this young prince, like Solomon, seek heavenly wisdom before any other blessing, imbibe the pure and loving spirit of Him who was greater than Solomon, and walk in those ways of righteousness in which his lamented father walked, and in which it was his dying desire that his son should walk, from whom so much is expected in our land.

I may also notice that, as we advanced up the valley from the pool of Siloam, we passed four tombs cut out of the rock, called respectively the tombs of Zacharias, Jehoshaphat, Absalom, and the Apostle James. We could not accept the traditionary names as truthful, inasmuch as the architecture has been pronounced by competent judges to belong to the earlier centuries of the Christian era. The Jew, however, who passes Absalom's tomb often flings a stone at it to indicate his abhorrence of that unnatural son's rebellion against his great and good father. The cairn would straightway cease to grow if the present race would pay the heed which their forefathers did to the Saviour's words, "He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone."

Next morning we awoke to the remembrance that it was Sabbath, and we in Jerusalem! We felt it to be both a deeply solemn and intensely interesting thing to spend a day which is sacred to the memory of the resurrection of Christ, so near the sacred spot where that resurrection took place. We repaired to the church of the Protestant Mission at ten A.M. It being ex-

pected that the Prince of Wales and his suite would attend divine service, the beautiful chapel was so well filled that it was with some little difficulty that the entire audience could be accommodated. The Rev. Mr. Barclay, the incumbent of the church, and missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel This gentleman and Bishop Gobat among the Jews, officiated. do duty alternately, and it was his turn to preach. The Prince arrived punctually at the hour, attended by General Bruce, and about twenty other gentlemen. The General, who, although his hair had almost turned gray, looked healthy, and seemed to bid fair for many years of life, sat next the Prince in the pew. Alas! his course was almost run; for, a few weeks afterwards, he took that fever at Constantinople from which he never recovered. Both he and his distinguished brother, the Earl of Elgin, are now no more. I think I see him yet when the service was concluded, bow respectfully to his royal ward, and allow him to pass out of the church before him. I could easily understand the heartfelt sorrow with which his Royal Highness heard of the death of his estimable guardian. But, on the present occasion, my interest was centered chiefly in the Prince. He conducted himself with much propriety throughout the service. He joined in all the responses, and kept his eyes fixed upon the minister during the delivery of the greater part of his discourse. As I sat only two seats behind him I could observe that he sang, to the tune of Old Hundred, every syllable of that hymn, the first two verses of which are as follows:-

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
Doth his unwearied circuit run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

"To him shall endless prayer be made, And princes throng to crown his head, While infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on his name."

I could not but hope, as these lines were being sung, that when,

in the course of years, the crown of Britain might be placed upon his head, by the piety and blamelessness of his life, he would virtually lay it at the feet of Jesus. All present were impressed when, in the course of morning prayers, the minister supplicated a blessing on Victoria, the Queen, and (leaving out the name of Albert, the lamented Prince Consort,) Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. The subject of our supplication was before us; and I doubt not that many pious worshippers prayed for him "in spirit and in truth." I felt most of all thrilled, however, by the singing of the 122nd Psalm, which is thus rendered in the version used by the Church of England:—

- "Now let us pray for Salem's peace;
  For they shall prosperous be,
  Thou holy city of our God,
  Who bear true love to thee.
- "May peace within thy sacred walls
  Once more a guest be found,
  With plenty and prosperity
  Thy palaces be crowned.
- "Now for our brethren's sake, and friends, No less than brethren dear, We'll pray—let peace within thy gates A constant guest appear.
- "We will rejoice to seek thy good,
  And ever wish thee well,
  For Zion's and the temple's sake,
  Where God vouchsafed to dwell."

My readers will readily understand how these lines, sung to the rich tune of "Martyrdom," accompanied by a fine organ, and in Jerusalem, too, were calculated to raise to the highest pitch the devotional spirit of the congregation. The pious and earnest young preacher having read, as the second lesson for the day, the third chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, chose these verses in it for his text: "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of

refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord; and he shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you: whom the heaven must receive until the times of restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began." (iii. 19-21.) After an appropriate introduction on the "Beautiful gate" of the temple, and the position of the Apostle when he uttered these words, he considered—(1) The exhortation, Repent, which he correctly defined to denote change of mind; (2) The additional command, "Be ye converted," which he regarded as the practical development of repentance, consisting in the abandonment of sin. and the full return of the soul to God; (3) The consequences of such repentance and conversion—"your sins will be blotted out." He hoped that all his hearers were convinced of sin, and that they would all seek, through the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of all their transgressions. By "the times of refreshing," he understood that rest which the weary soul experiences when it leaves its burden of guilt at the foot of the Cross. He closed by a reference to the second coming of Christ-"the time of restitution of all things "---when men would either " wail because of him," or rejoice in his appearance. The discourse was decidedly evangelical, and was delivered without notes of any kind, and with much fervour. Mr. Barclay referred, in closing, to the considerable number of conversions which had taken place among the Jews, through the labours of the society which he represented. He spoke of the liberal patronage which the late King of Prussia had extended towards the mission, and expressed a hope that those before him, who were high in station, would not come behind in interest. In a short, extemporaneous prayer at the close of his sermon, he prayed touchingly for the "bereaved Queen, who was so dear to us all, and for him in our midst, who was so near and dear to her, that every blessing might be poured out upon him."

It had been rumoured that the Prince would stay to the observance of the Lord's Supper, as he had expressed a desire, it

was said, to receive the communion on Mount Zion. Whatever grounds may have existed for this expectation, it was not realised, as his Royal Highness and suite left at the conclusion of the morning service. In company with my American friends, and about a hundred other communicants. I remained to attend to that holy ordinance, and felt it to be a privilege to do so. We had asked leave to communicate from Bishop Gobat, on the day previous, and this had been at once and cordially granted. I had never before seen the ordinance administered according to the mode of the Church of England. About a dozen communicants at a time advanced and knelt down at the rail of the altar. Bishop Gobat gave the bread to each, and Canon Stanley, who, as I have already said, was in attendance on the Prince as chaplain and guide, followed with the wine. As he gave the bread, the Bishop said to each of us, "The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life. Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving." Dr. Stanley said to each with the wine, "The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life. Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee, and be thank-We all felt very happy that we had enjoyed the privilege of renewing our covenant engagements with God on Mount Zion, over the memorials of our Redeemer's broken body and outpoured It struck me forcibly that the individualising address to the communicants, which I have just quoted from the service of the Church of England, takes for granted the precious doctrine that Jesus Christ died for the sins, not of some men only, but of all mankind; for any one who pleases to partake, is welcome to the Lord's Table as spread in Episcopalian Churches. I may add that I was much interested to hear Bishop Gobat give the bread and wine to the Jewish converts in the Hebrew language.

In the afternoon we thought that we could not occupy the sacred hours more profitably than by taking a Sabbath day's

But our minds were filled with the thought of a much more illustrious mourner, who had crossed the same brook, and advanced towards the same Mount of Olives, grieving not for the sins of a son, or a city, but of the whole human race. We had not been able, on the occasion of our former visit, to gain admission within the hallowed precincts of Gethsemane, owing to the absence of the keeper, but now we were destined to be more fortunate. Crossing the bridge over the channel of Kidron (which is always dry, except after very heavy rains,) we passed, on our left, the traditionary tomb of the Virgin Mary. We did not descend by the broad flight of steps to visit the sepulchre, like the awe-struck pilgrims whom we saw around it, for we had no faith in the tradition. Mary, we have every reason to believe, was buried at Ephesus, where she died, it is supposed, A.D. 63, when with the Apostle John, to whose care she had been entrusted.

A few yards further on, and on the right hand of the road, we came to the white stone wall which incloses the garden of Gethsemane,—a name which should not be written or read by the Christian without the deepest reverence, as undoubtedly the place cannot be seen without the experience of such an emotion.

The word literally means, in the Hebrew language, an olive press. The garden, without doubt, received this name because originally the olives were pressed in it, which grew on the adjoining Mount. Fit scene for the agony of Him whose spirit was pressed and burdened there till "his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground." There is little doubt that this awful distress was endured by our Redeemer, if not within the inclosure which the Latins have made (about a quarter of an acre in extent), yet on the very rising ground of which it forms a Indeed the evangelists so distinctly define the locality that no room is left for doubt. The Armenians have, in a spirit of rivalry, placed their Gethsemane a little further up the valley; but the eight venerable and gnarled olives, to which I have already referred, seem, along with the generally received opinion of the church since the days of Eusebius, to decide in favour of the locality of the Latins. The low door of the garden is in the eastern wall, and was opened to us by the monk who keeps it in order. Perhaps the solemnity of the scene is somewhat impaired by the holyhocks, roses, and wallflowers which now grow in the tastefully dressed borders; yet we did not fail to be deeply impressed by the overpowering associations of the place. The monks assert that the eight venerable olives in Gethsemane stood there at the time of Christ's agony in the garden. can hardly be true, since Titus ordered all the trees in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem to be cut down, to serve in the siege of the city. But as the olive possesses a remarkable power of shooting afresh after it has been cut down, it is possible that these unquestionably very large and aged trees are stems from the old roots. Chateaubriand, as quoted in "Wylie's Modern Judea," employs the following proof that they are at least as old as the time of the eastern empire: "In Turkey every olive tree found standing by the Mussulmans when they conquered Asia, pays one medine to the treasury; whilst each of those planted since the conquest is taxed half its value by the grand Seignior. Now the eight olive trees of which we are speaking are charged only eight

medines." Before my departure, a young lady who lived near my residence, had requested me to bring her a twig from one of Gethsemane's olive-trees. The holy brother granted my request, although with some reluctance; and I may here take the liberty of inserting the simple verses which I wrote to be inscribed in my young friend's album, along with the memorial, as concisely embodying the sacred lessons taught by this sacred scene:

This twig upon an olive grew
Within that sacred bower,
Where first the Man of Sorrows knew
How dreadful was his hour.

May every one who sees it feel How sinful sin must be, And cry with joy unspeakable, "He suffered thus for me."

And since his followers, 'mid his grief, Slumbered the hour away, May all who look upon this leaf, Be warned to watch and pray.

It was affecting to see how thickly the ground was strewn with flat gravestones in the neighbourhood of the garden of Gethsemane, and indeed over the whole valley of Jehoshaphat. How large a proportion of the deceased had not believed in the name of Jesus Christ, appeared from the chronology which had been used to mark the date of their death—Mahommedans reckoning from the year of the Hegira, and Jews from the creation of the world. For the second time, during my travels, a voice seemed to say to me:

"Stop, for thy tread is on an empire's dust, A nation's spoil is sepulchred below."

And the voice sounded yet more solemnly among the graves of Jerusalem, than of Memphis on the Nile. Below my feet slept the dust of the men of David's, Hezekiah's, and Nehemiah's days—of the men who had demanded the crucifixion of Jesus, and had brought, not the blessing, but the curse of his blood on

themselves and their children. To this day do the Jews, scattered though they be throughout the world, eagerly desire to sleep their last sleep beside the bed of the Kidron. From the hum of London, the marts of Germany, the snows of Russia, and the sands of Morocco they come, content to live poor in the city of David, if they may only have the hope of being literally, as to their bodies, "gathered unto their fathers." Both Jews and Mahommedans believe that "the great white throne" of judgment is to be set up in the valley of Jehoshaphat, the former basing their belief on the passage in Joel already quoted. May the Lord, they did not know, have mercy on many of them in that day!

As we ascended the Mount of Olives we noticed that both olives and figs grow but sparsely on its slope. There was little verdure upon it during our stay at Jerusalem, so that it had the appearance not of a grassy hill, but of an immense mound of red, or rather brown earth, rising to the height of about 500 feet above the level of the Kidron. We were much impressed with the thought that we were walking in the very path which had been often pressed by the footsteps of the Saviour of the world, and especially during the last eventful week of his life, concerning which we read that, "in the day time he was teaching in the temple; and at night he went out, and abode in the mount that is called the mount of Olives." (Luke xxi. 37.) Although there are four separate roads from Jerusalem to Bethany, we were taking the most direct one, and that by which the wearied Saviour would often seek repose. Passing through the filthy Mahommedan village which has been built on the very summit of the hill, we descended through cultivated fields, on the other side. towards the village in which had dwelt Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus. And as at the western base of Olivet our minds had been solemnised by the scene of the Redeemer's agony, at its eastern base we were met by the thrilling scene of his ascension. Privileged that we were to behold such sights during one Sabbath day's journey! Never again shall our spirits be so intensely moved by what our eyes behold, till we shall "see him as he is!"

To some quiet nook in the hollow before us he "led them out, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. And they worshipped him and returned to Jerusalem with great joy. And they were continually in the temple praising and blessing God." Simple and sublime words! Comment and amplification would only spoil their grandeur and their majesty. Let us, like them, worship and adore. The Jewish dispensation was completed, and the Christian fully begun. And what if this sentinel cloud that bore the Redeemer home to the throne of his unchangeable priesthood, was the Shechinah that had hovered for ages over the mercy seat, but was now withdrawn to rest on Aaron's anti-type in the heavenly holy of holies?

The village of Bethany, called by the Arabs, El-'Azirīveh (the town of Lazarus), like all the other villages of Egypt and Palestine which we saw, presents a very wretched appearance. inhabitants are squalid in the extreme, and seemed to be as poor in their spirit as in their circumstances. Undoubtealy these lands, under Mahommedan sway, and the Mahommedan creed, do not prosper. Still, the associations of the locality were thrilling in their interest. The heart of our Saviour was often made glad by the site of a beautiful village on this very slope; for he knew that he would be warmly welcomed by Mary, Martha, and Lazarus, and that in their pleasant society he would forget the toils of his journey. Martha and Mary no doubt came often out of their door here, while their brother was sick, to see if the anxiously expected Saviour had not yet appeared over the ridge of yonder rising-ground, on his way from Ephraim beyond Jordan, whither he had been driven by the malignity and the menaces of the Jews. And it was from Bethany that he set out on that memorable triumphal entry which had something in it so lowly, befitting his humiliation, but at the same time something so lofty and majestic, befitting his divinity and the glorious work which he was about to accomplish on the cross.

We descended into a tomb of considerable depth, which was said to be the tomb of Lazarus. Being well aware that the cupidity of the people has tempted them to find sites for all the notable incidents recorded in the Word of God, we could not regard this "holy place" as being undoubtedly genuine. Still, there was nothing in the appearance or locality of the deep cave to generate a doubt. The grave of Lazarus, it must be confessed, seems to have been at some little distance from Bethany, whereas this tomb is in the centre of the village; but it is quite possible that the modern village has, in the course of centuries, gathered gradually around the place of deepest interest. It was a solemn thought that we possibly did stand on the very spot where the mighty summons, "Lazarus, come forth!" broke the slumbers of the grave; and that, without doubt, the command was issued and obeyed in our immediate neighbourhood, and that the voice of the same All-powerful One would vet burst everywhere the fetters of the grave.

Returning to the city we could not fail to remember Christ's triumphal progress from Bethany to Jesusalem, a few days before he suffered on the cross. This fact was vividly suggested to my mind, not so much by the near approach of "Palm Sunday," as by the fact that this interesting scene had formed the subject of my morning exposition on two consecutive Sabbaths, a few weeks before my departure from home. On these occasions I had endeavoured to describe the localities as well as I could from the accounts given of them in books; but my own ideas, I found, had fallen far short of the reality. Right over against us, as we left Bethany, was a ruined village, supposed to be the very Bethphage to which Christ sent his disciples for the colt of which he had "need." Here was the turn of the road at which the traveller from the east first catches a view of Jerusalem, the district of Zion becoming suddenly visible before him, while all the rest of the city is concealed by the ridge of the Mount of Olives, called the Hill of the Prophets, which rises on the right. Further on is the point where, it is supposed, the welcoming crowd from Jerusalem met the triumphing crowd from Jericho and Bethany, and where the doxology, "Hosanna in the highest," first fell upon his ear. Then the road winds nearer to the hill, and Jerusalem remains for some minutes concealed from the travel-At length, when he surmounts the intervening ridge of Olivet, the whole city, from end to end, suddenly bursts upon his view. The deep Valley of Jehosaphat, forming so admirable a natural defence, lies between him and "the joy of the whole earth," whose several districts, temples, and towers, now seen to be perched on the summit of a mountain range, impress the beholder, from their natural position, as well as from their spiritual associations, more than any other city on the face of the earth. It is here that Dr. Stanley, in opposition to all other writers, supposes that the Saviour "beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes!" We could not but agree with him in his opinion that this spot was far more likely to have been the scene of the Lord's lamentation than the place near Bethany, where only the district of Zion can be seen.

It was certainly remarkable that we had just been speaking of the Doctor's theory, and had been consulting the map in his volume, on which the place where "Jesus wept" is marked by an asterisk, when, who should overtake us but the eminent writer himself! Like us he had taken his thoughtful Sabbath's journev, and was returning to the city through St. Stephen's gate. The Rev. Mr. Haskel whom we had met at Cairo, and who had joined our party the day after our arrival at Jerusalem, with that frankness for which our transatlantic brethren are distinguished, accosted the Doctor and told him we had enjoyed the privilege of receiving the wine of the communion, on that forenoon, from his hands. He expressed not a little pleasure in meeting us. I observed to him that we had been reading his book carefully, and, from personal observation that afternoon, thought him correctias to the locality of the Saviour's lamentation. He seemed gratified, and remarked that he had written that work for the use

of reflective men at home, and did not expect to find it in the hands of travellers abroad. Mr. Haskel referred to the deep interest which we had felt in meeting the Prince on the preceding evening in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and in tendering to him our respectful salutations. He added that the American portion of the party in particular felt that in doing so they expressed, representatively, their country's sincere sympathy with the Queen in her recent bereavement, and that, too, notwithstanding the agonies of their internecine strife. Canon Stanley was pleased to say that he would make our statement the subject of a special. personal communication to the Prince. He begged also to send his compliments to Dr. Robinson of New York, through Mr. Haskel, who had studied Hebrew under that professor; and wished to be conveyed to the Doctor his own sense of the obligations under which the Christian world lay to him for his sacred researches in Palestine. We considered ourselves highly fortunate in having met, on the one night, the Prince himself, and on the other, his gifted guide and preceptor.

Next morning we were up at dawn, for the purpose of inspecting the celebrated Mosque of Omar, which stands, as I have already said, upon the site of Solomon's temple. It is only of late that this edifice and the yet more important grounds attached to it, have been thrown open to those who do not profess the Mahommedan faith. It is held in the greatest reverence by the followers of the Prophet, and, till quite recently, that man was punishable with death who would enter within the forbidden precincts, or profane the penetralia with his unbelieving gaze. Duke of Brabant succeeded, a few years ago, in opening the bolted gate with a golden key. The pasha of Jerusalem, at that time, was somewhat liberal and easy on religious points, and being offered a considerable sum of money by the Belgian prince. to the horror of many devout Mahommedans, fell before the glittering temptation. The ice once broken, admission for others became easy-at least for those who were willing to pay £1 a head. But another pasha arose who professed to be shocked at

the laxity of his predecessor; and once more the Mosque of Omar was closed, and the golden key could not remove the bolt of bigotry. Such was the eagerness of Europeans, however, to see the site of that awful temple within whose holy of holies God had communed with man, that the British and French consuls remonstrated at Constantinople with the ministers of the Sultan, and the reluctant pasha was compelled to open the gates again. Each visitor pays 10s. now; and as upwards of forty assembled with us at the British Consul's to be conducted to the God-honoured and time-honoured, but now, alas! man-dishonoured shrine, a score of sovereigns and more passed, that morning, from Christian to Mahommedan proprietorship.

Mr. Consul Finn, with his lady, had risen to receive us, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, and committed the large party to the care of his chief commissioner. We presented an imposing appearance as we were marshalled through the narrow streets of Jerusalem by the tall cawasses dressed in red, the strokes of their long silver-headed wands on the ground keeping time with their measured tread. Arrived within the gate, which is near "the House of Pilate," and on the western side of the Haram, or prohibited inclosure, we were compelled, as at Cairo, to pay homage to Mahommed after a fashion, by substituting slippers for our shoes, which were left in a heap behind us. If any luckless one, from forgetfulness or ignorance, was unprovided for the pilgrimage, the only alternative by which summary exclusion could be prevented was to tread the awful courts with no other covering for the foot than the slender stocking, or, as some preferred, with the improvised over-all of the degraded handkerchief. First, we walked along a spacious court of marble, several hundred yards square. When I looked on one side and saw a pulpit for the utterance of the unedifying jargon of the Mahommedan priests, I could not repress the Protestant exclamation, "How inimitable a situation for an open-air sermon to an audience of many thousands, from such a text as, 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that

whosoever believeth on him might not perish but have everlasting The first portion of this court which we traversed occupies the site of the ancient castle of Antonia, to which Josephus so frequently refers, and which, after the time of the Maccabees. was the fort of the temple, as the temple was the fort of the city. We saw, on entering, two mosques before us, a smaller and a greater. We were first taken to the small one, built by the Khalif Abd-el-melek. It is sometimes called "the dome of judgment," because it is believed that the judgment-seat of King David occupied the spot; and sometimes "the dome of the chain," because it is thought that the balance of justice will here be suspended at the last day. Of what this balance will consist we are not left in ignorance; for a chain is suspended from the roof, concerning which the guide tells a story of the old Mahommedan The suspected person was placed below the chain. it fell upon him he was held guilty of the crime laid to his charge: if it remained immoveable he was declared innocent; for, if he had not been innocent, according to their rude theory, the gravitation of his guilt would have drawn it down. This "dome of the chain" stands at the very gate of the great mosque of which it is supposed to be a miniature, called the mosque of Omar. This graceful building, with its finely-proportioned cupola, towers over the whole city, and has a truly charming appearance, especially when seen at sun-set from the Mount of Olives. On entering it we found it to be octagonal in form, each of its eight sides measuring sixty-seven feet. It was built by the Khalif Omar in the seventh century. The lower part of the wall within is composed of variously-coloured marbles, arranged in intricate patterns, such as are commonly seen in the houses of Damascus. The upper part is pierced with fifty-six painted windows, filled with stained glass of a brilliancy equal to some of the finest specimens in our western cathedrals.

We could not withhold our admiration from this lofty and symmetrical edifice; but awe is the proper name for the emotion that filled us when we remembered on what site it stood. It is

called also "the dome of the rock;" because it incloses a part of the rock over which the Jewish temple was built, or rather which formed part of the temple itself! Although a considerable portion of the rock of Moriah was covered by the altar of burnt-offering, the whole was left beneath, virgin and unhewn; and there it may be seen as when the eyes of David and Solomon beheld it, the only drawback to our gratification being this, that it is revealed to our view amid the shaded light of a temple of the false prophet. This truly sacred relic lies right beneath the dome of the mosque, and is about sixty feet in length by five in height. A very plain partition of wood has been thrown around it to keep off the sacrilegious hands of visitors; but the sight of the old and memorable It was the veritable "threshing-floor of rock was enough. Araunah the Jebusite," over which the destroying angel stood when he was about to smite Jerusalem, and concerning which David had said, with pious resolution as well as heavenly inspiration, "This is the house of the Lord God, and this is the altar of the burnt-offering for Israel." (1 Chron. xxii. 1.) Over it Solomon's magnificent edifice had been reared; and on it for hundreds of years typical sacrifices had been offered, every one of which seemed to cry with prophetic tongue, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." It had lain desolate and uncovered during the Babylonish captivity; and around it had risen the lamentations of the "ancient men," who contrasted the plainness and comparative poverty of Nehemiah's humble fane with the splendour of its gorgeous predecessor. also thrilled with that earthquake which shook the city when the great Sacrifice died, and when the corded veil in its neighbourhood was rent in twain. And now the desolation and dishonour that surrounded it seemed to correspond with the close of the dispensation in which it had played so important a part; for it seemed to point upward to the temple in the skies, and to say to us. as we gazed upon its awful eminences, "Ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched; . . . . but ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, . . . and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel."

I must not omit to notice that in the opinion of the great majority both of travellers and commentators, it is the very mountain top on which Abraham offered Isaac—an illustrious type of the Messiah who was to die on that very ridge of which it was a principal peak. No wonder then that we counted it a high privilege to look upon it. No other gray rock in the world could awaken such memories or kindle such emotions as that upon which we gazed.

A still more solemn spirit possessed us when, stepping a few feet westward, we remembered that we stood upon the site of the Sanctuary "wherein was the candlestick, and the table, and the shew bread," and, still further westward upon that of "the tabernacle which was called the Holiest of all," where the symbol of the Divine presence was annually seen by the Jewish High-priests "when making reconciliation for the sins of the people." But these places can be called specially sacred now only on account of old associations; for the middle wall of partition has been broken down between Jew and Gentile, and neither in Gerizim nor Jerusalem are men called particularly to worship; but God, as a pure and world-loving Spirit, may be approached any where, if only "in spirit and in truth."

This rock of Moriah is sometimes called, by its Moslem keepers, "the pierced rock," because an aperture is found in it which extends to a chamber underground, and into which it is believed that the blood of the ancient sacrifices was conveyed. Into this cave we descended. It is situated on the south-eastern side of the altar, and averages about seven feet in height. We could have no doubt that we stood in the cesspool of the altar of burnt-offering, and that we saw in its rude roof the very cylindrical opening, extending through the whole thickness of the rock, by which the blood of the animals slain in the temple overhead was drawn off to be conveyed to some cavern deeper still, and com-

municating, doubtless, with the bed of the Kidron! The Mahommedans have called the four corners of this apartment "the praying-places of Abraham, David, Solomon, and Jesus." crude alloy is mixed up with the Bible's pure gold, in connection with the rock above, as well as the chamber below; for we are shown on the side of the rock the footmark of the prophet which he left on it when he mounted his horse Borak to take his nocturnal journey to heaven. The rock, it would appear, gracefully acknowledged the compliment; for there are pointed out, on the other side, the finger-prints of the angels who helped it to make its obeisance! I may observe here, once for all, that as day is to be distinguished from night, so is the Bible to be distinguished from the Koran, Christ from Mahomet, and the recorded deeds of the former from the recorded deeds of the latter. He who would gravely compare the two books, the two systems, or the two beings, as if they occupied the same level of inspiration, would manifest either ignorance or injustice so great as to render him an unsafe and unworthy instructor of mankind.

It may be matter of surprise to some of my readers that Mahommedanism should so far coincide with Christianity, that Jerusalem should be sacred to its adherents as well as to us, and that they should regard the tomb of David, and the temple of Solomon, with veneration only second to our own. But it must be remembered that it was Mahomet's policy to add to his own peculiar teachings as much as would attract both the Jew and the Christian, whose respective systems prevailed extensively in the East, in his day. Hence he said, "Moses was a great prophet; Jesus Christ was a great prophet; and I am a great prophet too, even the Holy Ghost, the Comforter whom Christ promised to send into the world."

I need not trouble my readers with a description of the Mosqueel-Aksa, another magnificent edifice which also stands on the site of the ancient temple and within the Haram. Suffice it to say, that it was built by the Emperor Justinian in honour of the Virgin Mary, within the seventh century, and although since that time changed into a Mahommedan mosque, it still resembles a Christian church in appearance. Among its various pillars two were remarkable as having attached to them a curious tradition. They are very close to one another; and the Mahommedans say, that all who pass between them are sure of Paradise. The members of our party were superstitious enough to try their good fortune. The tolerably slender got through easily; but some, alas! were too stout. The corpulent gentlemen bore the laughter easily which was raised at their expense; but some ladies who were somewhat en bon point, and therefore stuck fast, seemed to be rather sorry that they had allowed themselves to be judged by what was literally a Mahommedan touchstone. I need not add that we did not think them the less sure of Paradise, either here or hereafter, because they had not proved slender as well as fair.

What interested us most, however, in connection with this building was, that arched and vaulted remains of Solomon's Temple were to be found beneath it. It is well known that the foundations of that sacred edifice were very deep. Consequently, although the hand of the destroyer and the devouring fire again and again have swept away the superstructure, the strong foundations remain in several places unremoved. To the most remarkable of these the gentlemen of the party descended with some little difficulty, the ladies being unable to follow. Of one portion, our guide said, "These arches belonged to the temple of Solomon;" while of another he said, "These pillars were reared by Herod, for his temple, out of the stones which remained from the ruins of Solo-The size of the stones, of the arches, and of the pillars, surprised us almost as much as did the gigantic remains of Egypt. It was affecting to behold the very erections to which the pious liberality of Israel had contributed in her palmy days, when the presence of the Lord hovered between the cherubim, and when his praises, sung in choral harmony, ascended from the sacred courts.

In traversing the spacious area of the Haram, as we went from place to place, we were continually impressed with the thought that we trod those sacred courts which the Jews had held so

dear, and of which we had read so much in our far-distant Here would be the court of the Gentiles, and here the court of the women. The court of the men would be here, and still nearer the holy shrine, would be the court of the priests. Close to the eastern wall, and overlooking the deep ravine of the Kidron, had stood the magnificent cloisters called "Solomon's porch," where Jesus walked in winter, during the feast of dedication, (John x. 23,) and whither the people crowded to see the lame man whom Peter and John had healed. (Acts iii. 11.) Fancy easily called up these striking scenes. We could imagine that we saw the eager, gaping crowds, the thankful healed one rejoicing in the use of his invigorated limbs, and the apostles, with dignified mien, ascribing all the glory to the risen Redeemer. And their Divine Master we could also see in fancy, either calmly addressing the people, or, with holy indignation and heavenly authority, driving the money-changers from the dishonoured precincts of his Father's house.

We were shown the projection in the wall, on which Mahommedans believe that their prophet will sit to judge the world of spirits, gathered in the valley of Jehoshaphat below; and, looking down into it, we could understand how great had been Solomon's undertaking when he set himself to build the supports of the temple from its very depths.

Our Mahommedan guide did not give us sufficient time, as we thought, to linger over these interesting scenes, being anxious, I verily believe, to get us out of the place before the hour at which certain fanatical Dervishes came to pray. These men, we were informed, had they seen "Nazarenes" in their sacred inclosure (for they think that Omar consecrated it for ever to Islamism by praying in it!) might have rushed upon us in the frenzy of their intolerant bigotry. Our old guide, who wielded an immense staff, and was very tall and portly, kept calling out continually, "Come on;" "Come on." Some gentlemen, who had been longer in Jerusalem than ourselves, told us that he was very proud of being able to repeat these words in English, and that

he uttered them so very frequently, as much for his own gratification as for the quickening of our speed. But he had, not without difficulty, become so accomplished; for some wags, observing his haste, on the first day of his appointment to the office, had instructed him that when he wanted a party to come on quickly, he should call out, "Keep back;" "Keep back." He could not understand why his orders were so persistently disobeyed, and so little progress made. With crimson face, and voice well nigh spent, he kept shouting, "Keep back," "Keep back," till some one kindly gave him to understand that his audience had been very obedient, and that he should cry, "Come on." Like some people who are, or who think themselves, wiser, he profited by bitter experience, and never made the mistake again.

Before leaving the Haram, some of us descended, on all fours. and with considerable difficulty, to get a sight of the immense reservoir which, of old, stretched beneath the temple. referred to in the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus as the cistern "whose compass was as the sea." Dr. Barclay, (a traveller made famous recently by valuable researches,) says, it is 750 feet in circumference, and nearly 50 feet deep. We could see far into this curious and most useful cavern; for openings here and there, in the earth, let down both the light of day and the vessels of those who wished to draw water. One of these we saw descend in the darkness hardly "made visible," about a stone's throw from the spot at which we stood, and disappear again with its liquid freight, drawn up by an unseen hand. This great cistern evidently supplied the priests at the temple, and indeed ancient Jerusalem itself, with water, as it supplies the Jerusalem of to-day. Fit emblem of that water of life which changes not amid all the mutations of the world, but remains the same "yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

The metropolis of Palestine was built in so sterile a region—"a thirsty land where no water is"—and was, moreover, so liable to be besieged by hostile armaments, that the provision of water

seems to have occupied most seriously the minds of those who "sought her good." Hence the most expensive excavations to which I am referring, besides others of a similar nature to be afterwards noticed. And withal, there is something mysterious in this subterranean lake; for no one can tell whence it is sup-It seems too great a reservoir to be wholly dependant upon the Pools of Solomon, outside of the city. It is probably fed by some invisible fountain, and thus deserves the name given to it by Tacitus the Roman historian, in his description of Jerusalem, "fons perennis aquae"—an unceasing fountain of water even as the numerous excavations suit the other clause in his sentence, "cavati sub terra montes"—mountains made hollow under the earth. Altogether, the hydraulic machinery of Jerusalem must have been very wonderful; for even to this day it remains, in some respects, inscrutable. The fountain of the Virgin takes strange fits of rising up several feet, like the tide of the sea, no one can tell why; and we were shown a fountain above ground in this same Haram inclosure which, although silent and dry all the rest of the year, on one particular day spouts forth its jets of water, as if touched by some invisible hand. If the story be not fabulous, may this not be its explanation—that although the great day of the atonement has ceased to be observed, some secret machinery yet acts, which was wont, on that day, both to astonish and refresh the worshipper?

All these sights we saw before the breakfast-hour at our hotel had arrived, to which we returned highly satisfied with our morning's excursion, and glad that, before our arrival, the Mosque of Omar had yielded to the pressure of "the golden key."

In the forenoon we visited the tower of Hippicus built by Herod the Great, and named by him after a friend who had fallen in battle. It is near the Jaffa gate and close to the wall which surrounds the city. It had the appearance of being a quadrangular castle rather than a tower, and such had been its strength that it had survived all the assaults and sieges which had laid Jerusalem waste. It is chiefly remarkable as being the point where the

three walls all began, which, according to Josephus, defended the city. One of these inclosed Zion, the other Acra, and the third the yet more northerly Bezetha. Besides these, a single wall encircled the city on its three naturally fortified sides.

In the afternoon we were conducted to the vaults called "The Quarries," and also "Solomon's Stables," which, beginning in the city wall, near the Damascus gate, extend for several hundreds of yards beneath Jerusalem, and the rock on which it is We were furnished with candles; but their glimmering light revealed to us very inadequately the dimensions of the lofty caverns. Two Frenchmen of distinction, however, entered shortly after us, preceded by flaming flambeaux, of which we could not but get the advantage. Those of my readers who have seen the cave at Arran, in which King Robert the Bruce is said to have spent a night, and in which, even during this century, a congregation worshipped for a whole season, will be able to form some idea of these subterranean vaults below Jerusalem, only \* that the latter are much loftier and much longer: for I am guilty of no exaggeration, when I say that we advanced along a passage about fifty feet high by twenty broad for nearly a quarter of a mile, and when we turned back we had not reached the termination. sides, it became broken up ultimately into various gloomy sections, so that there was positive danger lest stragglers should lose their way altogether. It cannot be known, for certain, to what extent these cavities are artificial. And while the common belief is that they are the quarries from which the stones were taken for Solomon's temple, this belief is based on plausible conjecture rather than positive demonstration. Till quite recently, only the Mahommedans knew of their existence. Their discovery has corroborated several passages in the history of Josephus, in which he has represented soldiers, when hard pressed in battle, as hiding in subterranean vaults, and then suddenly appearing, long afterwards, like ghosts from the other world. It seems now to be generally admitted that the ground below Jerusalem is cavernous to a very great degree.

Next day we sat on the summit of the "House of Pilate." now occupied by the Governor of the city. We had a commanding view of the whole platform of the Haram, and were tolerably certain that we were not far from the place where our Saviour suffered the indignities of the judgment-hall, and whence he was led forth to be crucified. Some invisible friend here was extremely kind to us, sending out, by the hands of a sable servant, first, pipes, which we did not use, and then cups of coffee which we Close to this building is the house of the "Ecce homo," that is, the place where it is supposed that Pilate said of Christ, "Behold the man." Here the priests of the Church of Rome profess to show to pilgrims Jerusalem in blood, on account of her sins; but, alas, for the transparency of the imposition, the view is given them through glass, stained red! We entered also what is called "The House of Caiaphas," where it is said Christ was scourged. Over the door of the little Latin chapel there is inscribed in Latin, from the Vulgate, "We will go into his tabernacles, and into the place where his feet have stood" (Ps. cxxxii. 7); and, beneath a somewhat affecting picture of the scourging. another passage from the same version-"For all the day long have I been scourged, and chastised every morning." (Ps. lxxiii. 14)—a verse whose context does not justify this Messianic application.

We also paid a visit to the "tombs of the kings," which are situated to the north-west of the city, and about half-a-mile from the city walls. On our way we took notice of an immense convent, in course of erection for the Greek Church, near the Jaffa gate. Considering the size and appearance of this vast pile of buildings, we did not wonder that it was making the jealous Latins uneasy, and that a fear had been expressed lest it should be intended as much to occupy a commanding military position as to accommodate the pilgrims of the Greek communion. We could also observe, during this walk, how much ground, originally inclosed by the ancient wall which circled round Bezetha, was here left outside of the present city wall. It was with some diffi-

culty that we found the object of our search; and I am sorry that, at the date at which I write, the particulars of what I saw have so faded from my recollection that I can convey to my readers only a very general impression of the nature of these This is the less to be regretted that, although they have been called "the tombs of the kings," it cannot now be asserted positively that any kings of Israel were ever buried in them. Antiquarians are rather of opinion that they are to be referred to the Herodian epoch. First of all, the visitor finds himself in a circular hollow, only six or eight feet below the level of the surrounding district. He enters by a low door in the face of the rock before him, which again leads, on either side, to sepulchral vaults of exquisite finish, and in wonderfully perfect preservation. Niches or shelves appeared in the walls, in which the dead bodies had been laid, as I had often read that Christ's body would, in all likelihood, be laid, when buried. We crept into these chambers and found them, in truth, to be both damp and I remember distinctly being much impressed with a circular stone at the mouth of the cave, which had been rolled back, doubtless with no small difficulty, into its corresponding groove in the wall. How finely does this agree with the question of the wondering women at the grave of Jesus, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre? for it was very great."

On the day following we left Jerusalem for the first excursion referred to in the next chapter, and did not return till Friday evening. On Saturday at mid-day, we went to see the Turkish soldiers take their stand in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; for, at that hour, the real festivities of Easter formally began. I confess that I was humbled to see the array of Mahommedan military for the express and acknowledged purpose of keeping the different sects of Christians in order.

In the afternoon we visited the Jewish synagogues. There are about six thousand Jews in Jerusalem, of whom four thousand are Sephardim, that is, Jews of Spanish descent, and two thou-

sand Askenazim, that is, Jews of Polish or German descent. The former still speak a corrupt Spanish dialect. Their chief rabbi has a seat in the city council, as representative of the entire Hebrew population. They are, as a whole, very poor, being supported by the contributions of their brethren throughout the world. The rabbis are blamed for acting dishonestly with the sums of money which they receive: and, besides, the system has engendered, it is said, an indolent spirit of pauperism among the people themselves, so that they do not improve their condition by industrious labour as they might.

They have several synagogues, two of which we visited. were very crowded; for their season of passover was imminent. There would be, perhaps, four hundred persons in each building. In the one, worship happened to be over when we entered; but certain of the congregation obligingly began to read, or rather chant, the law, as if to show us how the thing was done in Jeru-In the other we saw the ceremony observed of carrying round the book of the law, which the people devoutly kissed as Thereafter it was duly deposited in its curtained receptacle. Their rabbis sit, two or three together, in an elevated seat or pulpit. The women, in conformity with oriental custom, are accommodated in a gallery by themselves. The appearance of the Jews plainly indicated their poverty; and it must be confessed that they did not exhibit that reverence which becomes the house of God.

Next day, April 13th, was Palm Sunday, when, according to ecclesiastical custom and tradition, the day is celebrated on which the multitude spread palm branches in Christ's way as he advanced from Bethany to Jerusalem. This falls due on the Sabbath before Good Friday, the anniversary of the Saviour's crucifixion. On going out at six A.M. we found the streets of Jerusalem crowded with pilgrims and other worshippers, each carrying a palm branch in his hand. Through the kindness of the American consul we were accommodated with seats in a lofty gallery, overlooking the rotunda of the church of the Holy

Sepulchre, from which we had a commanding view of the imposing, yet melancholy pageant below. The first striking phenomenon that presented itself to us in the crowded area, was the bishop of the Latin Church busily, yea, laboriously, engaged in passing palm branches through his hands, which he was supposed to bless in their passage. The occupation was a very ridiculous one for a full-grown man, and still more so for a venerable dignitary of the church. At length he grew heartily tired of his money-making manipulations, and, apparently becoming angry at the number of branches which were presented for his benediction, passed them through his hands with the rapidity of lightning, and an irate look of thunder, which seemed to communicate a curse rather than a blessing to them and those who brought Then, with his conical cap, he figured prominently in the procession of priests, which was formed after the conclusion of this foolish ceremony, and seemed to scatter from his uplifted hands blessings equally worthless upon the gaping throngs around. Three times did the priests, nuns, and choristers, circle round the crowded rotunda, singing hymns in honour of Christ in an unknown tongue, and then their part of the play was over: they must needs make way for the yet more influential Greeks; for, powerful though the Church of Rome be, she is not everywhere supreme. A new throng now filled the building below, and all was expectation for the arrival of the Greek patriarch and his ecclesiastics. But even as men of fashion, and sometimes, it must be confessed, Protestant ministers, too, affect to display their imagined greatness by keeping other people waiting for them, this dignitary and his myrmidons delayed their appearance for two full hours, by which time the tip-toe of expectation was sleeping and aching sadly. And when they did arrive, what impression did they make upon the mind? Did they seem to be humble and poor in spirit, like that sorrowful Redeemer whose entrance into Jerusalem on a lowly ass they professed to commemorate? Their whole demeanour seemed to say-"See how Ah! no. much grander we are than the Latins!" I cannot find words to

describe the splendid appearance of their patriarch. What with lace, and gold, and jewels on his diademed head, he was the very opposite of Him who "grew up as a root out of a dry ground." Three times also did this procession of holy brothers, sisters, and choristers move around the building, only more slowly than the Latins, on account of their own greater number, and the dense mass of human beings by whom they were wedged in. was carried at stated intervals before the honoured dignitaries. One monk bore an immense cup of gold, by whose weight he seemed to be burdened, and diligently did the priests sprinkle consecrated rose-water upon the admiring spectators, aiming the liquid missiles chiefly at the faces of the Turkish soldiers, because the Mahommedan unbelievers declare that they are enamoured of the perfume! All the time the choristers kept up a monotonous chant, the cadence of which, it strikes me, I never shall forgetnot because it was so very beautiful, but so very barbarous. I could see the manifestations of neither true love, joy, or worship: and, without uncharitableness, it seemed to me that there was little difference, in so far as enlightenment and elevation of soul were concerned, between this oriental festival in honour of Christ, and those which, long ago, were held in honour of Jupiter and Apollo. or at this day are celebrated in the name of Hindoo deities on the banks of the Ganges. I do not mean to deny that there may be many of the true people of God in the bosom of the Greek Church: but I fear that in their imposing form of worship, far more stress is laid on outward ceremony than on spirituality of mind. lady at our hotel asked me on my return what I thought of the display, and the answer which rushed to my lips expressed my deliberate conviction—" A remarkable departure from the simplicity of the gospel of Christ."

It was with much greater pleasure that I attended divine service in the afternoon in the rooms of the American Consulate. These were thrown open by the young American Consul for that purpose. He had invited the Rev. Mr. Haskel, our travelling companion, to preach there at three P.M., he being, as I have

already said, an Independent minister in the United States. The Rev. Mr. Guinness and his lady were present, having travelled across the desert on camels, since we had spent a Sabbath with them in Cairo. Mr. G. conducted the introductory exercises. The well-known hymn, beginning, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds." seemed to possess a peculiar beauty, as sung in Jerusalem. where Jesus had lived, laboured, died, and risen again. read slowly and deliberately the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, which seemed to gather a fresh charm, from the fact that it was read at no great distance from the very spot where the suffering Saviour had been "led as a lamb to the slaughter, and had been dumb as a sheep before the shearers." He thanked God in his prayer, that in this city and neighbourhood we could so intensely realise the humanity and brotherhood of Christ, and earnestly prayed that all present might also feel his preciousness as a divine Saviour. He prayed touchingly for the conversion of the Jews, and with them the fulness of the Gentiles. Thereafter. Mr. Haskel preached a well-reasoned sermon from the words---" The Church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood." I closed with prayer. I was led to pray that we who had met, in God's providence, in an upper room in the earthly Jerusalem. might all meet in the heavenly Jerusalem, where sin, sorrow, and differences of opinion would be for ever unknown. thirty individuals attended the service, chiefly travellers and persons of influence in the city. I was interested in the arms of the United States in the room—the stripes and stars, with the motto. "Unum e pluribus,"—one out of many. I regretted that it had, of late, been rendered so inappropriate by sanguinary civil war. It struck me as being an excellent motto for the different sections of the Church of Christ.

On our return to our hotel our landlord informed us that Mr. Buckle, the distinguished author of "The History of Civilisation in England," had just arrived. He had travelled from Egypt through the desert, by way of Petra. This gentleman, as many of my readers will be aware, had suddenly passed from comparative obscurity to

very considerable fame by the publication of two volumes on the subject mentioned above. His work, besides giving proof of great original talent, had displayed amazing research and diligence, which called forth all the more admiration that he had inherited, in his youth, a fortune so great that he might have lived a life of indolence, if he had so pleased. It is much, however, to be regretted that, owing to some unfortunate bias which his mind received in early life, his speculations are decidedly antagonistic to the Chris-He tries to show that the world does not owe its civilization to the elevating influences of the gospel, and that Protestant Scotland is as truly minister-ridden as Catholic Spain is priest-ridden. Thus, notwithstanding his great abilities and erudition, his prejudices have carried him to a dangerous, uncharitable, and foolish extreme; for a man might as well assert that the Archimedean lever never raised inert masses, as that the preaching of the cross has done nothing to elevate the masses of mankind.

He was a tall, thin man, with light hair, and so plainly dressed that one would have taken him for a servant, rather than a wealthy traveller. He had not a very prominent forehead; but his eyes were deeply sunk beneath protuberant eye-brows, and the lofty dome of thought rose majestically above. seemed to be in good health and spirits; but, judging from a likeness taken before his departure from England, and lately seen by me, he must have been much reduced, when in the East, by the malady which had caused him to desist from his muchloved work, and seek re-invigoration in foreign travel. Probably what I thought to be the hue of health was only the superficial painting of the Arabian sun. An English gentleman was his travelling companion, and on two little boys, who also journeyed with him, he lavished every kindness. At dinner, although he sat at some little distance from me, I overheard his conversation, and observed his remarkable power of fascinating others by his table-talk, in which gift he is supposed to have rivalled even Dr. Samuel Johnson himself. Two of his sayings

I still remember. Some gentleman had been boasting to him in England that his ancestors had been in the country before the days of William the Conqueror. "So much the more shame to them," Mr. Buckle had rejoined, "for William evidently thrashed them well!" The other was, I fear, somewhat irreverent; but, as it was most characteristic of the man, I will give it too. Speaking of his journey through the desert, he remarked, "I went up to the very top of Mount Hor; and I was not the least astonished at Aaron's dying there; for I was so dreadfully tired that I nearly died myself." Alas! little did he think that in a month he would be no more. On these two successive Sabbaths I had seen two distinguished men, in whom the sands of life, without their having any thought of it, were well nigh run.

My notices of Jerusalem must now terminate. Gathering up a few fragments of information which have been omitted, I may remark that the circumference of the city walls is 4826 yards, or nearly two and a half English miles—the distance to be traversed by him who would "walk about Zion and tell the towers thereof." In these walls there are five gates: the western gate, called variously the Jaffa, Bethlehem, or Hebron gate; the northern or Damascus gate, called also the Gate of the Column: the eastern or St. Stephen's gate, called also the Gate of the Tribes; and the southern or Zion gate. There is besides a postern in the southern wall, little used and of little importance. I must confess that I was surprised at the small dimensions of the city. The configuration of the ground is such that ancient Jerusalem, except in the two parts already noted, must have stood just where modern Jerusalem stands. These exceptions could not have very materially affected the question of population. I entirely agree with Dr. Porter, the learned author of Murray's Handbook for Syria and Palestine, that the city never could have contained more than 70,000 inhabitants. Doubtless, great multitudes of visitors abode in tents during the periodical feasts-still, we must suppose Josephus to be guilty of that exaggeration with which he is so often charged, when he represents millions as having been shut into Jerusalem by Titus, and as having perished in its siege.

Although they are not very high, without doubt, "the mountains are round about Jerusalem." (Ps. cxxv. 2.) Scopus, where Titus took his first view of the doomed city, the Mount of Olives, and the Mount of Offence, (so called as the scene of Solomon's idolatries,) look down upon it on the north and east. The Hill of Evil Counsel, on the other side of the Valley of Hinnom, (so called from the tradition that the conspirators against Christ met in the country house of Caiaphas there, on the night of his agony in Gethsemane,) commands it, south and west; while, at a yet greater distance, but from a loftier elevation, the peaks of Neby Samuel, Gibeon, and Ramah, seem to watch it with sentinel eye.

I have it on the authority of my esteemed brother, the Rev. Dr. Morison of Glasgow, who visited Jerusalem in October 1855, that its inhabitants are engaged chiefly in making shoes. A rather plebeian occupation for the metropolitans of the City of David! In Nablous, the second city in Palestine, the principal trade is the manufacture of soap. So that in this land, which depends so much on pilgrimage, of its two greatest centres of population, the one seems to say to intending travellers, "Be not afraid of the journey, for I will make shoes for your feet;" and the other, "I will wash them well!"

The American Consul showed us a remarkable and affecting document during our stay in the city. A poor woman in the State of Illinois had lost a beloved daughter in the year 1854. Her reason had given way through the greatness of her grief. Imagining that the Saviour still abode in Jerusalem, she addressed a letter to him begging of him most piteously "to give her back her lamb, as she heard that he was raising the dead and healing broken hearts." Observing the American post-mark beside the strange address, "Jesus Christ, Jerusalem, land of Judea," the officials at the post-office sent it to the chambers of the American Consul, our friend's predecessor, among whose papers had found it, preserved as a curiosity. Strange and wild as

it was, it reminded us that Jerusalem derives its chief glory from its connection with Jesus of Nazareth, the Saviour of the world; it reminded us of the heavenly Jerusalem where he listens to the prayers of the afflicted, never leaving unanswered their communications when addressed to him in earnestness and faith; and recalled to our minds the pious expectation which many of his believing people cherish, that he will yet dwell in this very Jerusalem, and make it "a praise in the earth."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## Tho Excursions.

TRAVELLERS who visit Jerusalem generally make two great excursions during their stay in the city before proceeding on their journey northward. The one of these is to the Dead Sea and the Jordan, by way of the convent of Mar Saba; the other to Bethlehem and Hebron.

Before giving an account of these expeditions I must notice that we were under the disagreeable necessity, while in Jerusalem, of contracting with a new dragoman. Whenever we reached the city, the dragomans, with whom we had agreed at Alexandria, struck for more money. They declared that the visit of the Prince of Wales had made the hire of horses dearer, and had otherwise increased the expensiveness of a journey—a statement which we were afterwards assured, on good authority, was Some of the gentlemen of our party felt so a gross fabrication. indignant at their dishonourable conduct, in having represented the charge of the rival claimant in Egypt to be extravagant, when they evidently intended to make their own demand at least as great whenever they would suppose themselves to be safe from competition, that they would, on no account, prosecute the journey under their guidance, even although they had been willing to abide by their original bargain. We were recommended, in our perplexity, to a Jew with whom Dr. Wilson of Bombay had travelled when he was collecting materials for his elaborate and

learned work, entitled, "The Lands of the Bible;" and with him we contracted for the two excursions to the south and east of Jerusalem, and also for the journey through Palestine, northward, as far as Beyrout, even although his terms were higher than those of the discarded dragomans.

We left on Wednesday, April 9th, about 2 p.m. for the Dead Sea, our party numbering seven—according to the Jews, a perfect number. Our path, as we left Jerusalem, winded gently past the Pool of Siloam and En-rogel, or Nehemiah's Well. fountain was so named from the tradition that the sacred fire of the temple was hid in it during the Babylonish captivity, and that Nehemiah found it safely lodged there, on his return to Jerusalem. (2 Maccabees i. 19-22.) It is first mentioned by Joshua as defining the border between Judah and Benjamin. The boundaries of these tribes met outside the walls of Jerusalem, the valley of Hinnom and this well of En-rogel being land-marks in the line of separation. (Josh. xv. 7, 8; xviii. 16.) Hebron and Bethlehem were distinguished cities in the lot of highly-favoured Judah; but to little Benjamin was awarded the peerless honour of including within its confines the sacred metropolis of the Holy Land.

In a few minutes after passing En-rogel, we found that we were following the Kidron in its eastern course towards the Dead Sea. We began to understand why so much importance has been attached to this brook in the sacred volume, as we found that its deep channel, mile after mile, formed so striking a feature in the landscape of Judea. The further we descended, moreover, the Hill of Zion rose the higher behind us, till it seemed to be an impregnable fortress on a lofty mountain height. We felt that we could read with fresh zest the Psalmist's inspired eulogy of that mount:—
"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion on the sides of the north, the city of the Great King. God is known in her palaces for a refuge. For lo! the kings were assembled, they passed by together. They saw it, and so they marvelled; they were troubled, and hasted away." (Psa. xlviii. 2-5.)

Our road lay through a mountainous, solitary, but not unlovely region. The afternoon sun was shining brightly, and a refreshing breeze rendered its heat tolerable. I was once more reminded of Scotland. Indeed, as I remarked while we rode along, if I had lost all recollection of my journey to the East, and had suddenly opened my eyes upon the scene before me, I would have concluded that I was travelling in the upper ward of Lanarkshire, or through the mountainous region of Dumfriesshire, with the channel of the Clyde or the Nith at my feet. The sight, however, of the brook wholly dried up by the fervent sun of incipient summer, would have suddenly broken the spell of my reverie.

When we had travelled for about two hours and a half, the bed of the Kidron, which had hitherto been remarkable, became altogether extraordinary. Up to this point we had judged, that it had been cutting its wintry way through hills for thousands of years; now, however, its course seemed to have been hewn through mountains. Rocky ramparts rose on either side of it hundreds of feet high; and although our narrow path lay only half way up their steep sides, the profound cavern yawned far below our feet. Just where the scenery reached its climax of wild grandeur, a turn of the road showed us suddenly the termination of our journey for This was the solitary Greek convent of Mar Saba, built on the side of the precipitous ravine, at a point where Nature, in prodigality of excavation-work, had added to the long line of the gorge beside which we had journeyed, a short but deep cavern, running up, like a gulf, into the sides of the mountain. highest tower of the building rose up majestically before us, its foundation level with our path; but the convent itself stretched far down towards the Kidron. The wire of a large bell evidently communicated between the top of the tower and the principal apartments below. We hardly needed to be told by our guide, that this bell was so hung that the brethren of the order, acting the part of watchmen on the tower, might immediately be able to announce to the Superior below, that travellers, or perchance foes, were coming along the solitary pathway.

We did not intend to sleep in the convent, for this very good reason, that while the bachelor brethren are very happy to see the sons of Adam within their massive gates, they look upon the daughters of Eve as dangerous and forbidden guests, although they were evidently intended by the Creator to be the chief ornament and solace of every dwelling, whether urban or rural, secular or ecclesiastic. We had, therefore, determined, for the first time, to pitch our tents, which our patient mules had borne from Jerusalem, and thus have our first experience of tent-life in Syria. On reaching the convent, we found that the opening in the mountain, to which I have just referred, ran up far behind it, affording a sweet and sheltered retreat. Another very large party had preceded us, whose white tents, six or seven in number, already dotted the grassy surface of the mountain slope. Our servants, however, had not been remiss; for they had already begun to pitch ours higher up the hill; and as the yet unfastened sheets fluttered in the evening breeze, they seemed to invite us forward and welcome us to our rest. I thought at once of Israel's encampments in the wilderness as realised in miniature, and also of Montgomery's well known lines:

"Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home."

While things were being "fixed," as our American friends are accustomed to say (and in such circumstances as ours, by no means inappropriately), we proceeded to inspect the convent—the sisterhood of course being left behind, much to their grief; for woman's characteristic curiosity inspired them with a vehement desire to look within—a desire not diminished, but mightily increased, by the ghostly prohibition of the Roman Catholic Church. Only from the high hill-top could they descry afar the inner courts of the ancient edifice.

It was indeed ancient, that is, the portion of it which remains from its origin; for Saint Saba, in the seventh century, we are

informed, having fallen heir to a considerable sum of money, devoted it to the erection of a religious house; and funds from Constantinople helped him to carry his pious purpose into execution. For thirteen hundred years, every morning, matins have been sung over the bed of the Kidron; and every evening, far away from the bustle of the world, the solitary chime of the vesper bell has sounded in the vale. Thousands of travellers have been refreshed in it; and let us hope that weary souls, notwithstanding all the imperfections and corruptions of the system, have been saved by the Saviour, and comforted by the Comforter of the The convent of Mar Saba has, in its day, felt the fury of the persecutor's rage. We were shown an affecting picture in the chapel, of the slaughter of the monks by the Persians, in the middle ages, whose butchered bodies had been rolled into the Kidron's rocky bed. The edifice is remarkable for its precipitous height. From the bottom of it to the top we actually climbed 250 steps. Without doubt, if I were to enter this monastery (of which there is little likelihood), I would stipulate that I should not be sent frequently on errands to the highest storey! I may observe once for all, that I have not been favourably impressed, either here or elsewhere, with convent life. The poetry of it all departs on a near approach. The monks whom we saw did not appear to be happy men. They did not seem to be able to say from experience, "In Thy name shall we rejoice all the day." Nor is their gloom to be wondered at. The system is unnatural. God never intended that men and women should lead the lives of eremites, withdrawn from the society of their fellow creatures. His desire concerning his people is, that they should mix with the world as relations. friends, and citizens, and that, by the purity of their lives, and the manifest happiness of their hearts, they should attract the millions of human-kind to the Cross, the great source and centre of joy.

On returning to our tents we found the chaos reduced to order, and had the pleasure, for the first time, of dining in a curtained pavilion. When we were in the midst of a very friendly post-

prandial theological discussion, our conversation was strangely and unexpectedly interrupted. A tall Arab appeared at the door of our tent, and entered into animated conversation, in Arabic, with our dragoman. He was a sheikh, or head of a Bedouin tribe, and had arrived earlier in the afternoon with the large party of travellers who had encamped in our immediate neighbourhood. It was his duty, in concert with about twenty soldiers, who were under his command, to see these travellers safely through the troubled regions of the Dead Sea route. I had seen him in the early evening seated in the court of the Greek convent, but I had now time to observe him narrowly. He wore the long white flowing dress which marks the leader of a tribe; a shining sash was gracefully wound round the middle of his body; and, by his head-dress, too, he was distinguished from the ordinary wanderers in the desert. Two formidable pistols peeped out from the folds of his belt, and a still more terrible sabre was suspended at his side. Notwithstanding his local rank, his inferiority to Europeans, in manners and dignity of character, was manifest at a glance. He stood before us a living fulfilment of the prophecy concerning Ishmael and his descendants—"He shall be a wild man." Our dragoman gave us to understand that, inasmuch as the Bedouins between Mar Saba and the Dead Sea were in an unsettled state, the sheikh wished us to put ourselves under his protection by adding to his larger band the few soldiers whom Mr. Finn, the consul at Jerusalem, had just sent down to be our escort, and be ready to march with the party below as early as six o'clock in the morn-We were somewhat astonished at the serious light in which he viewed the matter, since we had been given to understand, before leaving Jerusalem, that the way was clear. I may here mention that throughout the wilderness tracts of Judah the Bedouins of the present day rob and "levy black mail" on both residents and travellers, as Rob Roy and his followers were wont to do in the Highland passes of Scotland a hundred and fifty years ago. There is, consequently, no very good feeling between these freebooters and the Turkish soldiers; and the Government

have commanded travellers to put themselves under the protection of Bedouins, on whom they can depend, as being most likely to pacify their turbulent brethren. But shortly before our arrival, the passions of these wild men had been unusually excited. An attempt had been made by the Pasha of Jerusalem to reinforce his army from their mountain regions against their will, and at the same time, officials had been sent out to collect taxes which were in arrears. The result had been an encounter between the Bedouins and the Turkish soldiery, in which blood had been shed and lives lost; and six prisoners had been laid up in the prison of Jerusalem till the taxes would be paid. When the Prince of Wales had passed through, during the previous week, he had been attended by three hundred of the regular Turkish troops. A formidable array of Bedouins had stopped them on their march; but when they were told that the escort accompanied the young prince of England, they had allowed him to pass. And we were now told that we were the first to venture after him through these wild glens; but alas, we had no such army as he! The ladies, I must confess, grew a little pale as the sheikh gradually made these revelations. He had used the liberty of sitting down in our tent, and of lighting his cigarette at our candle, and his gesticulations became very animated as he urged the necessity of blending the two parties into one. We promised to be punctual, and he withdrew.

Next morning, we rose before the sun, and were ready for the journey when his dawning rays lighted up the adjacent valley of Engedi, through which, from this point, the Kidron flows in winter to the Dead Sea. When we were all mustered, we made a goodly company—about seventy in all, including travellers, muleteers, dragomans, with their servants, and upwards of twenty armed men. As we defiled along the narrow footpath, which overhung the deep channel of the brook, the appearance we presented was, to my own mind, novel and exciting. We were under the necessity of retracing our steps for about half a mile to a point at which our way turned off through a solitary valley, towards the northern

portion of the Dead Sea. While the excitement which prevailed among us, on account of the representations of danger which had been made was, to some extent, painful, it undoubtedly gave additional zest to the journey.

We had not advanced far along the rocky path, when the sharp report of a gun startled us all. Its echoes rebounded along the hollow ravine, and every one questioned his neighbour as to what might be the cause and meaning of the unexpected sound. turned out that it came from one of the advanced guard of our own party, who had either been clearing his rifle, or firing at some bird, perched on a giddy eminence. When we had left the precipitous bed of the Kidron, and had found a less uncertain footing in the path which defiled between the mountains, I had more time to study the strange soldiery, called Bashi Bazouks, who both led our van and brought up the rear. Some of them were on foot, and walked all the way, manifesting great endurance, beneath a burning The majority of them, however, were on horseback, and gracefully they did ride their beautiful Arab steeds. They presented a fine appearance when, having ridden to an overhanging eminence before us, to see if any show of armed opposition were visible, they caracoled on the mountain's edge, waving in the air their spears, twelve or fourteen feet long, and cheering and urging us on.

We rode till mid-day through a region solitary and sterile indeed, but for that very reason strange and romantic to those who had been accustomed to the populous lands of the West. Sometimes the rocky scenery would give place to the verdant and grassy, and the monotony of our ride would be relieved by a swift gallop over fields rarely pressed by the foot of man, or the hoof of beast. Some idea of the utter desolation of the land through which we passed may be gained from the fact that, throughout the course of our whole journey on Wednesday, from Jerusalem to Mar Saba, and on Thursday, from Mar Saba to Jericho, we did not meet a single human being. It was only on Friday, on the road between Jericho and Jerusalem, that we encountered the faces of fellowmen,

and these were Mahommedan pilgrims on their way to what they called "the tomb of Moses." You will thus observe that our course was unmolested by the restless Arabs. Indeed, we learned as our journey drew to a close, that the prisoners, whose arrest had infuriated them, had been released from prison on the very day before we traversed their barren land, so that, soothed and satisfied, they had retired, for a time, at least, to their rude, invisible homes.

As we rode along, the sheikh and his men relieved the tedium of our journey by displaying remarkable feats of equestrian agility. One would chase another across the undulating plain, and even down a steep, rocky descent—their fleet horses careering like the wind. The spectator would suppose a break-neck fall inevitable; but the sure-footed animals and their graceful riders unfalteringly held on their way. Then the pursuer closing upon the fugitive would make a thrust at him in mid passage with his enormous spear; but he, dexterously wheeling round, would evade the thrust, and return triumphantly towards us, leaving his mock antagonist far behind him, sent onwards by the impetus of his vehement exertion. At first we thought the Bedouins most disinterested in giving us exhibitions so very entertaining; but it began to be whispered about that they expected bakshish for their performances. And in one of these encounters, the sheikh having got, or pretended to get, his leg a good deal bruised, his lachrymose countenance helped not a little to elicit both the compassion and the coin of the travellers. On coming to a sudden bend of the road, during the forenoon, those of us who had fallen somewhat to the rear found the whole military escort drawn up in battle array before the Boston clergyman, in whose presence the sheikh was causing them to perform their principal military evolutions. The solitary spectator paid them handsomely for their pains.

About mid-day, on rounding the shoulder of a hill, the northern waters of the Dead Sea suddenly burst upon our view. This lake, which is said by Professor Robinson to be fifty miles long

and twelve broad, is not unpleasing in its outward aspect. In fact, except that its shores were surrounded, not by forests and pasture land, but by shelving rocks baked brown by the fervid sun, it looked lovely to the eye, as our own Loch Katrine or Loch Lomond. The blue and beautiful inland tide slumbered quiet and unrippled between the mountains of Moab and the hills of Judah.

Hitherto our course had lain along a wilderness of grass; but at this point a wilderness of sand met us, which stretched down towards the Dead Sea. I should perhaps say, sand and stone; for the rocky stratifications, which were sometimes left almost bare under our horses' feet, and reflected most intensely the heat of the sun's meridian rays, were revealed in all their depth by a ravine which opened up on our left. This ravine or hollow seemed to run down from the mountains of Judah, almost in a direct line with Jerusalem; for we had now described the full half of our circular course, and were well nigh due east from the city.

Here our prospect comprehended, besides the Dead Sea, the whole plain of the Jordan, far northward towards Tiberias. But of a truth its aspect was desolate and dreary, and much changed from the day when Lot "lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan that it was well-watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord, like the garden of Egypt." (Gen. xiii. 10.) thought that we were quite near the Dead Sea when we first beheld it; but a long and weary journey for another hour convinced us that the exceeding clearness of the atmosphere made objects in Palestine appear much nearer than they were in reality. Only one individual was in sight, and he far across the ravine just referred to. Indeed, we descried two individuals, if irrational as well as rational beings may be embraced under a common designation; for we saw a traveller making most vigorous exertions to overtake his horse, which had escaped from him. The animal would stand quietly till its perspiring pursuer was quite near at hand, and then it would most provokingly fly off to a great distance along the sandy region. This tantalising scene was acted over again and again. We could see the weary traveller wipe his burning brow, and look around him, as if wondering what could be done to end his perplexity. What became of him and his fugitive steed we never heard; for a distance of several miles lay between us; and at length we lost sight of him altogether.

On reaching the shore, several of the gentlemen of the party proceeded to bathe, notwithstanding the groundless apprehensions which some superstitious travellers have excited in the minds of their readers as to the hazard of this course. Undoubtedly the bituminous waters caused the skin to smart somewhat sharply, and, when tasted, became most disagreeably bitter in the mouth. But while this was the full extent of the discomfort, the counterbalancing comfort consisted in this, that they floated with comparative ease upon the surface of this oily lake, who had not learned that acquatic accomplishment. As far as my experience went, however, I am of opinion that travellers have somewhat exaggerated also the upholding power of the water; for I am certain that if I had not been able to swim a little I would have sunk to the bottom, although, perhaps, more slowly than in other lakes. Its peculiar qualities, I may add, cost me a comb, which snapped in twain as I was endeavouring to rid my hair of the greasy liquid that had clung to it. There was a small island opposite our bathing place, and about a quarter of a mile distant. Small as it is, I believe it to be the only island in the Dead Sea.

Besides these sensations in the lake itself, peculiar reflections were suggested to the minds of those who mused pensively upon its shores. Throughout almost the whole of Palestine we feel that the curse of God rests upon the land, inasmuch as places once populous are now desolate, and no more are to be heard on hillside and valley the lowing of cattle, the merry voices of children and maidens, the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride. But, on the shores of the Dead Sea, we remember that the Cities of the Plain lie buried beneath its sullen waters—that Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboim, are no more. Some, indeed, have fancied that they could descry remains of cities far down in the deep, (and no less eminent an explorer than the distinguished Frenchman, M. de Saulcy, is to be reckoned among the number,) so that the lines of Moore on Lough Neagh may be applied to this awful lake of asphalt—

"By this sea's dark shore as the wanderer strays,
When the soft, bright eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the wave beneath him shining."

I am inclined to favour the theory that the buried cities of the plain stood at the southern end of the lake, which a bold promontory shut out from our view. It is a remarkable fact that, for forty miles, the sea is thirteen hundred feet deep, having been hollowed out, it is supposed, by a volcanic eruption long before the creation of man; whereas, the ten miles at the southern end are only thirteen feet deep. Indeed, the water there is so shallow that the Arabs can sometimes ford it from shore to shore. Now. it is highly probable that the doomed cities stood on that latter level, and that when the earthquake took place, which, in all likelihood, accompanied the fiery shower from heaven, the deep waters of the great lake that had formerly ended at the plain of Sodom, would roll sullenly over the burning and subsided district. It has been maintained by some travellers, that the Dead Sea had no existence before the destruction of the cities of the plain, and that the Jordan, before that catastrophe took place, flowed through the gulf of Akaba to the Red Sea. This, however, is impossible, for the level of the Red Sea, like that of the Mediterranean, is now so much higher than that of the Dead Sea, even thirteen hundred feet, that it would have required such a convulsion of nature to make the change, as would have not only destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, but depopulated the entire continent. If ever the Jordan flowed to the Red Sea (a supposition which I deem not impossible), it must have done so during pre-Adamite

ages. Ever since man was created, there must have been a deep lake where the Dead Sea now stands; only it is highly probable that, when the wicked cities, at its southern end, were overthrown, its waters suddenly flowed over an additional, though shallower channel, ten miles in extent.

I gazed down the silent and sombre expanse as far as the eye could reach, in the direction of the solemn scene where that catastrophe took place. The words of the angel to Lot, from which I had often endeavoured, at home, to warn the impenitent and God-defying, seemed to be sounded in mine ear, as if by the spirits of the departed; and may all my readers give heed to them who tamper with the forbidden delights of the city of destruction, "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed." (Gen. xix. 17.)

Our uneasy guides did not allow us to linger long by the Dead Sea, being still apprehensive of a visit from the Bedouins; nor did they conduct us to the place where the Jordan flows into it. although that could not be more than a couple of miles distant. In fact we saw, at the distance of a couple of miles. and across an intervening ridge of sand, the part of the sea into which the Jordan must have been flowing. They hurried us forward to the point in the course of that sacred stream, from which we could conveniently reach Jericho on the same evening. After travelling for about an-hour-and-a-half, over a soft and vielding soil, which evidently partook of the bituminous properties of the region, we suddenly came upon it. Three things surprised me much: its colour, its size, and its speed. there had been no rain for many weeks, the hue of the waters was a deep brown, such as the Clyde assumes when the rain has fallen for days in the uplands of Lanarkshire. In size it is said to be from 80 to 130 feet broad. It seemed to me to be only a little larger than the Kelvin, or the Cart; but its swiftness was truly wonderful. It seemed to flow at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. Those of us who had bathed in the Dead Sea

determined to be true pilgrims, and wash off the acrid memorials of our plunge in the turbid waters of the Jordan, although, in truth, our success as self-cleansers was but partial. We wandered a long way up the bushy banks in quest of some angle at which the vehement stream might flow less rapidly, sinking literally up to the knees in tenacious mud: but the waters, at the spot we chose, could be called slow only when compared with the general current of the stream. Some young Cambridge men, belonging to the party we had joined, who had learned to swim at Eton, and who seemed to be at home in water of any kind, easily gained the other The swift-careering flood, however, carried them far down the bed of the river. They found it hard work to return; and one of them did so only on making a second attempt, in which he exhausted almost all his strength. For myself, I found that I could hardly stand in the river, at the distance of a yard from its banks. Overbalanced by one plunge, I regained my feet at some distance down the stream. Thus does Jordan remain worthy of his name: for the Hebrew word means "the descender," that is, the river that descends so rapidly from the roots of Lebanon to his resting place in the sea of Sodom. Comparatively small as are his dimensions, only they who have been in the country, who have felt the intense heat, and have seen how the sun of summer burns up the whole region, can understand how precious such a stream must have been to the ancient Israelites. No wonder that their poets celebrated it in their sacred songs, and that their prophets illustrated the blessings of salvation by the value of its grateful We found also that, after having seen it, we could form a more vivid idea of the stupendousness of the miracle which consisted in the sudden arrest of its arrowy flood by the finger of God, when his chosen people passed over its channel to the promised land; and when the mighty mantles of Elijah and Elisha clove its waters in twain; both of which events must have occurred near the place where we stood, if not at the very spot.

This bend of the river gains additional celebrity from the circumstance that there, according to tradition, Christ was baptized

by the hands of John. Crowds of pilgrims annually visit it for the sake of bathing at that particular point. The sight is described as being at once amusing, affecting, and melancholy. Madly do many of them rush into the river, to whose water their superstitious faith has attached miraculous properties. Eagerly do they drink of it, and plunge their children into the precious tide. Carefully do they preserve the articles of dress which they wear when themselves submerged; for they suppose that if these be wrapped around their dead bodies as a shroud, the inheritance of heaven will be made doubly sure. The Mahommedan guides and soldiers stand on the banks of the river, laughing at these ablutions of the enthusiastic and struggling Christians. It often happens that unfortunate individuals are drowned in the impetuous stream.

The thought of death was, in truth, suggested to my mind by the sight of the Jordan. I could have no sympathy with the foolish fancy just noticed; but how frequently, during the course of my ministry, had I likened death to the crossing of the Jordan; and there was the river itself before my eyes! The illustration is justified by the comparison so frequently drawn in the Word of God, between the heavenly and the earthly Canaan. On the banks of the sacred stream I was prepared to appreciate the well-known lines of the Christian poet:

- "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
- "But timorous mortals start and shrink, To cross this narrow sea, And linger shivering on the brink, And fear to launch away.
- "Could we but climb where Moses stood,
  And view the landscape o'er,
  Not Jordan's streams, nor Death's cold flood,
  Should fright us from the shore."

When our appointed time shall come may the Saviour himself be our Joshua; may the ark of his covenant precede us, as we advance to make the solemn passage; may "his rod and his staff comfort us;" may the chilling waters separate before the first pressure of our feet, "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;" and, on the other side, may it be ours to raise, in a celestial Gilgal, the memorial stones of our signal deliverance.

I was able also to notice, at this point of observation, the effect produced by "the swellings of Jordan." The whole valley is now lamentably sterile and unproductive; but, close to the river, the vegetation is rendered most luxuriant by the overflow which still takes place during the season of harvest, (Joshua iii. 15.) caused by the melting of the snow on Anti-Lebanon. overflow is by no means extensive, like that of the Nile, but seems to be confined, and indeed to have been always confined, to a level strip of land near the banks, beyond which the plain suddenly rises to a higher elevation. In corroboration of this remark it may be noticed that the word rendered "overfloweth all his banks," in the passage just quoted from the book of Joshua, means literally, "filleth all his banks." Although the river was filling, the season had not yet arrived for the overflow; but we could judge of the extent of the flood by the extent of the vegeta-Indeed, I realised the luxuriance of the latter in a way I did not like, and will never forget. When I had dressed, after performing my ablutions, I thought that I would rejoin our party more quickly by making a short cut through the brushwood. soon found that I was involved in an inextricable confusion, both of body and of mind. I had lost my reckoning, and could not tell whether I should go backward or forward-whether I should turn to the right hand or the left. I must confess that I conceived it possible, for a minute or two, that I might perish, if not amid "the swellings," yet in the scene of "the swellings of Jordan." At length, when I had completely exhausted myself in my attempts at self-deliverance, it struck me that I might hear some guiding sound if I would only sit down and quietly listen. Perfect stillness for a while prevailed; but ultimately my patience was rewarded by the loud neigh of one of our horses. Gladly profiting by the information so providentially given, I tore my way through the tangled mass of boughs and ferns which grew high above my head, and emerged from the wild labyrinth to the rear of our party, covered with perspiration and the stains of my struggle with the leaves of the forest.

After resting for an hour we mounted our horses again about four P.M. Our road from Jordan to Jericho lay through a pleasant valley, called the valley of Gilgal, at first wild and untilled, but, as we drew near our resting-place for the night, showing signs of cultivation and care. My sufferings from thirst, during this afternoon, were very great. I was under the necessity of riding up repeatedly to our Jewish dragoman to beg a draught of water from the leathern skins, full of the precious liquid, which were suspended round his horse's neck. Being a novice in the art of drinking from so capacious and flexible a vessel, I got more than I wanted. But, in truth, I did not object to my thorough ducking, for it was very refreshing, and the burning sun soon made my clothes and my body perfectly dry again.

We may, without exaggeration, say that nothing remains of ancient Jericho, that city of Judah which was, in its day, second only to Jerusalem. First, the traveller comes to a lofty ruin, apparently of Saracenic origin, to which has been given the name of the house of Zaccheus. It is surrounded by only a few wretched Bedouin huts, in which some scores of uncivilized beings live a gipsy life. To this wretched hamlet has been given the name of Riha; and it has generally been regarded as occupying the site of Jericho; but the intelligent traveller, Mr. James Silk Buckingham, has suggested that its situation corresponds better with that of the vanished Gilgal, after which the whole plain is named, and that the ruins of Jericho, which he was the first to identify, are two or three miles further on, and close to the base of the mountains of Judah. These rise up on the west of the Jordan as boldly and prominently as the mountains of Moab do

on the east. "The ruins of Jericho occupy a space of about a mile square. They consist of long and regular mounds, over-grown with grass, indicating the foundations of walls and other buildings. Broken shafts of columns lie scattered about. There is not a single dwelling or inhabitant on the spot." (Buckingham vol. ii. p. 61.)

We encamped for the night about half a mile to the east of these shapeless remains. We soon discovered that the city had been well situated. Not only is the bed of Jordan comparatively near at hand, but on the one side flows the brook Cherith, on the banks of which Elisha was fed by the ravens, now called the Kelt, and on the other Elisha's fountain sends forth a clear and copious supply of water, the murmur of which is the sweetest music the orient knows. This spring has been so named because it is believed to be that whose waters were miraculously sweetened by the prophet. (See 2 Kings ii. 19-22.) Our tents were pitched at its very side, and as we composed ourselves to slumber we heard the loud croaking of frogs in the grass, and, farther off, the cry of the jackall among the ruins of Jericho.

Next morning we were told by our guides that the mountain near whose base we had slept was called "The Mountain of Temptation;" because, according to tradition, it is the high hill from which the devil showed Christ "all the kingdoms of the world (literally, ' of the land') in a moment of time." While we could not receive the statement as an indisputable fact, nothing in the locality militates against the supposition. According to the sacred record, "Jesus was led into the wilderness, being forty days tempted of the devil." Now this hill of Quarantania is at the end of the wilderness, or waste land, which stretches from Jerusalem to Jericho, and is the highest eminence in the region. The view from it in all directions is commanding; and, without doubt, portions of all the tetrarchies, into which the Holy Land was divided in the days of Christ, were visible from its summit. As we gazed upon the site of Jericho at the foot of this "exceeding high mountain" our thoughts went back to far distant days. We saw

n inagination a valled soit mirrhol circ. dendered dy confident note. The fact that summing runners, before these should fuch the nightly walls fell down for more the cruma. Then we ser a more modern city, the home of thousands of priests and Lexicon, who were us to derrotten performent to name in "the order of their course." Then "Jesus of Name with passed by." We saw the killed men whom he had besied - inflaming in the way." med finise Zanchers coming down from the tree, and rejoicing that " miretive had come to his house." But now, what a change! Its very rules can hardly be seen. Of a truck the decrementation of God's assist prophets against the land of Jules for its sins. in which were threatened both the sterlist of the soil and the depopulation of its cities, have been as strikingly faltified as those interest against Egypt, Babylon, or Nineveh in the days of their pride. Once kent millions of inhabitants peopled the little country: tuow it is questionable if four hundred thousand inhabitants are to he bound in Palestine proper, that is in the country allotted to the twelve tribes. Once its entire surface was dotted over with cities, towns, and villages: now the quietness of desolation everywhere reigns, and the majority of its most populous centres have been completely blotted out of existence. Does not the curse of Jehovah hang over it more manifestly than over any other land in the world? And do we not find in God's vengeance for the treatment given by its people to his only-begotten Son, an adequate wilntion of the almost unexampled phenomenon? The prophecies to which I refer as having been strikingly fulfilled in the desolation of Palestine, are such as the following: "I will break the pride of your power; and I will make your heaven as iron, and your earth as brass. And I will bring the land into desolation, and your enemies who dwell therein shall be astonished at it." (Lev. xxvi. 19, 32.) "Even all nations shall say, Wherefore hath the Lord done thus unto this land? What meaneth the heat of this great anger?" (Deut. xxix. 24.) "The land shall be utterly emptied, and utterly spoiled; for the Lord hath spoken this word." (Is. xxiv. 8.) "I will make your cities waste, and bring your

sanctuaries into desolation." (Is. xxvi. 31.) "Then said I, Lord, how long? And he answered, Until the cities be wasted without inhabitant and the houses without man, and the land be utterly desolate." (Is. vi. 11.) "I will make the cities of Judah desolate without inhabitant." (Jer. ix. 11.) These predictions could have received only a very partial fulfilment during the seventy years' Babylonish captivity. The permanency of its present calamities better corresponds with the gravity of the evil foretold by the sacred writers.

One other fact concerning Jericho deserves to be specially noticed. Although called of old "The City of Palm Trees," not one graceful palm lifts its tall stem now in all its neighbourhood. Not only Jericho, indeed, but all Judea was at one time distinguished by the luxuriant growth of this tree; for the medal which Titus struck after the overthrow of Jerusalem, represented "Judea capta" as a woman weeping under a palm tree. Now the almost total disappearance of this tree from the land, argues such a change of the climate and its productions, as the result of the devastations of war, and the inaction of its inhabitants for centuries, (the moisture having left the soil, which used to be preserved in it by the shadow of the well-tended trees,) that we need not wonder at its present barrenness, as contrasted with what were literally its palmy days.

The journey from Jericho to Jerusalem is very uninteresting and difficult. The distance is only about sixteen miles; but six hours are occupied by travellers on horseback in traversing it. Shortly after leaving our resting-place we crossed the Kelt, or Cherith, a clear and abundant stream. Our road, for a mile or two, lay along the wady or ravine through which it runs. We thought of the weary Elijah who had been fed by the ravens on its banks, and were encouraged to trust more implicitly than ever in the wise and merciful providence of God. But we thought of a greater than Elijah as we gazed across the deep valley into the sterile and sunburnt desert which stretches between the hill Quarantania and the City of David; for we mused upon the fact that the second Adam was probably tested and tried within these arid

confines, and, unlike the first, fell not, but triumphed in the struggle. Three times he was attacked, and three times he remained unshaken, like some strong fortress which proudly resists the assaults of desperate foes, straining their strength to the utmost. May we ever draw upon him in our hour of need, and the enemy will find nothing in us as he found nothing in him!

We were struck with the propriety of the description in the Bible—"a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves;" not only because thieves abound now as they did then, but because the descent is so rapid and constant, as we proved to our discomfort by making the difficult ascent from Jericho to Jerusalem. Our road, for the most part, lay over white, chalky cliffs, so that, with difficulty we kept our horses from stumbling. We seemed to be riding all day across immense unexcavated quarries. About half way we passed the ruins of an ancient khan or caravansary. Concerning it, tradition says that it is the very inn to which the good Samaritan took the wounded man in the parable, or, rather, in the narrative, as some suppose the story to have been. The ruins indicate that the house was built by the Saracens: but Josephus mentions a similar place of entertainment as existing in his day.

This day also we felt the heat to be overpowering, and ardently did we long for some cooling spring. We did not reach a halting place till two P.M., when we gladly turned aside to another khan, built near the fountain of 'Ainel-Haud, supposed to be the Enshemesh referred to in Joshua, xv. 7. We expected here to enjoy the luxury of lemons squeezed in water; but our wish could not be gratified as a great company of Mahommedans from Jerusalem on their way to the tomb of Moses, was about to pass by, and the lemons, we were told, must be reserved for the Moslem grandees, who were at the head of the procession. It may seem strange to my readers that the followers of the Prophet should talk so coolly about visiting the tomb of Moses, while the Bible declares his place of sepulture to be unknown; but it would appear that the spot has been fixed by the Koran, or the traditions of its readers,

in the plains of Jericho, and an annual pilgrimage appointed to Our dragoman, in the spirit of exaggeration so common in the country, led us to expect a magnificent procession of thousands; but the thousands turned out to be only hundreds, and these hundreds presented a beggarly appearance. The khan in which we sat waiting till they would pass, was situated at the foot of a very steep descent, about a mile on the Jericho side of Bethany. We heard the sound of their rude instruments of music, and at length saw the banners waving on the brow of the hill. gentry on horseback led the way; but the throng of men, women, and children that followed, seemed wretched and woe-begone in the extreme. Perhaps they did not suffer so much from the heat as we did: but we certainly felt thankful that it was not our lot. as it was their's, on that sultry afternoon, to perform a pilgrimage on foot, to the tomb of Moses. Our real grave, we fear, would have been dug beside the imaginary one of the seer of Sinai.

After climbing over the height just referred to, Bethany soon came in sight. As we approached it, we remembered that we pursued the very path which had been trodden by Jesus when he advanced from the other side of Jordan to comfort the despairing mourners. The half-upbraiding Martha seemed to wait for the calm and compassionate Redeemer, and the air appeared still to be burdened with the words, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died!" We re-entered Jerusalem on Friday after noon, and enjoyed much, for the second time, the splendid view of that city at sunset, from the Mount of Olives.

After spending Palm-Sunday in the city, as already described, we left on the forenoon of Monday, April 14, to make our second great excursion, namely, that to Hebron by way of Bethlehem. Bethlehem lies four or five miles to the south of Jerusalem, and Hebron about twenty miles in the same direction. As we left the Jaffa or Bethlehem gate, we felt Bishop Heber's beautiful lines to be appropriate to the first stage of our most interesting journey:

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid, Star of the east, the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid."

Having crossed the valley of Gihon, our road lay, first of all, across an extensive plain, called the Plain of Rephaim, in which David discomfited the Philistines. (2 Sam. v. 18.) In about an hour we passed the Greek convent of Mar Elias, near the summit of a hill which had stood conspicuous before us since our departure from Jerusalem. This is the place where, according to the monks, Elijah lay under the shade of an olive, when he fled from Jezebel; and they even pretend to show to the wondering pilgrims the mark left by the body of the prophet on the ground! The story is a most manifest forgery; for, according to the Word of God, Elijah rested under a juniper-tree, and in the wilderness south of Beer-sheba.

Whenever we had surmounted this eminence the town of Bethlehem came in sight, beautifully situated across an intervening valley, and on the slope of a second rocky elevation. The sight of it affected us almost as strangely and powerfully as the sight of Jerusalem itself. The cities of earth which have given birth to great poets, painters, statesmen, reformers, and warriors are proud of the honour, and even contend earnestly for it with rival claimants; but did not that little town before us easily eclipse them all, in as much as it had been the birth-place of "Emmanuel, God with us"? We felt disposed to address it in the words of the prophet, changing his future into a past: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou wast little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee did He come forth that has become ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been of old, from everlasting." (Micah v. 2.)

In about half-an-hour we passed Rachel's tomb. It is a small white square building, surmounted by a dome, and, unquestionably, marks the birth-place of the wife of the patriarch. It stands solitary by the wayside, an affecting memorial of one who is beloved by Jews and Gentiles unto this day. We were reminded by the monument of the simple but touching story of her death in the sacred volume. After the account of the unexpected birth of her son, as Jacob and she journeyed southward from Bethel, we read-"And it came to pass, as her soul was in departing (for she died), that she called his name Benoni [that is, 'the son of my sorrow']; but his father called him Benjamin [that is 'son of my right hand']. And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." (Gen. xxxv. 16-20.) It is worthy of being particularly noticed that the birth-place of Benjamin, the beloved son of the patriarch, is thus within view of Bethlehem, the birth-place of Jesus, who, although a son of sorrow, and "acquainted with grief," was also the Son of his Father's right hand, whom he had made strong to stand before him as the Advocate and Saviour of the world.

As we drew nearer to Bethlehem we could distinguish the Church of the Nativity standing boldly out on the eastern side, the chief architectural attraction of the place, as, undoubtedly, the event which it is intended to commemorate, is the centre around which religious interest clings. Entering by the western end, we observed, as we rode along the principal street, that we were regarded with no small interest by the inhabitants, who were standing, in great numbers, on the flat roofs of their houses. The population numbers about 3000, and it is interesting to know that here, as at Nazareth, the majority are professedly Christian.

On reaching the eastern end of the town, the splendid church of the Nativity appeared before us, at the further end of a spacious court. Entering by a low door in the stone wall, the traveller finds himself in a long and narrow church, which reminded me much of the Mosque of Aksa at Jerusalem. This similarity is not to be wondered at, since both were built by imperial piety, and both during the earlier centuries of the Christian era—that, as already noticed, by Justinian in honour of the Virgin, and this

by Helena in honour of the birth of Christ. Two long rows of Corinthian pillars supported the pile, and the faded mosaic on the roof attested its original splendour. Beyond this edifice are the chapels of the Greek and Armenian churches; and, separated from them by a considerable distance, that of the Latin church. The chief attraction of the whole place, however, is the cave, hewn out of the rock, to which visitors descend by a flight of stairs, and find these words written on a marble slab fixed in the pavement. with a silver star in the centre: Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est-"Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Lamps are kept burning in it by night and day, and its other decorations are gorgeous—a remarkable contrast, in truth, to that plainness and poverty in which it pleased the Son of God to enter Hard by this chamber is another in which Joseph is said to have meditated apart; and we were shown, besides, the altar of the Shepherds, the altar of the Wise Men from the East, and the altar of the Innocents, beneath which, it was said, the bodies of twenty thousand children were laid whom Herod slew -although our reverend guides said nothing about the unlikelihood that so many stirring scenes should have been enacted within so narrow a compass, besides the utter impossibility of burying so many infants in so small a cave. The fact is, that my spirit was hurt rather than blessed by visiting these bedecked and stifling grottos, because I was perfectly certain that the localities had been fixed, not by fact, but by the cupidity and superstition of a degenerate church. The Saviour was born, not in a cave, but in a stable, and that not because there was no room in the village, as tradition says, but because "there was no room in the inn."

The only apartment in that lamp-lit, subterranean "holy place" which I could regard as genuine, was the vault in which the distinguished Jerome, in the early part of the fifth century, without doubt, had lived and studied. "Here it was," says Geramb, "that the illustrious recluse passed a great portion of his life; here it was that he fancied he heard inces-

santly ringing in his ears the peals of that awful trump which shall one day summon all mankind to judgment; here it was that, with a stone, he struck his body, bowed with the weight of years and austerities, and, with loud cries, besought mercy of the Lord; and here, too, it was that he produced those laborious works which have justly earned him the title of the Father of the Church."

I breathed more freely, spiritually as well as physically, on reaching the summit of the Greek convent which adjoins the church, and from which a commanding view may be had of the whole surrounding region. Somewhere, without doubt, in the immediate neighbourhood of the spot on which I stood, the Ancient of Days (unfathomable wonder!) appeared as an infant of days; and His cries of helplessness were heard, by whose cry of power the worlds were made. On these mountains to the east, the shepherds were feeding their flocks when the light of the glory of the Lord shone around them, and when heavenly music celebrated the natal day of one whom earth regarded not. Imagination pictured the weary magi climbing up the slope of Bethlehem, who had been attracted from their distant Persian homes by the marvellous star of the nativity. Other events, though less momentous, were suggested by the remarkable scene. In yonder fields Ruth, the Moabitess, gleaned barley as she followed in the footsteps of Boaz, her kinsman. In that Adullam, David, her great-grandson, hid from the infatuated Saul, and longed for the well at Bethlehem, whose water, when obtained, he would not drink, because his selfishness had hazarded the lives of three of his valiant men. But, undoubtedly, the chief thought which pressed the musing mind was, that the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem was the turning point of the history of the world—that not only did the chronology of Christendom date from his natal hour, but the national and individual destinies of human-kind were linked to the august event, and that already, from that village of Judah, an influence had gone forth the most beneficent and elevating which the world had ever known.

The view from the convent tower into the wilderness of Judah was dreary and desolate, apart from these thrilling associations; yet probably the scene was little changed since the days when Ruth, David, and David's Lord looked out upon the grassy expanse. The word Bethlehem means, in the Hebrew language, the house of bread, a name given to the town on account of the fertility of its immediate neighbourhood—a characteristic also implied in Ephrath, the original designation, which means fruitful. (Gen. xlviii. 7.) Although these designations are by no means so appropriate now in that respect, since but little corn is grown in the region, how admirably do they suit the birth-place of Him who said, in the lofty consciousness of his saving power, "I am the bread of life!"

As we were mounting our horses about mid-day to depart, we were surrounded by the natives of the place, who eagerly besought us to purchase beads, crosses, and oval representations of the Virgin and Child, made of mother-of-pearl. The inhabitants, to no small extent, live by the manufacture and sale of these trinkets. We purchased a few memorials of the sacred scene of our Saviour's nativity; but the chief advantage of our visit lay in the indelible impression which the place and its vicinity had made upon our minds.

Our road still lay due south; and a difficult road it proved. I have already observed that Bethlehem is built on the summit and slope of a rocky eminence. Immediately after emerging from the streets of the town, our guides led us down the southern side of the hill; and so destitute of spirit are the inhabitants of the place, and, I may add, the government of the land, that, although we were on the highway, there was in reality no road at all. Nothing remained for us but to let our horses pick their way as best they might. The horse on which one of our young ladies rode, stumbled, and its rider was thrown to the ground with some violence; but fortunately she was more frightened than hurt.

The decay and desolation of the country appear from the present state of the roads as much as from the lack of cultivation and the overthrow of cities. Of old, a great highway passed near, if not through Bethlehem, from Jerusalem, which communicated with the cities of Judah, and, reaching to Gaza, was finally extended into Egypt. Now, what a change! In this circumstance, also, let my reader note the fulfilment of ancient prophecy; for by the lips of Moses God had uttered the threatening long ago, in the event of national sin: "Your highways shall be desolate." (Lev. xxvi. 22.)

We now found that our path, such as it was, led us along the side of an aqueduct. It was refreshing to see the sparkle of the precious water, and to hear it gurgle as it flowed from the pools of Solomon, which we were now approaching, to sacred Jerusalem, where, of old, it was wont to supply both the temple and the city itself. The stream, indeed, can still be traced to the Haram inclosure on Moriah. We now observed in a deep valley the house of Mr. Meshullam, a worthy descendant of Abraham. surrounded with gardens and orchards, which form the only exception to the universal sterility around Jerusalem, and show what might be done by the energy and enterprise of man.\* These gardens are all the more worthy of notice, that they are supposed to occupy the site of the celebrated gardens of Solomon. referred to in the book of Ecclesiastes: "I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards; and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits; I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." (ii. 4, 5.) This is the spot referred to by Josephus in the eighth book of his Antiquities of the Jews: "There was a certain place, about fifty furlongs distant from

\* The son of this proprietor was chief clerk, or secretary to Mr. Finn, the Consul at Jerusalem, and, as such, showed us no small attention. He was by profession a Christian. It has grieved me much to learn that, since the period of our visit, this young gentleman was murdered in a village to which he had been sent, in his official capacity, to demand reparation for a deed of violence perpetrated there on a British subject. This circumstance will give my readers some idea of the turbulence and anarchy which prevail in this truly miserable land.

Jerusalem, which is called Etham; very pleasant is it in fine gardens, and abounding in rivulets of water; thither did Solomon use to go out in the morning, sitting on high in his chariot." How very vivid the picture! Our imaginations travel back two thousand five hundred years, and behold the sovereign charioted in his splendour to Etham's gardens before the sun had risen high in the heavens. Perhaps the Queen of Sheba sat beside him, and heard him, with delight, "speak of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall;" or, in higher strains, utter his heavenly wisdom: for "he spake three thousand proverbs, and his songs were a thousand and five." (1 Kings iv. 32, 33.) Two plain and practical inferences suggest themselves, however, in addition to the sublime and solemn thoughts which the scene calls forth: first, that Solomon showed himself to be a very sensible man by rising early and taking his morning drive—a manifestation of his wisdom which we would all do well to imitate; and, secondly, that Solomon must have had a road to ride on unspeakably superior to that by which we travelled, or his very first drive to Etham would have cost him his life! The old word seems still to linger in the name of the modern Urtas, built near Mr. Meshullam's property. Etham was built, or fortified by Rehoboam along with Bethlehem and Tekoa. (2 Chron. xi. 6.)

We now approached Solomon's pools, still called the Pools of Etham, and which were intended, as we have seen, by the royal excavator, to water the gardens in their immediate neighbourhood, as well as to supply the more distant city.

These three great tanks are built partly out of the natural rock, and partly of substantial masonry, which remains even until this day. The greatest is nearly 600 feet long, 200 feet broad, and 50 feet deep. The dimensions of the other two are nearly as great. They stand on a gentle slope, and in a line with one another, the upper end of the second being lower than the lower end of the first, so that there was an easy fall of water from the first to the second, and from the second to the third. Only the two upper

are now filled with water. They are supplied from a spring in the hill-side, which pours some of its stream into the tanks, and the rest into the aqueduct already mentioned. The plan of the sagacious monarch was to keep these great sheets of water in reserve, so that if the aqueduct itself should fail, the reservoirs might supply to the metropolis the precious beverage. This is the very idea which has of late been carried into effect for the benefit of the city of Glasgow, at the great reservoir in its neighbourhood. As the day was very hot, and the cool water very tempting. I plunged into the second pool more readily, I must confess. than I had done into the Dead Sea or the Jordan. that I was indebted to Solomon for his refreshing pools as well as for his refreshing songs. The former have been hollowed enduringly out of the rock; but the latter, in as much as they have been incorporated with the canon of the Sacred Scriptures, have been yet more enduringly "graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever." (Job xix. 24.) As I gazed upon these capacious pools, round which perfect stillness reigned. I was reminded that the ancients have anticipated us in not a few of those discoveries of which we boast, and was led to wonder it ever the day would come when a stranger would visit the city of my habitation, and the reservoirs in its neighbourhood, when both would be comparatively ruinous, and sadly muse upon the glory of Glasgow, all faded away, like that of humbled Jerusalem. My only hope for the former lay in this, that she would "flourish by the preaching of the word." The contrast was manifest between the wells of salvation filled by Christ, and the fountains of Etham built by Solomon. The former were for all mankind, the latter only for one small district of the world. The former are in better working order, and this day supply more countries. cities, and souls of men than ever; while the latter have fallen into decay, and, like the land in which they lie, bear the melancholy inscription, "Ichabod, -the glory is departed." Of a truth we may say concerning the well of living water to be found in gospel truth and gospel ordinances, "A greater than Solomon is here."

Near the pools is a large rectangular building—half castle, half khan, apparently of Saracenic origin, and now occupied solely by the keeper of the waters. While we were sitting close to its wall, partaking of our noon-tide repast, some of our company entered into conversation with the members of another party who were proceeding northward to Jerusalem, having just travelled through the great desert by Petra. They had a rather alarming account to give of their experience by the way. Two tribes of Arabs, one of the migratory Bedouin, and the other of the more settled Fellahin, had quarrelled about the proportions of payment which they should respectively receive for showing to the party the wonders of the ancient capital of Edom. One of the wild Bedouins had actually pointed his loaded gun at their dragoman's back, when it was fortunately struck out of his hand by one of the gentlemen. Mr. Buckle to whom I have already referred, had been their fellowtraveller, but had hasted forward to Jerusalem on the previous day.

It was now about 2 P.M., and Hebron which was to be our resting place for the night, yet lay eleven or twelve miles to the south. No time was to be lost, and making our way as quickly as possible over a rather steep hill in front of us, we commenced our afternoon journey. We traversed, for hours, a great wilderness of grass, relieved here and there by rocky eminences, clumps of trees, and one or two fountains. A few villages at great intervals, and once a Mahommedan mosque, appeared in the distance. We had no idea of the extent of the journey which lay before us when we set out, and consequently were not a little fatigued before reaching the venerable city where Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob had lived and had been buried. Beyond every fresh eminence which was gained, we thought that the object of our desire would appear; but "hope" and Hebron deferred "made the heart sick." It somewhat unfortunately happened that our guide and a portion of the party fell behind the majority of us, so that, at a certain place where two roads met, we were at a loss whether we should mount the hill to a village on our left hand, or go forward along the

broader way. While we were deliberating as to our course—the sun meanwhile rapidly declining—some of our number saw living creatures in the distance before us. This sight somewhat relieved , our minds; for in truth we had met no fellow-creature of any species since leaving the Pools of Solomon. We were uncertain whether the animals before us were rational or irrational, and for some minutes our opinions were nearly equally divided on that important point. On approaching, however, the objects in dispute, we found that each party had an element of truth on its side (a fact which has been found to hold good in many graver controversies that have cost the world and the church much suffering and much temper); for our attention had been arrested by some of the sons of Hebron, who were driving their cattle along the highway. On uttering the word "Hebron" in a tone of interrogation, there was but a faint and indistinct response, as if they did not comprehend it; but whenever we said, "Neby-Ibrahim" (the prophet Abraham), a light broke upon the countenances of the questioned company, and they assured us, by the emphatic indication of the finger, and the loud utterance of the word, that the renowned city in which the patriarchs of Israel were buried, lay right ahead. The shades of evening were falling around us, as we slowly paced its stony streets; and we were almost saddened to hear the evening call to prayer from the summit of a Mahommedan mosque, close beside the spot on which our faithful attendants had already pitched our tents, and in the place which had been made sacred by the life and death of "the Friend of God."

Hebron is the rival of Damascus in point of antiquity, having, like it, existed from time immemorial. (See Gen. xiii. 18, xiv. 18.) It was originally called Kirjath-Arba, the city of Arba, who was the father of the Anakim. For some time, also, it bore the name of Mamre, in honour of Abraham's friend, Mamre, the Amorite, who, in the patriarch's day, possessed it. Its first and chief distinction was, that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob made it their camping ground, when as yet they had no inheritance in the land, and that there also, as already noticed, they were buried.

It was the abode of Abraham when he heard that his nephew. Lot, had been carried captive by the confederate kings; and from Hebron he set out in pursuit, with his three hundred and eighteen servants, and his allies, the Amorites. "Here, too, a few years afterwards, as he sat in his tent door in the heat of the day, he received a visit from the angel of the Lord, who, after promising him a son, informed him of the approaching destruction of the cities of the And here Sarah died; and Abraham bought from Ephron, the Hittite, the only portion of the land of promise he could ever call his own-the cave and field of Machpelah-to serve as a family tomb. Sarah was first laid in it; then Abraham himself; then Isaac, and his wife Rebekah; then Leah; and, after an interval, the embalmed body of Jacob, the last of the noble three, was brought up out of Egypt and laid beside his fathers." When the posterity of the patriarchs acquired the promised land. Hebron was assigned to the Levites, as one of the six cities of refuge. Here, too, David, after the death of Saul, established the seat of his government, and continued to reign in it for seven years and a half, that is, till Jerusalem became his metropolis. doubtedly, the antiquity and associations of the place were most impressive. The shadows of the great departed seemed to hover over it by night; and by day, fancy rendered visible again the venerable form of the "Father of the Faithful" beneath the widespreading oak, or made audible once more the clangor of the trumpets of David's men of war.

Hebron is picturesquely situated in the valley of Eshcol, the sides of which are still covered with vine trees, although it yields far fewer grapes than it was wont to do in ancient days. The population of the modern town is estimated at 10,000. The principal part of it lies on the eastern slope of the valley; but it is divided into five or six successive districts or villages. As might be expected, its chief attraction is the venerable haram, or sacred edifice, built over the cave of Machpelah, in which the patriarchs were buried. This is now in the hands of the Mahommedans; and as they profess to regard it as one of their own

sacred places, owing to their veneration for Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, according to the exclusive rules of their faith, none but Moslems may enter it, and thus both Jews and Christians are deprived of the privilege. The evening of our stay in Hebron, we were told, was one of great importance to the Jews of the city, who are tolerably numerous. They were killing their paschal lamb, indifferent to the Lamb of God, who had "put away sin by the sacrifice of himself," and whose day, seen afar off, had gladdened the heart of their father, Abraham. We were somewhat saddened when informed of this fact; for we remembered the Mahommedan cry with which we had been greeted on our arrival, and could not but conclude that unbelief prevailed in the city of him whose faith had been so great. "Nevertheless, when it shall turn to the Lord, the vail shall be taken away."

Mr. Haskel and myself, being both total abstainers, were anxious to test the strength of the wines of Hebron. There may seem, in this statement, to be a striking contradiction between our profession and our practice; but there has been so violent a controversy all along, even among Temperance men, on the wines of Scripture, that we deemed it proper, when in the very valley which had been celebrated for their manufacture in ancient times, and which enjoys some of that celebrity still, to attempt a solution of the difficulty for ourselves. Without asking any questions then, we sent for a bottle of "Hebron wine," and found it to be so strong that we soon were under the necessity of desisting from its use. I make no comments, but simply record the fact. It is possible that the inhabitants may manufacture wines of special strength for travellers; but undoubtedly the beverage which was sold to us as "Hebron wine" had a considerable proportion of the intoxicating element in it. I may also remark that, on the table of our hotel at Jerusalem, there were regularly placed "Jerusalem wine," "Bethlehem wine," &c. I did no more than sip these drinks for the sake of finding out their quality. I discovered them all to be, with some slight shades of difference, of much the same strength as the vin ordinaire of France. I confess, however, that a traveller who forms his judgment only at the tables of hotels, who cannot converse with the natives, being unacquainted with their language, and whose stay is necessarily short in each place, on account of the expensiveness of the journey, is not able to give an authoritative opinion on the vexed question which I have mooted.

We rose very early next morning for the purpose of walking through Hebron and of visiting the Haram of Machpelah, in the cool of the dawn of day. Our tents had been agreeably pitched beneath some leafy trees in the outskirts of the city. Going from quarter to quarter we passed a youthful company who were mourning round a grave. It seems to be customary for the relatives of the departed in Palestine as well as in Egypt to visit the places of their sepulture early in the morning, for some weeks after their death, to bewail their loss. On making inquiry, we found that this was the grave of a stranger, who had died in Hebron, far from her friends. But a band of young women, of her own age, with beautiful propriety, had volunteered to perform the customary rites, and were awaking the echoes of early morning with the sounds of woe. The cadence of their lamentation struck me as being very peculiar; but before my tour was concluded my ear had grown familiar with the sound. Children conning their tasks at school or singing at play, mourners in cemeteries, and boatmen at the oar, all employ the same monotonous They will utter twelve syllables or so in unison, as musicians say, and then, abruptly dropping the voice, sound one syllable on a key two or three notes lower. A listener can tell whether they are sorrowing or rejoicing only by their looks and the tone in which the chant is pronounced. On this occasion the lamentations of these young women suited the sadness of our Standing on the very spot where the patriarchs had lived three thousand years before, we felt somewhat sad at the thought of the brevity of human existence in this world; and we were also disposed to mourn because, in a place which had witnessed faith and obedience so very signal, the prophet's complaint was

appropriate, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

We found the size of Hebron to be considerable. The houses are of stone, and its main streets, opening on the principal roads, have gates. As we walked through the district situated in the valley we passed a great pool, 180 feet square and about 50 feet deep. Another pool, somewhat smaller, lies at the other end of the city; and the two furnish the chief supply of water to the inhabitants. They are evidently of great antiquity, and the one which we saw is supposed to be that over which David hanged the murderers of his rival, Ish-bosheth. (2 Sam. iv.)

Having arrived at the time-honoured tomb of Machpelah we did indeed feel sorry that we could not gain admission. The Prince of Wales and his party, armed with a firman from the Sultan, as was reported, had visited the interior a few days before our visit; but they were believed to be the first "infidels" who had ever looked upon or trod the sacred precincts, with the permission of the Mahommedan authorities; and the eyes of the Moslems who showed us the exterior of the building, flashed the fire of indignation when we referred to the remarkable exception which had just been made. It is certainly rather hard that the followers of the false prophet should keep to themselves those sacred spots which Christians could visit with so much pleasure and profit. But they have the power to do so at present; and it is perhaps wise and politic to respect their religious prejudices, however superstitious and oppressive these may be.

We were not a little interested in looking upon the outside, and gazing from a commanding eminence upon the roof of the venerable structure, within, or rather beneath which the patriarchs and their wives lie buried. It measures about 200 feet long, 115 feet broad, and from 50 to 60 feet high. The walls are constructed of very large stones, bevelled and hewn smooth like those in the substructure of the temple at Jerusalem. In the court is a mosque, once a Christian church, in which are tombs of a comparatively modern date, raised in honour of the patriarchs and

The sepulchres are covered with palls of green silk. those of the wives with red, embroidered with gold. The real tombs, however, are universally admitted to be in a cave below the building. So says the Jew, Benjamin of Tudela, who visited the place in 1163, while it was in the hands of the Franks. "The Gentiles have erected six sepulchres in this place, which they pretend to be those of Abraham and Sarah, of Isaac and Rebekah, and of Jacob and Leah: the pilgrims are told that they are in the sepulchres of their fathers, and money is extorted from them. But if any Jew comes, who gives an additional fee to the keeper of the cave, an iron door is opened (which dates from the times of our forefathers, who rest in peace), and, with a burning candle in his hands, the visitor descends into a first cave, which is empty, traverses a second in the same state, and at last reaches a third which contains six sepulchres, those of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and of Sarah, Rebekah, and Leah, one opposite the All these sepulchres bear inscriptions, the letters being engraved; thus, upon that of Abraham we read-' This is the sepulchre of our father Abraham, upon whom be peace!' and so upon that of Isaac, and upon all the others. You then see tubs filled with the bones of Israelites, for unto this day it is a custom of the house of Israel to bring hither the bones of their relicts and of their forefathers, and to leave them there."

The Jews cling around this sacred building as they do around the temple at Jerusalem. Near the principal entrance, there is a hole in the wall, through which a view may be had of the interior. Here the sorrowful sons of Israel are allowed, from time to time, to weep, and chant, and pray, and kiss the stones.

When we returned to our tents we were beset by the eager salesmen of glass rings, for the manufacture of which Hebron is somewhat celebrated. We laid in a supply of several dozens of the brittle jewellery, as they were amazingly cheap. On our return home we found that the few survivors which had escaped the tear and wear of travel, were eagerly prized by our friends, as memorials of the home of the patriarchs.

We set out for Jerusalem again, at eleven A.M. At the distance of about one mile from Hebron, we were shown a magnificent oak tree—according to some, the very tree under which Abraham pitched his tent. It bears no marks of such venerable antiquity, but is most interesting as the last representative of the oaks of Mamre, beneath whose shade God, in very truth, did commune with man. It is more probable that Abraham's oak stood at a place now called Ramet-el-Khulil, about two miles from Hebron, where the remains are to be found of the basilica, or sacred edifice, which Constantine built around the identical tree (still standing in his day), to prevent its becoming an object of idolatrous worship both to Christians and heathens.

Close to this oak of Mamre we saw the vines of Eshcol in considerable abundance. There was this peculiarity about them, that they did not stand upright, but seemed to have been trained to grow along the ground.

After another weary ride we reached Jerusalem at nightfall. We did not return by Bethlehem, but took a short cut across the hill from the Pools of Etham. On approaching the city I allowed the rest of the party to go before me, and ascended "the hill of Evil Counsel" for the purpose of visiting the place where, according to tradition, Judas hanged himself, when stung with remorse for the betraval of his Lord. Near the ruins of a comparatively modern village stands a solitary, blasted tree, on which, the monks say, Judas took away his own life. That the tree is genuine, I cannot believe; but that the remorseful traitor did commit suicide here is rendered somewhat probable by the fact that a considerable space in the side of the hill, right opposite the Pool of Siloam, is identified as Aceldama, the field of blood. The tradition to that effect is as old as the days of Jerome. sombre scene seemed to say, "Mortify covetousness, which is idolatry," and "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

We had intended to sleep that night in Jerusalem for the last

time, since our arrangements were complete for proceeding northwards, through Samaria, the next day. Our dragoman, however, found that it would be cheaper and more convenient for him to pitch our tents for the night outside the city walls. For my own part I did not dislike the arrangement. I rather enjoyed the idea of sleeping in the valley of Gihon, where Sennacherib's boastful plenipotentiary had stood, and where Isaiah had encouraged Ahaz so long ago. I walked out before retiring to rest, and gazed thoughtfully upon the dim outline of the ancient city, upon which the very stars were looking down which had shone upon the Redeemer in Gethsemane, and upon his grave in the garden of the Arimathean, while his body yet lay there, detained as a hostage and a ransom for the sins of the world.

## CHAPTER IX.

## Jerusalem to Nablous.

Our party for the northern tour consisted of Mr. and Miss G.—, from New Orleans, already mentioned; the Rev. Mr. Haskel, of Boston, U. S.; the Rev. Mr. Harkness, curate of Great Malvern, Worcestershire (a gentleman whose acquaintance we had made in Jerusalem); with my two relatives and myself. We travelled together for weeks, through regions of the most thrilling interest, and cannot but remember our common enjoyment with the liveliest satisfaction. Not only was there no jar in the harmony of our intercourse, but it was throughout most pleasant and profitable; and tended, to no small extent, to increase the agreeableness of our journey.

We were not ready to start till noon had passed, and indeed there was no need of haste, as we had arranged to halt for the night at Bethel, a distance of twelve miles, which involved a journey of only four hours and a half.

We took the direction of the old highway between Judea and Samaria, of which no trace remains—its place being supplied, as usual, by only a miserable bridle path. We traversed a very bare and rocky region, for we were on the ridge that lies between the valley of the Jordan on the one side, and the Mediterranean Sea on the other.

When we took our last look of Jerusalem, on this Wednesday, April 16th, our feelings might have been appropriately expressed in the exclamation of the Psalmist, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." (Ps. cxxxvii. 5, 6.)

During all the afternoon, we kept upon our left hand the prominent height of Neby-Samwil, which is generally believed to mark the site of Ramah, where the great prophet Samuel was born, spent the principal part of his eventful life, died, and was buried. Here also stood Mizpeh, where, after the overthrow of the Philistines, the memorial stone was raised, to which was given, in pious gratitude, the name "Eben-ezer," because, said the prophet, "Hitherto, hath the Lord helped us." (1 Sam. vii. 12.) A conspicuous object that stone must have been for many miles around. We rested for a short time at Beeroth, now called Bireh, one of the cities of those crafty Gibeonites, who deceived Joshua by their dejected appearance and melancholy tale. (Joshua ix. 17.) The heat and our consequent thirst were so very great that we were thankful for our rest here under the shadow of an old domed mosque, and also for the water of a fine fountain, of which we drank with avidity. We took time to visit the remains of a Gothic Church, built in the time of the Crusaders by the Knights Templars, who owned the village while the Latin kings reigned in Jerusalem. Bireh contains seven or eight hundred Moslem inhabitants, and three or four Christian families.

The sun was declining towards the west when we set out for Bethel, and it was soon evident that the shades of night would close around us before our arrival there, as they had closed around the patriarch more than three thousand years before. After picking our way with difficulty, on account of the increasing darkness, through grassy fields and over rocky slopes, where silence reigned that seemed never to be broken, our dragoman suddenly said, "This is Bethel." We could see nothing but the lights in our own tents, and were of course under the necessity of exercising faith in his word, and resigning ourselves to the pleasing thought that we were about to rest and sleep, where Jacob had

rested and slept so wonderfully. With no ordinary interest we read that night, in the Sacred Word, as follows: "And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. . . . And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top And he called the name of that place Bethel; but the name of that city was called Luz at the first. And Jacob vowed a vow, saying," &c. (Gen. xxviii. 10-22, contains all the wellknown paragraph.) Thirty years after, we find Jacob again at On the occasion of this second visit, the name Israel was conferred upon him, and Deborah, Rachel's nurse, was buried under an old oak tree. (Gen. xxxv. 6, 8, 10.) We remembered also that Abraham had pitched his tent at Bethel, when first he came south from Haran, (Gen. xii. 8,) and also after his return from Egypt. (xiii. 8, 4.)

Made famous by Jacob's vow and altar, it is not wonderful that Bethel became a place of importance when his descendants succeeded to their promised inheritance. In the days of the Judges, it became the seat of the assemblies; and when Israel seceded from Judah, it gained an unenviable prominence by being made, during the days of idolatrous degeneracy, the rival of Jerusalem. Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, whose name is haunted in Scripture with the ever-recurring stigma, "who made Israel to sin," built a temple at Bethel after the Egyptian model, and there offered up sacrifices to the golden calf. Thereafter the name of the place was changed from Bethel, "house of God," into Beth-aven,

" some of thin." How x 5, 5. Sow, it has completely waste. Only a low mineralise buts occupy the once sucred size; while the remains of its former greatness are spread three or four seres around. Of a truth, the prediction of Amos has been fallfed: "Book use between, use enter into Glagal; for Glagal shall surely go into captivity, and Bethel shall come to nample." Amos. v. 5.1

Let us we to it, not readers, that our hearts and our homes be worthy of this body and honourable designation. "Bethel," house of God. God is willing to dwell in every human heart, as he dwelt in Eureh's, and in every home as in Jacob's and Joshua's. The heavenly ladder will come down with its golden steps to every lumum being who dreams by night and muses by day, if only his themelets be turned God-ward in sanctified aspiration. The dove of peace and purity flutters at the window of every human soul, bearing the olive branch of heavenly love-and whosoever, Noahlike, opens the hand of faith and takes it in, will dwell in a Bethel, yea, he a Bethel himself. But let us beware lest, in our sad experience. Bethel should ever become Beth-aven—the house of God, the house of idols. O saddest of all transformations that earth knows, when the heart which once was the Lord's is surresulered to the reign of worldliness and sin, and the home which once resounded with the prayers and praises of righteousness, rings again with the din of unholy contention, or unholy revelry! However poor and plain our dwellings may be, they are humanrable and dear in God's sight, if only they be Bethels; whereas, although their turrets may shine afar in the gleam of the noonday sun, and although gold and silver should fill and adorn them, God will not smile upon them, nor make them happy habitations, if they be idol-filled Beth-avens. On land, if I may use the mariner's phrase, the Bethel-flag, visible to God and the angels, though invisible to sordid man, floats freely over every holy home, even as it floats over every ship at sea, which is consecreted by the love and the worship of the Saviour. May each of my readers feel disposed to say, in Jacob-like determination of soul"Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise;
And thither my oblations bring
Of humble prayer and praise.

"Could I my wish obtain,

My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone—
A nursery for thee."

When our evening repast was ended, anxious to see even what the darkness might leave visible of so hallowed a spot, some members of our party took a walk in the neighbourhood of our tents. By the light of the moon, which shone with dim and feeble beam, we groped our way with difficulty over heaps of stones and fragments of walls. On the summit of the eminence on which, of old, the city stood, we found the remains of a square tower, evidently built since the beginning of the Christian era. Into this ruin we entered and mused on the remarkable fulfilment of prophecy in the desolation around us, and especially on Jacob's vision, in which "the new and living way" from earth to heaven had been so clearly typified. I felt impressed that night, as I laid me down and slept at Bethel, not only by the thought that the very stars shone upon me which so long, long ago had shone upon the entranced patriarch, but that the very God watched over me who had watched over him, and was willing to guide me through life's winding ways, if only I continued faithful unto the end.

Next morning the dawn of day revealed to us little more of the ruined place than we had seen by the light of the moon. Although our guide-books said, that "amid the ruins about a score of low huts were to be found, formed out of ancient materials," these were so humble and diminutive that we never saw them at all! Only one Arab started, like a spirit, from the midst of the crumbling remains, just when we were about to leave, with a coarse blanket drawn around his shoulders, and offered to conduct us to a cistern on the other side of the hill, the only anti-

quarian relic of blighted Bethel. He presented, in truth, but a sorry appearance, which, however, corresponded exactly with the scene, whose tutelary genius we could well fancy him to be. He led us to a place where he gave us to understand that there was a deep tank underground; but, as our dragoman had not accompanied us, we could make very little of his voluble Arabic. We afterwards learned that at the foot of the hill, and at a distance which we had not time to traverse, there were the remains of a cistern at which the cattle of Abraham had been wont to drink in ancient days.

We set off about seven A. M., having a long day's travel in prospect, our destination being Nablous, the ancient Shechem, in And here it may not be out of place to describe, Samaria. once for all, and apart from the transactions of any particular journey, a day's tent-life in Syria. The dragoman and his assistants are very anxious that the party should move off early in the morning, both that they may travel comfortably before the fervent sun has climbed high in the east, and that the beasts of burden may be able to arrive at the halting place for the night in time for needful preparations there. Probably, therefore, about five A.M., one of the servants will sound a loud alarm on some resonant tin tray, and immediately thereafter, proceed to each tent, saying, "Good morning, gentlemen; it is five o'clock, and breakfast will be ready in an hour." This matin call, of course, is singular or plural, masculine or feminine, simply nominative or loudly vocative, according to the number, gender, and case of the individual or individuals addressed. One tent is used as the dining tent; and, while breakfast vanishes there, the work of destruction progresses also rapidly around. The pins and supports are speedily removed, and in a few minutes the white and graceful dwellings of the night are packed up into narrow compass, and are ready to be laid, with the rest of the luggage, upon the backs of the patient and tolerant mules. Indeed, if any luckless, or rather lazy one has been too tardy in shaking slumber off, he runs imminent risk of having his tent pulled down about his

ears, and of being compelled to complete his toilette beneath the open canopy of heaven. Repeatedly have I been reminded, when noticing the rapidity with which these curtained habitations would disappear, of the well-known words wherein the apostle expresses the holy assurance of himself and his fellow-Christians at Corinth -" For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." (2 Cor. v. 1.) The word rendered "tabernacle" might have been rendered "tent," and that translated "dissolved" is also very suggestive. It means, literally, completely loosed and broken up, part being taken from part. fact, it is manifest that Paul, who could turn his hand either to the construction of a tent, or the composition of an epistle, wrote the precious verse which I have just quoted, having before the eye of his mind the illustration of the demolition and disappearance of one of these insecure fabrics. My readers, these bodies of ours will not last always.

> "Like the wild and wandering Arabs, They'll noiselessly steal away."

One day they will appear strong and flourishing, like the gay tent with the proud flag of the traveller's native land waving on its summit; then they will be seen prostrate in the weakness of disease or the decrepitude of old age, like the tent when half removed; and at length they will wholly disappear. But what a comfort to "know that we have houses of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." We viewed the overthrow of our tents in Palestine without regret, because we were only wayfaring ones in the land, "tarrying but for a night:" and we knew that we had secure and comfortable homes in the West, where kind friends waited for us, and to which they would welcome us on our And, in like manner, faith can afford to smile well pleased at the dissolution of this poor tenement of clay, when she can descry in heaven a glorious mansion, a glorified spirit, and at length a glorified and indestructible resurrection-body, welcoming angels, and an ever-present God.

But I digress from my digression. Suppose that the little caravan has, at length, started on the day's journey. We ride along sometimes two abreast, but as frequently in file; for the narrow and rocky footpath will not allow of more than one at a time. Notwithstanding this inconvenience, we manage to beguile the tedium of travel by conversation, or the amusing anecdote which suggests another and yet another; and occasionally one of the party will read some appropriate book—for example, Murray's Hand-book for Syria and Palestine, or Dr. Thomson's volume entitled "The Land and the Book," or the portions of Scripture illustrated by the scenes before us. Now we are interested in some fresh and interesting prospect which opens to the view; and anon a fine clear ground appears for a canter or a gallop, and we are off, racing and chasing like the favourites at Epsom, or the cavalry at Balaklava. But, meanwhile, what has become of the hardy mules, with all the baggage? Perhaps they left in the morning before us, and we have not yet overtaken them; or perhaps we have got the start, and have kept it all forenoon. Whether they be before or behind, we will be apprised of their proximity, as we draw near to them or they to us, by the jingling of the bells which are suspended round their harness. This precaution is taken lest any of them should stray in these desolate regions. In that case the distant sound would guide the owner in his search. We are glad, however, to get out of their way, for our voices are rendered inaudible by reason of the din. We do not wish to "have music wherever we go."

But now we have been four or five hours in the saddle, and we need both rest and refreshment. Our dragoman knows all the choice spots by the way, and, see, he has already turned aside to a fountain, from which the precious stream gushes forth beneath a shady tree. The thick mats are quickly spread by one of his servants and himself; and in a few minutes they have produced from their prolific panniers a dejeuner which would not disgrace the most fashionable restaurant. We rest for an hour or more, mount our horses again, and repeat in the afternoon the forenoon's

experience. But, meanwhile, our mules have got far ahead of us—for they never rest at noon; and as we approach the end of our journey, about five or six P. M. (ready for rest, as in the morning we were ready for our ride), we are glad to see that the white tents already dot the surface of some sweetly-lying meadow near a village, the outskirts of some storied town, or the sandy shores of the blue and loud-sounding Mediterranean. Our old cook is there too, hard at work, and with marvellous rapidity and skill, over his charcoal fires, is preparing a most creditable repast. Dinner over, we soon begin to feel ready for bed, after the fatigue of the day; and, retiring at nine or ten P. M., sleep soundly till the tin tray sounds again in the morning. Such is a day of tent-life in the Holy Land.

I have not yet described the peculiarities of the traveller's dress in the East. Besides a thin suit of clothes, generally made for the purpose, his light cap is covered with folds of white muslin, for what is white wards off most effectually the sun's fervent rays. My cap had been fresh trimmed before our departure from Jerusalem, by the clever fingers of Mrs. D---, to whom and her suffering husband we bade there a sorrowful farewell. But often this head-dress is not sufficient to protect the traveller, so that he commonly carries a white umbrella or parasol in one hand, while, with the other, he keeps a hold of his horse's bridle. My umbrella, though green, answered the purpose very well. Shoes of white leather are also recommended, as likely to keep the feet cool, and not needing to be cleaned. And if the oriental equipment be very complete a white cloak will hang gracefully over the traveller's shoulders, and, even although his vision be good, a pair of coloured spectacles will defend his eyes from the glare of fiery Phœbus.

I must now return to the morning of April 17, when we bade adieu to once consecrated and once desecrated Bethel. We proceeded through a region, for some miles, as sterile and uninteresting as that traversed on the day before; but towards noon, when we had reached the borders of the ancient lot of Ephraim,

gardens began to appear, and signs of more extensive and thorough cultivation. In this fertility of Ephraim, when distinguished from the barrenness of Judah and Benjamin, through which we had passed, we saw the appropriateness of the blessing pronounced of old upon him as one of the sons of Joseph: "Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and the precious things put forth by the moon." (Deut. xxxiii. 18, 14.) We rode near the village of Yebrûd, whose terraced slopes were covered with the clive, the fig, and the vine. Shortly after leaving it we enjoyed one of the easy canters over a rich level meadow, to which I have just referred, and, about one P.M., drew near our meridian resting-place.

At this point we found it necessary to hold a consultation. Our dragoman informed us that the remains of ancient Shiloh lay in a valley about two miles to the right—that our march for the day was a very long one without such a detour—and that as very little was to be seen, he would advise us not to turn aside. But the wish to look upon the sacred place where the ark of the Lord had remained for three hundred years, prevailed with the ministerial portion of the party and our two American friends. Leaving, then, the minority to proceed to the khan of Lubban, where lunch was to be spread, the majority rode off to the solitudes of Shiloh.

We were amply repaid for our extra ride, not indeed by the ruins that remained, but by the deep impression produced upon our minds by the thought that we actually did stand upon the ground made sacred, during all the days of the Judges, by the presence of the tabernacle and the glory of the Lord. First, we rode over a hill, then down a valley, and over another eminence, on reaching whose summit our guide said, "There is Shiloh." Still and lifeless the little valley opened up before us. On one side of it lay a square building, originally designed for a church, but afterwards apparently converted into a fortress. Across the hollow of the vale, and elevated somewhat on the slope of the

opposite hill, stood another square building, comparatively modern. in front of which rose a noble oak tree. Without doubt we were amid the ruins of Shiloh. Its position is distinctly defined in the Bible: "On the north side of Bethel, on the east of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah." (Judges xxi. 19.) There the tabernacle of the Lord was first permanently set up after the Children of Israel had entered the promised land: and the several tribes assembled there to receive each his promised inheritance. To Shiloh little Samuel was brought by his mother from Ramah to minister before the Lord; and at Shiloh old Eli fell down dead on hearing the fatal news of the disastrous defeat of Israel by the Philistines, the death of his two sons, and the loss of the ark of God. Fancy pictured the holy tabernacle on the slope of the hill with its modest but solemn curtains. The waste seemed to be peopled with serious worshippers. Among them Hannah stood out prominent, her lips moving before the man of God, not because she was "filled with wine wherein is excess," but because she was "filled with the Spirit." Anon the youthful Samuel was seen to move quietly about the sacred edifice. Methought I heard the heavenly voice, in the calm of that quiet hour, saying once more, "Samuel, Samuel," and I tried to add mine own to the child's, in a response intended for all the years of time, and all the ages of eternity, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

As we returned from sweet Shiloh to the main road, an accident befel one of our party. Mr. Haskel's horse missed a foot and, stumbling over, threw him down with considerable violence. Fortunately the ground was soft on which he fell, or the consequences might have been more serious. As it was, he suffered for about a fortnight from a bruise on one of his ribs, which interfered not a little with his breathing. "Ills never come singly:" and of the truth of this saying (at least on some occasions) he and I that afternoon had some experience. We had ridden on before the rest of our Shiloh associates, with whom our guide remained, and after his accident, continued to keep ahead of them.

It was very decidedly impressed upon our minds that, after joining the main road, we would overtake the minority of the party at Lubban by proceeding northward for a mile or two towards Nablous. But our impression proved incorrect. We did not join the main road at the point at which we had left it, but a mile or two farther on; so that our friends were waiting for us a few hundred vards south of the place of our emergence from the vale of Shiloh. Altogether ignorant of this fact, we pushed boldly northward, and to make the error more complete, we wandered separately. For thinking that I would come upon well-known faces at every turn of the road, which now began to deserve the name, as I had the fleetest horse I gave him free reins, and soon found myself all alone in a very desolate region. It never once occurred to me that I had made a mistake, for the few pedestrians whom I asked for Lubban by the way, pointed forward in the direction in which I was going; but I believe that they did not understand my question owing to the improper accentuation of the word. At length I began to look with a little apprehension at the Arabs whom I met, and felt relieved when they passed by without levelling their fire-arms at my head. My mental comfort was not increased by the fact that a few days before leaving Jerusalem, we had heard of the truculent murder by robbers, near Aleppo, of a devoted missionary, who had been Mr. Haskel's classmate in America. After riding about four miles I reached the summit of a very steep ascent, commanding a splendid prospect to the north, which I could not but admire notwithstanding my perplexity. The plains of Ephraim were manifestly stretched out before me, and two lofty hills, the one almost concealing the other, I concluded, and rightly too, to be Ebal and Gerizim. I also descried a village, at the distance of a couple of miles which I set down as the desiderated Lubban, although I wondered that the half-way house was so long in making its appearance. a little further, I overtook our humble muleteers plodding on their weary way. Their friendly faces cheered me, and especially when one of them, also misunderstanding my question, seemed to inform

me, by the indication of his finger, that Lubban was the village right ahead. Confirmed in my mistake by this misdirection, I hastened on more zealously than ever, and fully expected to see my friends seated on some grassy plot, beside a freely flowing well. The reader may judge of my disappointment, when on searching the environs of the large village (which turned out to be Hawara), and even penetrating its disagreeable interior, I could see no familiar face, and hear no familiar tongue. Reduced to comparative despair, I turned back to meet the muleteers; and, at length, on making my circumstances known to the old cook in broken French and simple English, I was informed that I had left both lunch and Lubban far behind, and that I was only an hour and a half from Nablous. The old man kindly gave me a small loaf of bread to satisfy my hunger, and, seeing that I could not mend the matter, I contentedly fell into the rear of the jingling bells, allowing my horse to walk at a slow pace, and began forthwith to improve my time by reading a book. I thought that my friend, Mr. Haskel had seen his mistake, and had wisely turned back to the rendezvous which I had missed; but I had not read for more than a quarter of an hour, when I heard some one say, "Brother Ferguson," and, on looking round, beheld the New England pastor, very red in face and dusty in person, after his fast ride and We then began to compare experiences. He had continued to follow me, at first without any uneasiness, till the extent of ground traversed convinced him that a mistake had been com-Having lost sight of me, he concluded that I had turned mitted. aside by some fortunate by-path to the appointed place, and that he alone was the errant knight. Then, becoming somewhat anxious, he had knelt down by the wayside, and had sought direction from on high. Just as he ended his request, the jingling of a bell broke upon his ear as if a ministering angel had rung it in the air. He now concluded that our muleteers must be at hand. on, he overtook one of them who had lagged behind on foot, from whom he learned that I was immediately in front, and that we were both on the right road, but had only erred in the matter of undue precipitation. We determined to proceed slowly towards Nablous together.

We here began to observe that the aspect of the country had changed not a little, and that for the better. took the place of desolation, and men and flocks were to be seen all around. The fertile plain of Mukhna, about seven miles long, and from one to two in breadth, lay at our feet; the wide gap running up between two mountains before us was the valley between Gerizim and Ebal in which Nablous was situated: and the little white mound, surrounded by the ruins of a church, now no more, was Jacob's Well, at which Jesus conversed with the woman of Samaria. At this point of our journey we both suffered much from excessive thirst. The muleteers informed us. to our great delight, that a well was near at hand. It was not "deep" like Jacob's well, which was only about a mile distant from it, but kept continually filling a shallow natural basin, on a level with the road. The eagerness with which we all drank of its water, reminded me of what I had read in the narratives of travellers in the African deserts. There was no respect of persons; for one of our servants being the first to reach the precious tide, lay down all his length on the ground, and greedily drank his fill. We were not loath to follow his example.

Travellers sometimes visit Nablous, or Shechem, first, and afterwards return to meditate at Jacob's well; but as our needless haste had left abundance of time at our disposal, we determined to turn aside to the interesting and suggestive spot. It lies near the entrance of the valley, and hard by the foot of Mount Gerizim. Jews and Samaritans, Mahommedans and Christians, all agree in their belief that this is the very well which Jacob dug, and from which he drank—himself, his children, and his cattle; and certainly its situation fully accords with the touching narrative in the New Testament. Jesus had journeyed from Jerusalem, on foot, through the very region which we had traversed. On the morning of the interview he had climbed the steep ascent and descended into the verdant vale as we had done. He was weary

with his journey as we were, and was overcome with thirst as we had lately been. It was noon; and while his disciples went to buy bread, he sat upon the well faint and weary. My reader knows the sequel—how he asked water from the woman who came to the well--how she wondered at his freedom from the bigotry which characterised the Jewish nation-how he preached to her of the living water-how, pointing to the very Mount Gerizim which rose up before us, he said, "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth "-how he convinced her of her sins, and revealed to her his Messiahship, and through her means drew forth the Samaritans to his gospel sickle, "white unto the harvest." Our minds were full of these particulars as we drew near to the well, and entered its covering. This erection has of late become sadly dilapidated, so that some of its ruins have actually filled up the true mouth of the well. We could only see partially down its dark sides through some chinks which were left open by the "envious" stones. well is deep," as the woman of Samaria truly observed in her day: "75 feet when last measured, and there was then probably a considerable accumulation of rubbish at the bottom. times it contains a few feet of water, but at others it is quite dry. It is entirely excavated in the solid rock, perfectly round, nine feet in diameter, with the sides hewn smooth and regular."

Mr. H. and I read together John's account of our Saviour's interview with the woman, and offered up each a short prayer. We were led to express to the Saviour our assurance that he who had spoken so mercifully to this sinful woman would accept us, notwithstanding all our shortcoming and unworthiness—our sympathy with him in all that grief and weariness which he endured for man below, now long since passed away—our thirst for more and more of the living water of a full salvation in our hearts—our desire to be made useful and wise to win souls through life, like himself at the well—that it might be, in an increased degree,

"our meat and drink," like him, to do and bear our Father's will—and our longing that Mahommedans, Jews, and Samaritans, yea, all the world, might soon flock forth to meet him, "white to the harvest." Some Arabs stood round the mouth of the well, wondering and smiling at our supplications; but their want of sympathy only stimulated us the more to seek that the veil of blindness and bigotry might be removed from the minds and hearts of themselves and their fellow-countrymen.

Joseph's tomb is but a short distance from Jacob's well, being situated about the middle of the mouth of the Shechem valley, which runs from west to east, and thus meets the high-road from Jerusalem at right angles: for the latter runs from south to north. It is highly probable that this traditional tomb is genuine. Joseph on his death-bed "took an oath of the Children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence." (Gen. l. 25.) "And the bones of Joseph, which the Children of Israel brought up out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem, in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor, the father of Shechem, for an hundred pieces of silver; and it became the inheritance of the children of Joseph." (Josh. xxiv. 32.) There is a little square area, inclosed by a high white wall, with a common Moslem tomb placed diagonally across the floor. Long, long ago, the bodies of Scottish chieftains and ecclesiastics were wont to be carried with solemn pomp over the salt sea to the hallowed soil of Iona, and I have gazed with profound interest on the suggestive relics of that isle; but with interest far more sacred and profound did I survey the spot in which the body of the holy and prosperous Joseph had been buried, who left Canaan for Egypt a slave, rose in that country to be a prince, and was at length buried in the land promised to his fathers, with princely as well as patriarchal honours. Methought I saw the pompous but solemn cavalcade draw up at the foot of Gerizim, the mourners weary and dusty with their great journey through the desert. The Children of Israel were there, faithful to their father's counsels; but some of Pharaoh's lordly courtiers, perhaps, had accompanied them, to mark the respect of their august master and of all the people for the Hebrew statesman who had saved Egypt from death by famine, and had managed her affairs with rare and consummate skill. On looking across, however, to Jacob's Well, and calling up again the figure of the thirsty stranger, who both "told" and forgave the astonished woman "all that she ever did," a voice seemed to break the silence and say, "A greater than Joseph is here."

We now began to urge our horses up the vale of Shechem. This is the only scene, from Dan to Beersheba, which, with the exception, perhaps, of the Valley of Kidron at Jerusalem. would strike the traveller as singularly picturesque, and which would deeply interest him, apart from the sacred associations of the land. As he advances along the road which leads northward from Jerusalem, he is not prepared for the prospect that is in store for him. He sees, indeed, a lofty mountain on his left hand, in front, a long spur of which descends into the plain. On approaching nearer, however, what seemed to be one mountain turns out to be two, with a lovely vale, two hundred vards wide, running up between them. These two mountains are the storied Ebal and Gerizim. His journey lies through that valley: for the road here, as just noticed, instead of following its northward course, turns off suddenly towards the west, in which direction it continues to run till the ruins of ancient Samaria, some eight miles distant, have been reached. Nablous, or Sychar, from which the woman of Samaria came to draw water, lies about a mile up the valley, the slopes of Ebal and Gerizim running down on either side to the very walls. It is as if a town of considerable size were to be found in a wild pass like that of Glencoe or Killiecrankie.

As we rode up the valley between its twin mountains, towering to the height of a thousand feet on either hand, we were strikingly reminded of the two great classes into which men are divisible during this their day of probation, and into which they will be divided at the last day, when God's right hand will give

forth its blessings, like Gerizim, and his left its curses, like Ebal. The gloom imparted to the scene by this reflection was increased by the fact that the clouds, which had been hanging about all day, were now concentrated overhead, and some predictive drops of rain had already begun to fall.

We were met in the middle of the valley by two men, a father and son, who spoke English very well, and who professed themselves to be Protestant Christians. They seemed to have been on the outlook for travellers. We were happy to be led by them to our tents at five P.M., at the western end of the town, and still happier to receive the warm congratulations of the rest of our party about two hours later; for they had not been without their misgivings on our account.

## CHAPTER X.

## Anblous, or Shechem.

THE Old Testament name of Nablous is Shechem. Its history extends over a period of nearly 4000 years. When Abraham journeyed southward from Ur of the Chaldees, the first station in the land of Canaan at which he pitched his tents was "the place of Sichem," at the "oaks of Moreh." (Gen. xii. 6.) Jacob, also, on his return from Mesopotamia, settled in this fine pastoral region. He bought from Hamor, Shechem's father, that "parcel of a field" still marked by his well, and the tomb of Joseph. Although he afterwards removed to Hebron, in the south, he still retained possession of his northern property; for it was to this spot that he sent his favourite son to look for his brethren. They had removed to Dothan, ten miles northward; "and a certain man found him wandering in the field"-Jacob's field-and directed him to Dothan; thither he went, and was sold to the Ishmaelites. (Gen. xxxvii.)

After the lapse of four centuries, and when the descendants of the patriarchs, under the leadership of Joshua, had acquired their promised inheritance, Shechem became their first great gathering place. An altar was built on the top of Mount Ebal, and on it the solemn words of the decalogue were inscribed. Six of the tribes took their station there to pronounce the curse, and other six on the opposite eminence of Gerizim to pronounce the blessing. (Deut. xi. 29, 30; xxvii. 1-13; Josh. xx. 7.) During the rule

of the Judges, it was seized by Abimelech, and there he was proclaimed king, "by the oak of the pillar." This gave occasion to the beautiful parable of Jotham, which was pronounced from the summit of Gerizim. (Judges ix.) In Shechem, Rehoboam was proclaimed king over all Israel; and here, too, the ten tribes, not many days after, maddened by his folly, revolted, and chose Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, to be their own sovereign, establishing in Shechem the seat of the new monarchy. (1 Kings xii.) The dignity of capital, however, it had soon to share with the more favoured Tirzah, and finally to give up to the city of Samaria.

My reader is aware that the ten tribes of Israel were carried away captive by the Assyrians before a similar calamity befel Judah and Benjamin, and that whereas the latter were brought back to their own land, the territory occupied by the former remained desolate and uninhabited. It was, however, eventually colonised by the Assyrians themselves. The colonists found it to be so dangerously overrun by beasts of prey, that they conceived the local deity to be displeased with the change of worship. They consequently despatched messengers to Jerusalem, begging to be instructed by the priests of the temple in the service of God. It is manifest, however, that, after hearing these teachers, they only made a compromise between idolatry and Judaism; for we read in the book of Kings that they feared the Lord, and served their own gods. (2 Kings xvii. 24-41.) They also received only the five books of Moses, rejecting from their Bible the other books of the Old Testament. Thus it appears that the Samaritans (for such was their origin) were not only foreigners by extraction, but merely partial proselytes. It is not very wonderful, then, that the Jews regarded them with jealousy, and that when the temple was rebuilt by Nehemiah, they were not allowed to bring to it the contribution of even a single stone.

Rejected by the Jews, they resolved to set up a rival worship and erect a rival temple on Mount Gerizim. This resolution was carried into effect B.C. 420. A deadly enmity, as might be expected, sprung up between them and the Jews, which was in-

creased, in the course of years, by the fact that (as Josephus tells us) Samaria and its temple became the asylum and the resort of all Hebrew malcontents, political and ecclesiastic. At length the fury so increased that the edifice on Gerizim was attacked and overthrown by the Jews, under John Hyrcanus, about B.C. 149. Still they retained their worship on the top of the mountain, and, as we learn from the narrative of Christ's interview with the woman of Samaria, cherished some vague notions of the advent of the Messiah.

The name Sychar, which is found in the Gospel according to John, was in reality a nickname, given to Shechem by the Jews on account of the alleged drunkenness of the inhabitants. The town having fallen considerably into decay, was rebuilt in the time of Vespasian, and renamed Neapolis, that is, "new city"—a word which has run into the Arabic, Nabulus, generally pronounced as a dissyllable, Nablous. This is one of the very few instances in which the ancient and scriptural name has been superseded by the modern one, imposed by the pagan conquerors of the land. I need not rehearse the subsequent history of the place. Suffice it to say, that although at one time the synagogues of the Samaritans were to be found in Egypt, and in Rome itself, they have now but one, and that in Nablous, at the base of their own sacred Gerizim. For several years their numbers have not exceeded a hundred and fifty.

The modern town contains about eight thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the water shed between the valley of the Jordan and the Mediterranean. The vale of Shechem ascends to its site and then slopes downward into a wider expanse. The minarets and roofs of the houses are thus visible, at a considerable distance, both on the western and eastern side. It is built nearer Gerizim than Ebal; for it "hugs the base" of the former, and even runs up into one of its little valleys. Nablous is a place of some importance in modern Palestine; for it is garrisoned by Turkish soldiers, whose music regaled us morning and evening, and it is also the seat of a prison, and of corresponding judicial authority.

On the night of my arrival, and before the main body of our party had appeared, I wandered alone through its streets and bazaars, the former of which I found to be surprisingly filthy, and the latter surprisingly large and full. I also got a peep into the prison, where I saw three miserable malefactors sitting in chains in a damp and dark dungeon.

Besides its manufacture of soap, to which I have already referred, it is celebrated for its cotton. The olive also is very abundant in the neighbourhood, and a considerable trade is done at Nablous in the oil which is pressed from its berries.

Of its eight thousand inhabitants, only eight hundred are Christians, chiefly of the Greek church, while a hundred and fifty are Samaritans, and about fifty, Jews. All the rest are Mahommedans, and are said to be most virulent against all the three sects just named. Indeed, their animosity has repeatedly been manifested in deeds of murderous violence, for which the conniving authorities have failed to punish the criminals. The town is surrounded by gardens and orchards. Our tents were pitched among these, beyond the walls and gates, and in a position which commanded a view eastward towards Jacob's Well, and westward towards the Mediterranean.

I must now, however, give some account of our experience at this interesting place. We had intended, according to our original programme, to leave it the day after our arrival, spending an hour or two, perhaps, in the forenoon in visiting its most remarkable remains; but, as matters turned out, we were detained for three whole days. We reached Nablous on the evening of Thursday, April 17th, and we did not leave it till the morning of Monday, April 20th. The cause of our detention was, "the latter rain." This scriptural expression is used to this day by the inhabitants of the country. Rain does not fall with such frequency in the East, as in the humid regions of the West. I may observe that I purchased an umbrella on the day of my departure from Glasgow, and that, from the hour when I crossed the Straits of Dover, on the 8th of March, till the 17th of April, at Nablous,

that piece of property remained untouched and unstained by the showers of heaven, its sole use having been, betimes, to ward off the sun's fervent rays. I had begun, indeed, to imagine that I would finish my entire oriental tour without having. once seen or felt any watery drops at all: but this imagination was destined to prove illusory, and when the drops did come, they came with a vengeance. "The former rain" falls in December, and the "latter" towards the end of March. In 1862, however, the precious showers delayed their coming, the thirsty land was parched, and its inhabitants dreaded the loss of their crops. Only the week before our arrival, by order of the governor of Nablous, a day of humiliation and prayer to God, for rain, had been ap-The Mahommedans had prayed on Mount Ebal, the Christians at Jacob's well, and the Samaritans on the summit of their own beloved Gerizim. Their supplications went up apart. but were directed towards the same God, and were presented, doubtless, by earnest hearts for the same object. The Hearer and Answerer of prayer did not disregard the cry.

I mentioned in last chapter that as my friend and I rode up the vale of Shechem, a few drops of rain fell from the clouds. which had begun to gather all around. These drops proved the earnest of the long-expected showers. The torrent did not descend, however, till midnight had passed. By that time we were asleep in our thin, and as they proved, somewhat leaky tents. were awakened by the howling of the hurricane, and the rattling of the vehement, wind-driven rain. Presently we heard our attendants drive the pegs more firmly into the ground, which were the main support of our unsubstantial dwellings, and anon, overhead, they fastened strong ropes, intending to bind us to our anchorage, as if we had been riding in ships at sea. We could truly say, that "the storm came and the rain descended, and the wind blew and beat upon our houses, and they fell not," because they were fastened with strength and with care. Still, some of us suffered from the intrusion of the rain, although no serious injury was sustained; for it poured through our insufficient covering, right

upon our beds, and no refuge could be found but the partial and somewhat ignominious one of hiding beneath the bed-clothes. With the change of weather came also a change of temperature, for the thermometer fell from 80° to 53°, and even 50°, so that we found it necessary to fortify ourselves with the winter habiliments which had long before been lain aside. Indeed, the storm which passed over us seems to have been quite remarkable. "The oldest inhabitant" did not remember such weather at so advanced a season of the year. When we reached the Mediterranean Sea, at the close of the following week, we found that the hurricane had wrought fearful havor there. Several ships had been cast ashore, precious lives had been lost, and shivering, shipwrecked mariners had found an asylum in the convent on Mount Carmel. As we pushed our journey northward by Tyre and Sidon we found that the coast was strewn with wrecks here and there. and that every new station had its own tale to tell of grave nautical disasters. Near Damascus the storm had descended upon a detachment of Turkish soldiers, among the elevated defiles of Anti-Lebanon, and, being unprovided for the sudden change of temperature, several of them had actually died of the cold.

In these circumstances, nothing remained for us but to content curselves for a day or two at Nablous. It would have ill become us to complain for our comparatively unimportant detention, when the whole community were rejoicing in an answer to their prayers. I felt as I once did at a suburban district of Glasgow, on the occasion of an evening sermon. I was disposed to mourn over the storm, which had made my audience very small, when one of the office-bearers shut my mouth by saying, "Eh, sir, but this is a gran' nicht for the country!" With the aid of a charcoal-fire in the best tent, we secured for ourselves a kind of parlour accommodation by day; and it was not difficult, by additional coverings, to contend successfully with the increased cold at night. Besides, a kind Providence threw open to us the welcome hospitalities of a Christian home. One of our number bore with him an introduction to the Rev. Mr. Fleishhacker, pastor of the church in

Nablous, in connection with the Church of England. That gentleman breakfasted with us on the morning of Friday, April 18th. It was, indeed, a peculiar occasion, for we could with difficulty hear one another speak for the howling of the wind; and the curtains of the tent flapped together, and swaved to and fro like the sails of the tempest-tossed ship. Observing our discomfort, our guest kindly invited as many of us as pleased, to sleep at his house during our detention in his neighbourhood. successive nights, three or four of us availed ourselves of this kind offer, and, of a truth, we found it very comfortable to have strong stone walls between us and the storm. As it was Good Friday, we accompanied our reverend friend to the church in the forenoon. We found about thirty Arabs present, and, although we could not understand the language, we were pleased to notice the promptitude and apparent devotion with which the responses were given. We also witnessed the interesting ceremony of the baptism of an Arab child. I may here observe that the mission at Nablous had been discontinued for a time, and had only recently been revived by the appointment of Mr. Fleishhacker to the station. no doubt that under his vigorous ministry it will go on and prosper.

In the afternoon, we sought out the church of the Samaritans, as we were anxious to see and handle the copy of the Pentateuch, in the possession of which that community boasts. We threaded our way with difficulty through a succession of streets and lanes which for filthiness exceeded any I had ever traversed. Of a truth, "the pride of Ephraim has been laid low." Whether such be the ordinary condition of the place, or whether the "latter rain" had especially aggravated the evil, I cannot tell; but my impressions of Nablous, in this respect, were most disagreeable. At length we reached the chapel; and, although it was only an upper room, of very small dimensions indeed, and in so offensive a locality, it was so sacred in the estimation of those who occupied it (several of whom, with their high priest, had assembled to show as their curiosities) that we were compelled to "take our shoes

from off our feet" at the door-for on no other condition could we be permitted to cross the threshold. The Samaritans, I may here observe, do not admit that their forefathers were of heathen origin, or that their worship was a mixture of Judaism and On the contrary, they assert that they are the true Israel, that both Jews and Christians are degenerate, and that they alone wait upon God in primitive simplicity and truth. showed us their copy of the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses. They affirm that it was written by Abishua, the son of Phinehas, the son of Eleazer, the son of Aaron, and that it is, therefore, nearly three thousand three hundred years old. It is a ponderous roll, tattered, patched, and stained; but neither writing nor parchment appeared to be of very great antiquity. It is kept in a cylindrical brass case, which opens upon hinges. Its peculiarities are, that it has been written in the original Hebrew character, and that, in some unimportant particulars, it differs from the generally received text. The high priest seemed to be a kind and intelligent man; but his bigoted attachment to his own little sect was truly amusing. He seemed to believe firmly that he and the hundred and fifty in Nablous who agreed with him, alone were right, and that all the world beside were wrong. He stood before us as truly the head of his own church as Pius the Ninth, on some of Rome's most gorgeous festivities, is recognised as the head of his. little boy was at his side. He laid his hand with pride upon the flowing locks of the comely child, and said, "He will succeed me in the priesthood, and his son will succeed him. want a man to stand before him." We asked him if he did not think that Christ was the Shiloh of whom Jacob spake, and the great prophet whose coming Moses predicted; but he only shook his head in unbelief. When we observed that it was most improbable that his small and lessening community would ever convert the world, his only answer was, that "the future must be left with God."

After leaving the synagogue, we proceeded, according to promise, to pay a visit at Mr. Fleishhacker's house. He had ridden

out to the country to inquire into the particulars of an interesting religious work in an adjoining village, but we found his lady at home. I shall never forget the impression produced upon my mind when I passed from the forbidding streets of Nablous to the comfort and sweet seclusion of this Christian dwelling. I have sometimes felt similarly when, after a long walk on a wet and disagreeable evening, I have suddenly experienced the comfort of a bright fireside in the city of my habitation: but surrounding circumstances made the transition, in this case, all the more unexpected, and, therefore, all the more remarkable. Without, there were uncleanliness and discomfort; within, there was not only cleanliness, but elegance and refinement. The chief point, however, of the contrast was this, that without there were Mahommedan hatred and unbelief, and within, Christ-like love and purity. It is a noticeable feature of all the towns and cities in Syria, that the aspect of the streets gives one no idea of the homes of the people, or their domestic life. The streets, as I have repeatedly mentioned, are all made narrow for the sake of the shade; and, generally, only a dull, windowless wall meets the eye of the traveller. You would fancy that you were walking in an uninhabited lane; but, probably, these unpretending doors which you see here and there open into spacious courts, on every side of which commodious buildings rise, all forming one goodly dwelling, with a copious fountain of water playing in the centre. The surprise, on this occasion, however, was increased, as I have already said, by the unpromising nature of the neighbourhood; for although the worthy clergyman's house was situated in one of the best parts of Nablous, its best locality would almost have been reckoned the worst of any other town I know. We were ushered into a wide court, led up a stair, and then shown into a large and finely furnished apartment. I hope that I do not take an undue liberty with the sacredness of private life when I say that we were much interested in the appearance of the lady of the house herself. An emotion of regret, to confess the truth, first of all possessed us, that one so delicate and refined should be found in the midst of such dominant and degrading superstition. Her conversation. however, soon made us ashamed of having harboured any such idea for a moment. The slight German accent with which she spoke the English language only made her the more interesting; and the light of Christian holiness beamed from her countenance, She had left all the attractions of her native Heidelberg, and had devoted herself to the self-sacrificing duties of a missionary's wife in an oriental climate, and among hostile men. When we asked her if she did not feel the want of society, she meekly answered. in a tone which almost rebuked the question—"Oh, no, my husband's society is enough for me. We are here at the post of duty, and in the service of God. My little child, and the duties of my household, fully occupy my time." All this patience and joy in cross-bearing were manifested thus richly, although she had been a martyr to fever and other diseases ever since coming to the country, and was only now able, with a shattered constitution, to undertake a limited amount of labour. She was, without doubt, a true helpmeet; and it was plain, at a glance, that such a woman, even in that moral desert, could throw such a charm around home. and so support her husband's spirit by her zeal amid his many discouragements, that her society would be as compensatory to him for all other privations as his society was to her. I left that model home, that of a truth there was a Holy Ghost. who makes his indwelling manifest by the beamings and radiations of the expressive countenance, as well as by the words of the mouth and the actions of the life. I rejoiced that I had seen the bright side of the cloud as well as the dark—"the sunny side" as well as "the shady side"—and was persuaded that the eyes of the Saviour must rest with satisfaction from day to day upon the scene which I had witnessed, and that this was but a sample of the self-denial and self-sacrifice exhibited in the lives of missionaries and ministers, with their partners and families, all over the world, which He will reward with his welcome, and "well done," when the days of tribulation shall be ended.

Next morning we fully expected to leave Nablous. The rain,

I should have observed, did not fall incessantly on the day before; but as soon as one dark cloud had discharged its liquid treasure. another was manifestly preparing itself on the same beneficent mission. We thought that the storm had now spent its fury; and as the sun shone out cheerily, the order was given that the tents should be struck. But even when the work of demolition was progressing, the clouds arose so angrily from the Great Sea on the west (or rather so lovingly, considering the circumstances of the country-the darkness of their frown, being, in truth, but the brightness of their smile), that the order, when half executed, was countermanded. All the forenoon we occupied the uncomfortable. but we could not confess the blameworthy position of those "who halt between two opinions;" for the uncertainty of the weather produced the uncertainty of our wills. At length the day advanced so far, and the sky still remained so dubious, that we abandoned all thoughts of advance, and made up our minds to spend a quiet Sabbath in the valley of Shechem, expecting a blessing at the foot of the mount of blessing. The decision was a prudent one; for the storm so increased towards the afternoon, that had we been caught in it, the exposure would have been attended not only with discomfort, but with positive danger.

As it was, we did not escape without a thorough ducking. During one of the fair blinks of sunshine in the afternoon, we resolved to improve our time by making the ascent of Mount Gerizim. Ordering out our horses, we started boldly on the expedition. We found the sides of the hill steep and slippery; but what incommoded us most was the fact that "the clouds returned after the rain." A darkness, well nigh Egyptian, enveloped us, and then a shower that seemed to exceed all its predecessors in verteenence and abundance came down. It was bad enough half way up; but, as was to be expected, the climax came at the top. Being as well wetted as we possibly could be, we determined not to return without having seen the spot which has been so long held sacred by the Samaritans. Having reached the highest ridge of the mountain, we observed, at the distance of

about half a mile along the level summit, a ruinous tower, which as our guide informed us, marked the holy spot. When, after a ride of another quarter of an hour, we had reached this goal, the rain had happily cleared away, and the strong wind which blew began rapidly to dry our dripping garments. first object of interest to which we came was a shallow pit, containing ashes and calcined bones, the remains of the Passover lambs which had been burned with fire on the evening of the preceding Monday. The Prince of Wales and his suite had witnessed this annual ceremony. The Samaritans, according to their custom, had encamped on the mountain, sacrificed seven lambs at sunset, and remained all night. Mr. Fleishhacker had been present, and had described to us the scene on the day before. The high priest read the beginning of the twelfth chapter of the book of Exodus to the sixth verse, which runs thus-" And ye shall keep it up until the fourteenth day of the same month; and the whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening." Whenever that word, "Shachatu," (shall kill it) was uttered, the lambs were most dexterously and noiselessly slaughtered. Then they were roasted over a fire kindled in a deep pit hard by, in compliance with the divine requirement in the same context-" Eat not of it raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roast with fire." (v. 9.) The lambs thus cooked, the Samaritans-men, women, and children-ate on the mountain-top, as if in haste. In this respect, also, they abide by the letter of the statute already quoted—"And thus shall ye eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat it in haste: it is the Lord's passover." (v. 11.) You will thus see that the Samaritans keep the Passover exactly as the Jews used to do, with this difference, that they observe it beneath the lofty canopy of heaven, and on the time-honoured mountain-top-circumstances which doubtless render their ceremonial somewhat romantic and imposing. Our intelligent informant told us that the exhibition did not please him. He could not help thinking of the priests of Baal, who vainly cut themselves

with knives on the summit of Carmel, and he could not get rid of the conviction that the gesticulations and intonations of the chief actors in the scene were much more vehement and sanctimonious than usual, and all for the sake of making an impression on the mind of the royal spectator. The Prince and his suite left about nine P.M.; but Dr Stanley, anxious to see the end of the performance, stayed all night on the mountain-top. I was about to say that he slept all night there; but I fear that the facts of the case will not warrant the use of the word; for, according to his own confession, he became acquainted on that occasion with the insects as well as the institutions of the Samaritans.

About a hundred yards eastward of this place of sacrifice, we reached the ancient ruin which occupies the very highest point on the hill, and can be seen at a great distance throughout the surrounding region. Many travellers have supposed it to be the remains of the ancient Samaritan temple; but, according to competent witnesses, the style of architecture, in as far as can be traced, is Roman. It is generally acknowledged now to indicate the site of the fortress built by the Emperor Justinian to protect against the attacks of the Samaritans the church which he had erected on Gerizim, in honour of the Virgin Mary. At the distance of about a stone-cast southward from the ruin, and still on the wind-swept summit of the hill, is to be found the Samaritan "Holy of Holies." "This is a smooth surface of natural rock, of an irregular oval shape, 45 feet in diameter, declining gently towards a rough rock-hewn pit on its west side." Towards this shrine the Samaritans always turn when they pray, and on approaching it, they invariably take off their shoes. Around the rock are traces of walls evidently more ancient than those of the castle, as we may judge from the massive stones which remain. Here. in all probability, stood the ancient Samaritan temple, and on this sacred ledge of rock the Samaritans have worshipped ever since the temple was destroyed. The view from the top of Gerizim is very fine on a clear day. North, south, east, and west, the eve wanders over a wide extent of mountain scenery. The

cloudiness of the day, however, rendered our view limited. We could see, nevertheless, the rich plains and valleys couched among the mountains of Ephraim, which made "Joseph like a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by the spring whose branches run over the wall." (Gen. xlix. 22.) Although the snowy heights of Hermon were invisible on the north, we could descry the white foam of the Mediterranean on the west, struggling into view, as I remember once to have observed from the summit of Ben-Lomond the waters of the Frith of Forth dimly visible under overhanging clouds. I may here notice that the Samaritans themselves, and the inhabitants of Nablous in general, in pronouncing the word Gerizim, lay the emphasis on the second syllable.

We made our descent about half-way down the Vale of Shechem. In so doing I had a good opportunity of observbelow the town. ing the position of Ebal, on the other side. Here two spurs of the two mountains advance to meet one another, leaving a distance of only about sixty yards between. It was plain that the sacred writers would have been guilty of no extravagance if they had represented the words uttered on Ebal as audible on Gerizim, and vice versa, on the supposition that the speakers stood on these projecting eminences. Indeed, a conversation could be carried on much further up the hill, as I judged from the trial which I made in descending. My voice seemed easily to extend across the intervening space, and echo gave it faithfully back again from the sombre slopes of the hill of cursing. But, in truth, it does not seem necessary to suppose that the tribes on the one hill heard what was said by a speaker or speakers on the other. The account in the book of Joshua of the solemn and typical service is brief, but graphic and impressive :-- "And all Israel, and their elders, and officers, and their judges, stood on this side the ark and on that side before the priests the Levites, which bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord, as well the stranger, as he that was born among them; half of them over against Mount Gerizim, and half of them over against Mount Ebal; as Moses the servant of the Lord had commanded before, that they should bless the people of Israel.

afterward he read all the words of the law, the blessings and cursings, according to all that is written in the book of the law. There was not a word of all that Moses commanded, which Joshua read not before all the congregation of Israel, with the women, and the little ones, and the strangers that were conversant among them." (Josh. viii. 33, 34.) The tribes had thus been separated to the work of blessing or cursing by Moses: "These shall stand upon mount Gerizim to bless the people, when ye are come over Jordan; Simeon, and Levi, and Judah, and Issachar, and Joseph, and Benjamin. And these shall stand upon mount Ebal to curse, Reuben, Gad, and Asher, and Zebulun, Dan, and Naphtali; and the Levites shall speak, and say unto all the men of Israel with a loud voice, Cursed be the man," &c. (Deut. xxvii. 12-14.) From a comparison of these passages, it does not appear that the two parties stood on the summits of the two hills. The requirements both of the ordinance of Moses and the narrative in Joshua, will be met, if we suppose that the Captain of the host with the Levites, stood by the ark of the Lord in the middle of the valley. while the separated bands were drawn up on the lower slopes of Ebal and Gerizim. Joshua, or the Levites, at his command, read the curses and blessings, and the tribes, on the one side and the other, repeated their assent to the malison or benison. peopled the glen with the enthusiastic myriads, the fatigues of their pilgrimage all forgotten in the flush of their conquests. The curses or blessings were audible as repeated by the Levites, and, after each utterance, like the shout of warriors, or the roar of ocean, rose from the mighty mass on the one side or the other, the unanimous "Amen!" Then the important reflection came: May we all at last be among the blessed, and not among the cursed! These hills confronting one another rose up before us as emblems of righteousness and unrighteousness, opposite in probation here, and opposite in fruition hereafter; for although the dispensation be changed, the fundamental principles of religion remain the same, and not one jot or tittle of God's law has passed, or can ever pass away.

On Sabbath, April 20th (Easter Sunday), we attended the Arabic service in Mr. Fleishhacker's church, and witnessed, with much interest, the dispensation of the Lord's Supper to the native communicants. After all the men had been served. Mrs. Fleishhacker knelt down and received from her husband the sacred elements, he repeating the words of institution in English. the poor Arab women followed, and to them it was administered in their own tongue. At the close of this interesting ceremony, at the request of our party, I preached in English. The words of my text were these: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." (Rom. xii. 1.) I must confess that I was somewhat influenced in the selection of this subject by the reflection that the pastor and his wife, who sat before me, were, in truth, among a benighted and bigoted people, "living sacrifices." I felt as if God helped me so to speak that the word tended to the edification and comfort of those who were present.

In the afternoon some of us accompanied Mr. Fleishhacker to the village of Rafidieh, at the distance of one mile and a half from This is the village to which I have already referred as the scene of an interesting revival of interest in true and uncorrupted Protestantism. The labours of the previous missionary had been much blessed there. This gentleman died in 1859, as Bishop of Sierra Leone. Whenever Mr. Fleishhacker was sent to Nablous to revive the mission, the leaders and members of the Greek Church, regarding Rafidieh as a thriving outpost of the Protestant cause, did all in their power to bribe the converts there to return to their own communion; and especially did they endeavour to persuade Chader, the chief man of the village, and a leader in the Protestant movement, to turn back to the Greek Church, promising to make him a priest. On the very day after our arrival (Friday), the chief minister of the Greeks of Nablous, with his leading officials, had paid a formal visit to the village, and, half by promises, half by threats, had endeavoured to draw

the lost fish within their nets again. As might be expected, the priestly visit made quite a sensation in the usually quiet Rafidieh. Chader, however, and his neighbours stood firm, and refused to leave the simplicity of the Protestant faith for the sake of the honours which were offered to him. "He esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt." be expected, they had been looking forward with great interest to the Sabbath afternoon service by which Mr. Fleishhacker proposed to confirm, by God's blessing, their attachment to gospel truth. We found, on our arrival, that the whole village was interested in our visit. The "upper room" in which the meeting was held soon became quite full of hearers, who all sat upon the floor. The minister occupied a chair; but Mr. G. and I, as his friends, reclined on a divan. We were reminded that we were from home, and in an oriental land, when first pipes were brought in, which we were expected to smoke, and next coffee, which we were expected to drink. The first I could not do without becoming sick; but the second duty I discharged with pleasure. Then Mr. Fleishhacker began an address of some length. He told them that he was glad to hear of their Christian steadfastness, and expressed a hope that they would be faithful unto the end. enlarged upon the fact that Christ was truly risen from the dead -an event of which the day reminded them-and, as he afterwards told me (for I could not understand the Arabic language in which he spoke), he did me the honour of reproducing some of the ideas which I had advanced in the forenoon, and counselled his hearers to "present their bodies as living sacrifices unto God." I was much interested in the novel scene before me. to my memory pictures I had frequently seen in my youth, on the cover of the monthly magazine of the London Missionary Society, of the well-dressed English missionary surrounded by a group of heathens, whose expressive looks and gestures testified to the interest with which they listened. I was struck also with the mode of salutation peculiar to the season of Easter. words uttered by all who shook hands that day were, "The Lord

is risen!" At the close of the sermon my American friend, Mr. G., and myself, spoke a little to the villagers through an interpreter. I assured them that salvation was not to be found in empty rites and ceremonies, but in the knowledge of Christ and a regenerated heart. I counselled them likewise to rejoice and be exceeding glad when at any time they were counted worthy to suffer persecution for the sake of Christ. To show the sincerity of the people, I may notice that on the Friday before our visit they offered ground to Mr. Fleishhacker for a school and chapel. He intends to make every possible exertion to procure funds for this laudable object. When Mr. G. led the crowd, which had assembled around us before our departure, to understand that he would raise money for the proposed buildings on his return to America, the gratified Rafidians greeted the statement with an unmistakeable murmur of applause. It gave us much pleasure to leave behind us subscriptions to the good work according to our several abilities.

In bidding farewell to Shechem and its vale, I could not but conclude that, however interesting were their other historical associations, the incidents which made them most remarkable were these: that there the law had been proclaimed with its rewards and penalties by Joshua, and, "in the fullness of time," the gospel by Joshua's great antitype, the Lord Jesus Christ. And as the shining of the sun eclipses the twinkling of its harbinger, the star of the morning, of these two events, the preaching of Jesus excelled the preaching of Joshua. We may indeed say that "the middle wall of partition " between Jew and Gentile fell down at Jacob's well, when the Redeemer of the world showed mercy to a daughter of Sychar, revealed to her the spirituality of divine worship, and declared the knell of Judaism to be newly struck, and the hour to have actually arrived when, neither in Jerusalem, nor Gerizim, would men worship the Father; because thenceforth, not the place, but the spirit and sincerity of worship would be the thing of chief consideration. Well may even M. Renan speak of the "divinity" of that utterance; and, considering the lowly origin and rude earthly education of the speaker, we feel constrained as we listen to the lofty oracle, to confess the Utterer, as well as the utterance, to be heaven-sent and Divine. Musing upon this celebrated interview, I felt pleasure one day, during my journey, in composing the following verses, which I take the liberty of presenting to my readers, chiefly because they may serve to embody the great evangelical lessons which the Illustrious speaker taught on the memorable occasion:—

Behold, on Ephraim's dusty road,
The sad and weary Stranger,
Who came to bear sin's awful load,
And save our souls from danger;
Although he was the Son of God,
And highest heaven was his abode,
His cradle was a manger.

Thirsty he sat by Jacob's Well—
And no one to relieve him;
With tales of heavenly grace to tell—
And no one to believe him;
Love makes his holy bosom swell,
Tears overflow each crystal cell—
Man's sins and sorrows grieve him.

But who draws near the Lord of all?
Samaria's sinful daughter,
Comes through the gate in Sychar's wall
To draw the sparkling water;
Before the shades of evening fall,
The thronging citizens she'll call
To "see a man" that taught her.

The precious draught from her he sought,
But only gained her wonder—
The bitter feud had he forgot
Which kept their tribes asunder?
His world-wide love, she knew it not,
Nor how from heaven it had him brought,
Keeping his glory under.

"If she had known the gift of God,"
And who there sat before her—

## CHAPTER XI.

## Nablous to Angareth.

WE left Nablous early next morning, our good friend Mr. Fleishhacker kindly accompanying us on his admirable white steed as far as the ruins of ancient Samaria. Our muleteers took the shortest road, which lay right over the shoulder of Mount Ebal; but we counted it no hardship to add a couple of hours to the journey of the day, that we might look upon the remains of the metropolis of Israel, in which God's prophets had so frequently lifted up a voice of warning, and on which his judgments, long delayed, had at length so heavily fallen.

Our way at first lay due west through the continuation of the vale of Shechem, the loveliness of which seemed to increase the further we advanced. Beyond Nablous, indeed, we rode for some time through an orchard rather than a valley, fruit-trees and flowers blooming and blossoming around us on every side. Then the way became more open. A brook purled musically at our feet, on whose banks we observed, first, a water-mill in full operation, and, a mile or two further, the remains of an aqueduct, evidently of Roman construction. Then the road left the valley, and began to wind over the hilly continuation of Mount Ebal, which we had kept on our right throughout the forenoon. At length, on rounding a corner, the situation and ruins of ancient Samaria stood suddenly revealed before us.

The situation of the city is indeed remarkable. Almost equal to Shechem in point of beauty and the fertility of the soil, it far

exceeds it in natural position, a qualification so essential to a metropolis in those warlike times in which Samaria was founded, and during which she flourished. A great plain lay below us, surrounded on every side by high hills. In the centre of this plain rose an eminence, apparently two or three hundred feet in height. On its summit the capital of Israel long ago was built. Its inhabitants could see the Syrian or Assyrian armies pitched on the surrounding hills, who, in turn, could watch the movements of the citizens within the walls; but it must have been no easy task for them to cross the intervening valley and charge up the steep sides of that natural rampart. Hence, we find that Samaria never was taken by the Syrians, and that the Assyrians, although Jerusalem fell before them in one year, spent three years around the obstinate and difficult capital of Israel, ere their banner waved in triumph over it.

The sacred volume narrates the origin of the city with beauty and simplicity: "In the thirty and first year of Asa, king of Judah, began Omri to reign over Israel, twelve years; six years reigned he in Tirza. And he bought the hill Samaria of Shemer for two talents of silver, and built on the hill, and called the name of the city which he built after the name of Shemer, owner of the hill, Samaria." (1 Kings xvi. 23, 24.) The kings of Israel were not bound by sacred associations to any particular spot in their dominions, as the kings of Judah were bound to Jerusalem. Hence we find that Tirzah, the site of which cannot be accurately determined, soon became a rival to Shechem, and the passage just quoted shows how Tirzah, in turn, was supplanted by Samaria. It is probable that Omri at first intended the latter to be only his summer residence; but it soon became the capital of his kingdom. As Dr. Stanley felicitously observes, it was as if "Versailles had taken the place of Paris, or Windsor of London." Jezreel, in the plain of Esdraelon, afterwards became the Windsor of the kings of Israel.

Time would fail me to rehearse the history of Samaria, which fills a large, although we cannot add an honourable page in the records of the Old Testament. Suffice it to say, that Ahab reigned there, whose "unequal" marriage seduced him into idolatry, and thereby to an untimely end. His lamentable career is thus described in the faithful volume: "And Ahab the son of Omri did evil in the sight of the Lord above all that were before him. And it came to pass, as if it had been a light thing for him to walk in the sins of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, that he took to wife Jezebel, the daughter of Ethbaal, king of the Zidonians, and went and served Baal, and worshipped him. And he reared up an altar for Baal in the house of Baal, which he had built in Samaria. And Ahab made a grove; and Ahab did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel which were before him." (1 Kings xvi. 30-33.)

Benhadad was the Syrian king who frequently attempted to reduce Samaria, but was as frequently sent back, repulsed and disappointed, to his palace in Damascus. The men whom Elisha led blindfold into the midst of their foes in Samaria, when they fancied that they were about to capture the prophet himself, were Benhadad's messengers. And it was his vast army which besieged the city when it was delivered in the remarkable manner narrated in the seventh chapter of the second book of Kings. inhabitants had been reduced to such straits that mothers had begun to feed unnaturally upon their own children. Four lepers were sitting at the entering in of the gate, as lepers may be seen sitting at the gates of Nablous, or Jerusalem, to-day, and, in the desperateness of their distress, they proposed to "fall unto the host of the Syrians;" "for," said they, "if they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die." What, then, was their astonishment to find the camp deserted, and full of the provisions and food which the Syrians, in their haste, had left behind! "For," says the holy book in its own grand and graphic style, "the Lord had made the host of the Syrians to hear a noise of chariots, and a noise of horses, even the noise of a great host: and they said one to another, Lo! the king of Israel hath hired against us the kings of the Hittites, and the kings of the Egyptians,

to come upon us. Wherefore they arose and fled in the twilight, and left their tents, and their horses, and their asses, even the camp as it was, and fled for their life." Having satisfied their own wants, the astonished lepers did not abandon themselves to selfish ease and indifference. The servants of Christ have often endeavoured both to illustrate the gospel and stimulate their hearers to zeal in its diffusion, by sermons founded on the benevolent resolution of the four leprous men, which is thus given in the sacred narrative: "Then they said one to another, We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace: if we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will come upon us: now therefore come, that we may go and tell the king's household." The consequences were memorable. "The people went out and spoiled the tents of the Syrians. So a measure of fine flour was sold for a shekel, and two measures of fine barley for a shekel according to the word of the Lord;" and the very judgment fell upon the unbelieving noble which the prophet had predicted. The position of the ancient city was so clearly defined, and the view so commanding of the eminence whereon it was built, from the spur of Ebal on which we were riding, when first it came in sight, that fancy easily spanned the three thousand years that had passed away, and conjured up before our eyes the busy actors in these Old Testament scenes. We could imagine that we beheld Benhadad's baffled army idling away their time on the surrounding heights, while gaunt famine stalked through the distressed but obstinate Samaria—that we saw the lepers leave the foot of the hill before us, in the indifference of despair, and return in the eagerness of delight—that we saw the multitudes flock out to the camp in hopeful wonder, and return with the Syrian supplies, in a perfect jubilee of joy.

Samaria was familiar with the awful form of Elijah the Tishbite, as well as of the no less venerable Elisha, the son of Shaphat. Often did her gates see them enter and depart. They were far more potent than the kings who sat upon the throne; for the latter often trembled to hear of their approach. They lifted up

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the voice of entreaty and warning, as John the Baptist and the Messiah did in Jerusalem centuries after; and, in both instances, destruction and overthrow was the penalty paid for the rejection of the messengers of God. Samaria was taken by the Assyrians in the year 720 B.C., and the ten tribes were led into a captivity from which they have never yet been recovered. The Assyrian colonists who came to occupy the land, made the old capital for some time their capital too; but it was eventually eclipsed by Shechem, whose position at the foot of Gerizim made it naturally the religious metropolis of the land. Samaria lay for centuries in comparative ruin and neglect. At length it was given by Augustus to Herod the Great, who rebuilt it with much magnificence, and called it after his powerful patron, "Sebaste," the imperial city—a name which, with a slight modification (Sebustieh). the small village bears at this day, which is perched among the ruins, as if in mockery of the greatness that is gone.

Philip the evangelist preached the gospel with much success in Sebaste, or Samaria, after the ascension of the Saviour; "and there was great joy in that city." Even Simon Magus joined the growing band, but his hypocrisy was thoroughly unmasked by the Apostle Peter on his arrival from Jerusalem. (Acts viii. 5-25.) About the fourth or fifth century of the Christian era, the city, although for some time the seat of a Christian bishopric, fell into total ruin, from which it has never since revived. Like Egypt. Tyre, Nineveh, and other places of renown, its present condition is a remarkable fulfilment of ancient prophecy. Isaiah's "woe" has fallen heavily upon it: "Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower. which are on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine! The crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim, shall be trodden under feet: and the glorious beauty which is on the head of the fat valley [the very valley which we had traversed,] shall be a fading flower, and as the hasty fruit before the summer: which when he that looketh upon it seeth, while it is yet in his hand he eateth it up." (Isaiah xxviii. 1, 3, 4.) Hosea, too. has been proved a true prophet, in that he said, "Samaria shall become desolate; for she hath rebelled against her God." (Hosea xiii. 16.)

But it is high time now to pass from these historical details to the account of how we fared, and what we saw at ruinous As we were descending the slope of the hill on which we had been riding, with Samaria full in view, we were saluted with a shower of stones from the assembled children and youths of a large village. Several of the missiles fell among our horses' feet, and might have severely wounded the riders. the first assault that had been made upon us in this wild country, beyond that of the tongue, which had proved utterly harmless, being uttered in a language we did not understand. We wished our attendants to take no notice of the insult, but one of them, a lad of high spirit, who narrowly missed a blow himself, suddenly darted off in pursuit of the offenders. In a few minutes he returned very breathless, and very satisfied. ing to his own account, he made after the tallest of the group, in fact a full grown man, who seemed, moreover, to be the ringleader of the rest. Laying him flat upon the ground by a dexterous feat of pugilism, he delivered to him a lecture, in his prostrate condition, both on the shamefulness of his conduct, and the peculiarity of his punishment. He informed him that he was whipped not only for himself, but for all his associates; and he begged him to explain to them that they were to regard themselves as being whipped in him. Perhaps future travellers may unwittingly reap the benefit of this lesson in representative administration, which was taught that day, both in theory and in practice, to the rude villagers over against Samaria.

The first object of importance that arrested our attention when we had slowly wended our way up the steep of Samaria, and passed the wretched village which now disfigures the site, was the Gothic ruin of the church of St. John the Baptist, the parent of the numerous churches which bear his name throughout the West. The forerunner of our Lord, as the evangelists inform

us, was put to death by the cruel orders of Herod; and, according to the tradition of the church, the body of the martyr sleeps here. Josephus, indeed, says that the faithful John was murdered at Herod's summer residence, the Castle of Machærus, on the eastern shore of the Dead Sea, and Jerome corroborates the statement of the historian. It is possible, however, that his affectionate disciples, in their pious zeal, may have borne the headless body as far north as Samaria, and interred it in the city which had latterly rung with the fame and felt the influence of their renowned master. Certain it is that, as early as the time of Jerome, the grave of John was pointed out here, and the same wild orgies were performed around it which are periodically performed at this day around the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The Arabs who conducted us through the building unhesitatingly declared that we looked upon the grave of "the Prophet John, son of Zacharias." Thus is the name of him who "came in the spirit and power of Elias" preserved, and all generations call blessed the father and mother who were honoured to beget such a son. No one remembers with respect the cruel king, or cares to ask after his genealogical descent, or seek out the grave in which his royal bones were laid. Thus frequently does the providence of God, even in this life, equalize the portions of men, foreshadowing the vet more complete adjustments of eternity. The oppressed, the persecuted, and the martyred are advanced by their very sufferings to earthly honour and immortality, while, as years and centuries roll on, they who persecuted them, their little day of prosperity past, are consigned to the abyss of unrelieved oblivion, or, if their names be preserved at all, it is only that they may find an unenviable place in the annals of infamy and shame.

We had little expectation of being permitted to enter the edifice; for it has now been converted into a Mahommedan mosque, and is guarded by the Mussulmans with superstitious care. Mr. Fleishhacker had been five years and a half in the country, and had never been able to gain admittance within its precincts; but

to his astonishment, and, of course, to ours, the old men who were in charge, without making the least show of resistance or hesitation, immediately proceeded to expose to our view all the mysteries of their ruin. This our friend attributed to the fact that the Prince and his party had passed through Samaria a few days before, and had probably given pretty liberal bakshish; and also that having himself been recently settled in the neighbourhood, they considered him to be vested with political as well as religious authority, for every Christian minister in Palestine must needs become the civil protector of the people of his charge. We found the roof of the church gone, although otherwise the remains were in a state of tolerable preservation. The principal edifice was 153 feet long, by 35 wide. Two or three marble tablets yet remained, with sculptured crosses of the Knights of St. John, whence the conclusion seemed legitimate, that the building had been, in all probability, reared by the Knights of that order, who afterwards found an asylum, first in Rhodes, and next in Malta. I mentioned in an early chapter that John the Baptist was their acknowledged head. We descended by a flight of twenty-one steps to the reputed tomb of the forerunner, which has undoubtedly been hewn out of the virgin rock, and found it to be more perfect than anything of the kind which we had yet seen.

But the most important ruins yet remained to be visited. Ascending to the highest part of the hill on which the cities, both of Ahab and Herod had stood in their pride, we found that the rubbish had been cleared away, and that grass was growing luxuriantly on the very height which had once been indented by the hoofs of the prancing horses. It was manifest that stones had been cast from the top down all the sides of the hill, to make way for the operations of agriculture, rude and simple as the art yet remains; and while we passed over the flat summit, a man was actually driving the beam of his clumsy plough over the surface. Thus were the words of another prophet fulfilled before our eyes: "Therefore will I make Samaria as an heap of the

field, and as plantings of a vineyard; and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley." (Micah i. 6.) Here also were to be seen fifteen erect columns without capitals, and two others fallen to the ground.

These columnar remains, however, striking and suggestive though they might be, were not to be compared with those that are strewn along a flat belt of level ground, which, like a natural terrace, sweeps round the western and southern sides of the hill, at about the middle of its elevation. Here about sixty columns, all decapitated, and sunk deep in the soil, extend for several thousand feet, in two distinct ranges, fifty feet apart. The shafts measure sixteen feet in height, and two in diameter—and all taper towards the top. They evidently formed two sides of a colonnade, which lined the principal street of Sebaste, and extended from a triumphal arch, whose remains can still be traced, to the gorgeous palace of Herod at the southern end of the hill. Such a colonnade we know existed, in his time, at Damascus and Palmyra.

These mute and mutilated columns spoke solemnly in my ear of the generations and the glory which had long ago departed never to return. Where once the citizens thronged and the chariots rolled between proud pillars, now the grass grew, the wind sighed, and the broken shafts seemed to weep in the solitude. Herod's feast had long since been followed by his funeral; the vain and voluptuous life of Herodias had come to a close; the thoughtless dance of Salome had terminated in the stillness of death; and the money of Simon Magus had perished with him. The beheaded John had outstripped them all; for the sword of the executioner had only hurried his ascent on high. May it be ours, when all traces of our bodies and our habitations shall have passed away from the world, to be embalmed in the memories and hearts of our sanctified survivors.

As we left Samaria we bade an affectionate farewell to our friend Mr. Fleishhacker, who returned to his post of duty, while we continued our tour of observation. May he be honoured to reap many spiritual sheaves in Shechem and the adjoining districts of Samaria, made "white unto the harvest."

Throughout the rest of the day we traversed a region less barren than the hill-country of Judea, yet sufficiently rocky to give us uneasiness as to the footing of our horses. If now a wide and verdant plain opened to the view, it was soon followed by the steep ascent of a hill, and a correspondingly deep defile on the other side. Indeed, the whole region wore the same aspect of judicial desolation, which had so surprised us in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. We passed a considerable sheet of water, situated in what the Arabs call "The Drowning Meadow." It is near the lofty fortress of Sanûr, which could never be taken by open assault. It was not reduced till, by a stratagem of modern tactics, artillery was planted on a neighbouring hill which commands its inferior height. We caught a glimpse, also, of that part of the coast of the Mediterranean Sea where lie the desolate and uninhabited ruins of Cesarea.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we came in sight of the little village of Dothan, overlooking a plain of the same name. As it lay two miles out of our course, we did not turn aside to pay it a visit. Probably Joseph, tired and hungry, descended into the plain along the very ridge which we traversed. His brethren could see him in the distance, and had time to hatch their cruel plot before he stood at their side. Along the very vale at our feet the Ishmaelites passed from Gilead to Egypt with balm and spices, and to them his inhuman brethren agreed to sell the unoffending youth, little thinking that he who had lain bathed in his tears in the pit of Dothan, would one day become the main pillar of the throne of Pharach, and that to him they would be indebted for their daily bread and the goodly pastures of Goshen.

We remembered that Dothan had been distinguished also by a remarkable incident in the life of Elisha. To it the messengers of Benhadad came to capture the prophet, because he was continually communicating Syria's evil designs to the king at Samaria,

and thereby frustrating them. "And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold an host compassed the city, both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas! my master! how shall we do? And he answered: Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. [Noble utterance! Let it ever stimulate the Christian when he is at the post of duty and conscientious endurance, however numerous his persecutors, foes, or difficulties may be.] And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eves of the young man, and he saw: and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." (2 Kings vi. 15-19.) At this juncture they were stricken with blindness, and led by Elisha into Samaria, as already mentioned. very mountain range rose gently before us on which this squadron of cherubic auxiliaries was made visible to the trembling youth. May we ever be conscious of superhuman aid in the midst of life's trials and temptations; and when we press a bed of death, may it become a Dothan on which the celestial hosts shall be revealed to our opening eyes, all ready to bear us for ever away beyond the power of the enemy.

When we reached Jenin at six o'clock in the evening, we found that our mules had preceded us by some hours, and that our tents were pitched beside the gleaming waters of a purling brook. Water was to be expected here, for the ancient name of Jenin was Engannim, (Joshua xix. 21,) that is, a fountain of gardens. Although the houses of the populous village were mere mud cabins, the gardens, hedges of prickly pear,\* and a precious fountain, all conspired to prove the propriety of the Old Testa-

<sup>\*</sup> Of the prickly pear-tree as seen by him near Joppa, Dr. Morison, of Glasgow, says in the "Evangelical Repository": "It is a cactus, of which there are specimens in the Glasgow Botanic Gardens. The season of its delicious fruit seems to be past here; but when we were in Malta and Italy, there was no fruit that was more common in the markets." (Second Series, p. 328.)

ment name. It is in the lot of the tribe of Issachar, and on the borders of the plain of Esdraelon, through which our next day's journey lay.

Whenever we were clear of Jenin, next morning, the plain of Esdraelon burst upon our view. It is indeed most remarkable, whether we consider its peculiar topographical outline, or the historical scenes which were enacted within its celebrated confines. Hitherto the land had been rocky and mountainous as our own Highlands, but suddenly a level expanse of green spread out before us, twelve miles in breadth, and extending lengthwise from the Mediterranean to the Jordan. The effect was as pleasing as that produced by a lovely sheet of water in the midst of hills, only that not a lake lay at our feet, but a meadow, as smooth and verdant as Glasgow Green, and some twenty times It forms the great natural boundary between the mountains of Samaria on the south, through which our path had lain, and the mountains of Galilee on the north—the far-shooting roots of Lebanon-which rose before us in superior majesty on the other side. The western portion of this plain narrows into the vale of Kishon, "that ancient river" which flows into the Mediterranean, near the foot of Carmel. The central part, also the widest, is sometimes called the valley of Megiddo, from a town which once stood near its southern extremity; but the eastern portion -namely, that which descends to the Jordan-is the most noticeable, both on account of its natural features and its historical fame. The plain is here divided into three parts by the intervention of two mountain ridges, Gilboa and Little Hermon. rose right before us as we left Jenin. As we gazed upon its barren brow we remembered the pathetical and imprecatory lamentation which the Royal Psalmist of Israel uttered over it when Saul and Jonathan had perished there by the hands of the Philistines: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, proclaim it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains

of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you. nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, and the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil." (2 Sam. i. 19-21.) I was reminded also of an interesting and appropriate use of this beautiful elegy. It is recorded in the memoirs of the late Dr. Wardlaw, that his brother Captain Wardlaw was killed at the head of his regiment at the battle of Salamanca—one of those numerous engagements during the Peninsular war, which yielded to Britain public glory, but carried grief into many a stricken home. The young minister thrilled with tender sympathy the great audience which assembled to hear him preach his brother's funeral sermon, when with broken voice he read David's pathetic exclamation, "O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places: I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan;" and there was hardly a dry eye in the house, as one has told me who was present, when at a certain part of his sermon he spoke to this effect: "As a sword pierced the heart of David when he heard the melancholy tidings from the heights of Gilboa, hearts in Scotland have of late been wrung with anguish by tidings brought from the heights of Salamanca."

The portion of the plain which extends from Jenin to Gilboa was not distinguished by any remarkable occurrence; but whenever we passed the western end of the hill and gained a view of the second valley, called the valley of Jezreel, there lay before us land made classic by some of the most momentous occurrences of Jewish history. In the first place, it was in the valley between Gilboa and little Hebron that the disastrous battle between Saul and the Philistines was fought. Shunem was on the other side of the plain where the Philistines pitched (1 Sam. xxviii. 4); and on this side flowed the waters of the fountain of Jezreel, where doomed Saul, "his heart greatly trembling," injudiciously chose his encampment. I say injudiciously, because the steep ridge of Gilboa rose in his rear, thus making escape almost impossible for his troops, when the panic seized them, which had already possessed his own sinking spirit. What wonder that they as well as their royal leaders were pursued to "the high places" and indiscriminately slaughtered there?

The site of the ancient Jezreel, now occupied by a small and miserable village, is on a slight elevation not far from the base of Mount Gilboa. This word, which, in its Greek form (Esdraelon). has given its name to the whole plain, means literally "the sowing," or "sowing place of God," and thus designates the exuberant fertility of the soil. I have already mentioned that King Ahab chose it for his residence. He seems, indeed, for some years to have removed his court thither, living in regal splendour with the wicked and wily, but eventually baffled Jezebel. rode through the village, and passed down the hillock to the plain again, such meditations as the following filled our minds: Perhaps the dogs, even as these hungry ones before us would do, at this very spot devoured the body of the accursed queen when she had been thrown from the window by the command of the avenging Perhaps here stood the watch-tower, from which the astonished guard saw Jehu and his warlike troop driving furiously towards the city from the bed of the Jordan. And here, perhaps, grew the vineyard of Naboth, which the selfish king coveted, and to obtain which he hesitated not to murder its innocent owner. (See 1 Kings xxi., 2 Kings ix.) Who would not, to-day, infinitely rather occupy on the page of history the place of Naboth, with all his suffering, but with all his integrity, than that of Ahab and Jezebel, with all their blood-stained royalty? Dread tale of guilt, and the punishment of guilt! If ever we be tempted to look only on the sweetness, and forget the bitterness of sin, may we pause at the thought of the terrible tragedy of Jezebel and Jezreel.

At Jezreel we turned to the right, and pursued our journey for about half an hour towards the bed of the Jordan, for the purpose of visiting the famous well now called "Ain Jâlûd," but known in Scripture as "Ain Harod," the well of trembling. (Judges vii. 1.) It was so called because Gideon there, by divine direction, made his famous proclamation—" Whoso is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead." (v. 3.) We

were thus reminded of another and an earlier battle fought on this storied plain, and one by which the most signal deliverance was wrought, ever experienced by the people of the Lord. The truth is, that the plain of Esdraelon was the great battle-field of Palestine. The enemies of the Hebrews could not reach them in their mountain fastnesses, whereas invasion was easy along that level valley, whether they came eastward from beyond Jordan, or doubling the ridge of Carmel, advanced from the shore of the sea. In fact, we find that even after the time of Joshua only the hilly districts (no doubt the principal portion of the land) were in the hands of the Israelites, while the Philistines possessed all the level country, extending from Gaza and Ashdod in the south, to Bethshean, their northern metropolis, near the river Jordan; and it was the plain of Esdraelon which joined together these distant possessions, and formed a natural high-way between them.

On this occasion, however, the foe came not northward through the plain of Sharon, but westward from the Trans-Jordanic regions. The invasion is thus graphically described in the sacred volume: "And so it was, when Israel had sown, that the Midianites came up, and the Amalekites, and the children of the east, even they came up against them; and they encamped against them, and destroyed the increase of the earth, till thou come unto Gaza, and left no sustenance for Israel, neither sheep. nor ox, nor ass. For they came up with their cattle and their tents, and they came as grasshoppers for multitude; for both they and their camels were without number: and they entered into the land to destroy it. And Israel was greatly impoverished, because of the Midianites; and the children of Israel cried unto the Lord." (Judges vi. 8-6.) The locality of their encampment, and of the subsequent contest is also plainly specified: "Then all the Midianites, and the Amalekites, and the children of the east were gathered together, and went over, and pitched in the valley of Jezreel. But the Spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon, and he blew a trumpet; and Abi-ezer was gathered after him. And he

sent messengers unto Asher, and unto Zebulun, and unto Naphtali; and they came up to meet them." (vers. 33-35.)

The way in which this great captain, according to the word of the Lord, first thinned out his army, and then gained a splendid victory, is well known; but it is so suggestive and instructive that I feel disposed briefly to notice it for the sake of my reader's edifi-After the first proclamation, already quoted, of those who confessed themselves to be "fearful and afraid," there "returned twenty and two thousand; and there remained ten thousand." "And the Lord said unto Gideon, The people are yet too many; bring them down unto the water, and I will try them for thee there; and it shall be that of whom I say unto thee, This shall go with thee, the same shall go with thee; and of whomsoever I say unto thee. This shall not go with thee, the same shall not go. brought down the people unto the water; and the Lord said unto Gideon, Every one that lappeth of the water with his tongue, as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself; likewise every one that boweth down upon his knees to drink. And the number of them that lapped, putting their hand to their mouth, were three hundred men; but all the rest of the people bowed down upon their knees to drink water. And the Lord said unto Gideon, By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hand; and let all the other people go every man unto his place." (Judges vii. 3-7.) Most noticeable are these words—"The people are yet too many." The reason is plainly stated in the second verse-" Lest Israel vaunt themselves against me, saying, Mine own hand hath saved me." The power and the excellency must needs be of God! No flesh should glory in his presence! He that gloried should glory only in the Lord! By weak things he would confound the mighty, and by things that were despised, yea, by things which, in a manner, were not, he would bring to nought things that were! (1 Cor. i. 27-31.) Thus has it ever been. By the hand of patient Joseph he saved both Israel and the Egyptians alive. By meek Moses and Aaron he led forth his people like a flock. By David's sling and stone

he saved them from the Philistines. By Ezra and Nehemiah he led them back from Babylon, and built ruined Jerusalem again. And when he sought to redeem the world, and restore it to his own allegiance, he did not stir up the might of his omnipotence, but applied the gentle influence of love, and placed "the power of God" in the sufferings of you weak, dying Lamb on the tree! No mighty armies did he summon to his aid, but drew some fishermen from their nets to preach his gospel to the world. And such has been his plan ever since. The wealthy, and the powerful, and the learned he has caused to turn back, and has exalted them of low degree. Lest it should be said that the force of literature won the day, he has specially owned the labours of the illiterate but earnest evangelist. Lest the influence of sword and of state should be magnified, he has frowned upon the great organizations of governments, and has evangelized the world by means of unpretending Christian effort. Lest large churches and denominations should boast, he has more abundantly honoured the small and the despised. He has taken Bunyan from his tin-craft, Carey from his shoe-last, and Livingstone from the factory, lest man in his pride of wealth and station should say, "Mine own right hand hath done it." Often, too, the speaker of great eloquence has done comparatively little good, while he of stammering speech, but apostolic earnestness, by his spirit of prayer and devotion has roused the world. The watchword of Esdraelon on that eventful night, was not "Gideon and the sword of the Lord." Oh! no. Man must be humbled, and God must be exalted. The Divine Agent must be honoured unspeakably more than the mere human instrument. Let us learn at once our subordinateness and the secret of our strength in that memorable cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

Yet, let it be noticed, that while, in one view, the means themselves are most unfit to produce the end, they must needs possess a certain adaptation to the work. The apostles of the Lord had all their peculiar qualifications, even as Gideon and his men were honourably distinguished from their fellow-countrymen. Gideon was hailed by the angel of the Lord as "a mighty man of valour" (ch. vi. 12), and the trial of "the well of trembling," was made by no arbitrary or unmeaning test. He that "lapped like a dog" was assuredly no coward, or carpet knight. He was a man of action. He could endure hardness, and might be trusted in any emergency. Nor will God in his church at the present day work wonders by means of slothful and spiritless societies or individuals. They who would be honoured in his service, must be qualified for his service. They must be like Israel in prayer, like John in charity, like Paul in devotedness, like Gideon, when occasion calls, in heroism and valour.

The sequel is well known. These three hundred, with a higher than Gideon, even God himself, for their guide, made the valley of Jezreel the Thermopylae of Palestine. Their pitchers were broken, their trumpets were blown, their torches did gleam; and before the double cry and the double powers of the sword of the Lord and Gideon, multitudinous Midian fled in confusion and de-We looked upon the very well at which they drank, and in the neighbourhood of which they prevailed. We drank of it too, and allowed our horses to drink of it, and lave their dusty limbs in its cooling waters. It was of considerable size, and almost merited the name of a little lake or tarn. Three thousand years had rolled away since the event had taken place, which had given its name and its fame to that pellucid pool. But the pool was the same, and God on high the same, as well as the unvarying laws of his divine administration. The waters of El-Harod seemed to say to us as we bade them farewell-"Be not men of faint and trembling heart. Be brave and patient in the great battle of life and of God. Heed not though your difficulties and your foes be mighty as the Midianites, and numerous as the swarming locusts. If conscience and truth be on your side, be sure of the victory. Fear not though you be in the minority. For though you be but three hundred, and your foes be three hundred thousand, if God be on your side the majority is overwhelming. Make this your watchword amid all your fears and tribulations, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.'"

We now passed right across the valley of Jezreel, amid the tall, rank grass for which Esdraelon is distinguished, to the village of Shunem, which had been visible for several hours at the foot of Little Hermon. Here the carpets were spread for our noontide repast, and a hedge-row of very large prickly pear trees sheltered us pleasantly from the meridian sun. As we drew near to the place, and rested within its borders, the story of the Shunamite woman and her late-born son filled our minds. It was through Shunem that Elisha often passed on the high errands of the Lord. attended by that Gehazi whose insincerity at last was so terribly exposed. There dwelt the woman of distinction who took notice of the holy man, and, "on hospitable thoughts intent," proposed to her husband to make a little chamber on the wall, in which he might be accommodated what time he passed by. apartment was by no means luxuriously furnished; for there were set for him, "a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick;" but the wants of Elisha were few, and the piety of his hostess made the apartment more pleasant to him than Jezebel's most splendid rooms at Jezreel would have been. Anxious to give the Shunamite some return for her kindness, he called her before him; for, though like heaven's messengers of a subsequent age, "silver and gold had he none," by virtue of his office he had influence both with God and man. Truly noble was her reply when he asked, "Would'st thou be spoken for to the king, or to the captain of the host?" She had no wish to shine at court, nor did she care that her husband should have a high place in Ahab's army. did she, by the beautiful contentment of her reply, condemn those who ever restlessly aim at a high and yet higher social position-"I dwell among mine own people!" But, happy though she was in her home at the foot of the hill, there was one manifest want. No infant's prattle had ever been heard in it, nor the patter of tiny feet upon the floor. She had been lovingly addressed in her

youth as daughter, and in her own house as wife; but the sacred word "mother" had never fallen upon her ear. So, selecting the greatest blessing which could be bestowed upon one of her domestic attachments, in return for the chamber, the prophet promised her a child. The prediction was fulfilled; but, like Abraham's, her faith was sorely tried in connection with that son For one day, when childhood had passed into opening youth, he had joined his father early in one of the fields before our eyes, where the reapers were cutting down the corn. beams of the rising orb of day had fallen too fervently upon his head, visiting him with that alarming infliction known as sun-stroke (and we could testify from experience that the heat of the sun in Palestine, is almost as severe in the morning, two or three hours after sunrise, when his rays strike slantingly on the earth, as when they fall vertically at the meridian). "And he said unto his father. My head, my head. And he said unto a lad, Carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him, and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died. went up and laid him on the bed of the man of God, and shut the door upon him, and went out." (2 Kings iv. 18-21.) We saw clearly the direction in which she must have ridden, ten or twelve miles across the plain, to tell her sad tale to Elisha in his customary residence at Carmel. Fancy recalled that scene on which the God of Elisha looked down so long ago. The child lay silent and dead in the closed room on the wall, while the afflicted father wept below. But the energetic mother crossed the valley on her ass, amid the intense heat of a summer afternoon, speaking little to her solitary and sympathetic attendant—for her heart was bowed down, although believing. She was earnest and resolute in her entreaty that the prophet would accompany her, and at length prevailed. And, now, as the shadows of the evening begin to lengthen, see first Gehazi bearing the prophet's staff, which sometimes possessed miraculous virtue; but, alas, it was wielded by unworthy hands, and though laid deliberately on the breathless body, "there was neither voice nor hearing." At length the

Shunamite and the seer draw near-she, unwearied in body. through the excitement of her mind, and glad at heart because Elisha is with her; for, if he cannot cure, he will at least comfort. Then the scene ensued which has so often thrilled the readers of the sacred narrative. The prophet was left alone with the child. Would the Power who gave, raise again? He could—would he? All was still for a time, while the man of God prayed, and while he lay upon the body in which no pulse beat. At length they heard his measured tread as he walked to and fro, to and fro, to and fro, overhead, wrestling in prayer, and then all was still again. Minutes seemed hours, so slowly did they pass at that season of Then the door opened, and the mother was told, to her unspeakable joy, that her child lived. Twice had she received him from God; and, if any such comparison might be instituted. the joy of the first gift, great though it was, was exceeded by the joy of the second.

This story of Shunem is capable of important practical appli-We are taught to use the grace of hospitality, since some have entertained angels unawares. Especially may we learn that God will not allow kindness to go unrewarded, which has been shown to his servants in the midst of their straits and trials. holy man of God entering with "the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ," into a house thrown open to him in Christian generosity, has often been the means of raising a husband, a wife, a child, or even an aged grand-parent, from the death of trespasses and sins-so that, on his departure, they who welcomed him have said, with great delight, "If we have given him of our temporal things, he has given us of his spiritual things. These dear friends of ours 'were dead, but they are alive again; they were lost, but they are found." Nor should parents, bereaved of their children. be inconsolable because no Elisha may now be found to walk up and down the chamber, and stretch himself upon the dead dust and restore it reanimated to them, as much beside themselves with joy as they had been with grief; or, because the Saviour is not on earth now to say, "Maid, arise," as in the house of Jairus, or.

"Young man, arise," as in the suburbs of Nain. Let them rejoice in the edifying converse of the man of God, who comforts, though he cannot cure—who can revive the living, though not the dead, and wipe away their tears as they hear him say, "Ye shall go to them, though they shall not return to you."

We could not say that our experience at Shunem very closely resembled that of Elisha. The "glory had departed" from the place in more senses than one. To no prophet's chamber were the weary travellers invited. As we sat by the hedge at our midday repast, a crowd of villagers assembled to gaze upon us. Their sheikh, or chief man, was in their midst. He pressed upon our notice some flattering certificates which he had received from sundry officials, evidently with the expectation that we would leave him money. So the sons of the prophets did not get but gave; and Shunem that day rejoiced not in what she bestowed, but in what she took away. Still, our great wish for her was that she might "hunger and thirst after righteousness, and be filled," and that she might open her eyes to behold the beauties of that "child of hope" who had already been born, but whom she did not know.

After leaving Shunem, and doubling the end of Little Hermon, we came in sight of Mount Tabor, the third hill in the eastern part of the plain, and parallel to the mountains of Nazareth. I may here notice that Gilboa is 1300 feet high, Little Hermon 1862, and Tabor 1800 feet. The hill which English travellers have named "Little Hermon," is called by the natives "Duhy;" and it must be confessed that our fellow-countrymen have not been very felicitous in their nomenclature. It seems to have been founded on a misapprehension of Psalm xlii. 6, and Psalm lxxxix. 12. The name ought to be reserved for the gigantic summit of the Anti-Lebanon range; and without doubt was never given by the sacred writers to any inferior hill.

We were now in the broadest part of the plain of Esdraelon—that, namely, as already mentioned, which is called par excellence the plain of Megiddo, lying right in front of the town of that name, when long ago it had "a local habitation" there. For it is

worthy of remark that while Esdraelon was always a level plain. many towns and villages once dotted its surface, which, like those in more densely peopled parts, in fulfilment of Divine prediction, have been completely blotted out of existence. We were reminded that here also two great battles had been fought, one of them to Israel's advantage, and the other fraught with disaster. The first was that which was gained in the time of the Judges, by Deborah and Barak over Sisera, the general of Jabin, king of Hazor, one of the Canaanitish kings, whose mountain-keep was in the neighbourhood of the sea of Merom. Sisera and his coadjutors took up their position at Taanach in the plain of Megiddo (Judges v. 19); while Deborah and Barak took up their's on Mount Tabor (iv. 12). The battle began by the descent of Barak from the hill at the call of the prophetess. Heaven favoured the Hebrew belligerents; for "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." Josephus enables us to understand this poetical expression, when he informs us, in the fifth book of his Antiquities, that "a tremendous storm of sleet and hail gathered from the east and burst over the plain of Esdraelon, driving full in the faces of the advancing Canaanites." Overcome by the might of Barak and the tremendous artillery of heaven, the soldiers of Sisera, notwithstanding their nine hundred chariots of iron, were mowed down by the thousand, and the swollen "river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon." (Judges v. 21.) Sisera sprang down from his chariot and fled far north to Kadesh. and sought refuge in the tent of Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite. There the Lord "sold him into the hand of a woman:" "and the land had rest forty years."

The other great contest which took place in the same plain occurred at a much later date. After the overthrow of Israel by the Assyrians, and shortly before the capture of Judah by the Babylonians, Pharaoh-Necho, king of Egypt, came up to fight against Charchemish, king of Assyria. Palestine, almost equidistant between the two lands, suffered in the contest. The Egyptian monarch advanced most probably along the shephelah, or plain

of Philistia, and proposed to march through the valley of Megiddo towards the Euphrates. Josiah, as the ally of the Assyrian king. and perhaps with intemperate zeal, advanced with an army to oppose his progress. "And the archers shot at king Josiah; and the king said to his servants, Have me away, for I am sore wounded. His servants therefore took him out of that chariot, and put him in the second chariot that he had; and they brought him to Jerusalem, and he died, and was buried in one of the sepulchres of his fathers. And all Judah and Jerusalem mourned for Josiah. And Jeremiah lamented for Josiah; and all the singing men and singing women spake of Josiah in their lamentations to this day, and made them an ordinance in Israel: and, behold, they are written in the Lamentations." (2 Chron. xxxv. 23-25.) The mourning made for this good king became proverbial among Hence Zechariah, foretelling the grief of his people when they would "look upon him whom they had pierced," says -"In that day shall there be a great mourning in Jerusalem, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon (the spot where Josiah fell) in the valley of Megiddon." (Zech. xii. 11.) I observed that several ministers of the gospel, not without reason, in the funeral sermons which they preached on the occasion, illustrated the national mourning for the good Prince Albert by the national mourning for the good king Josiah.

My readers may think it strange that so many great battles were fought in Esdraelon; but it has always been found that in mountainous regions the trials of strength take place in the plain. Witness, for example, the struggles of our Scottish forefathers in the carses of Stirling and of Falkirk. Some may be disposed to object, at this point, also, that the rehearsal of sanguinary engagements does not tend to edification. But, in truth, owing to the depravity of the human race, battles have always been the prominent landmarks of the history of nations. And such a rehearsal may edify my readers, by evoking their Christian gratitude. Let them bless God that the straths and mountain passes of old Scotland are not being signalized in our day by bloody encounters like

those of the plain of Esdraelon in far distant times, or as they themselves were unhappily signalized a few hundred years ago, when Wallace and Bruce, the Gideons of Caledonia, withstood the advance of Southern foemen, whose descendants we now hail as Southern friends. Let them bless God that our land is not filled with woe to-day like the land of our Transatlantic Anglo-Saxon kinsmen, where "many Rachels are mourning for their children, and will not be comforted, because they are not."

One other subsidiary observation strikes me as appropriate here. The Apostle John, in the Apocalypse, represents the great contest between Christ and the hosts of wickedness as taking place in Armageddon. (Rev. xvi. 16.) Now certain very fanciful and fallacious derivations have of late been hazarded of this word, and that, too, by writers who make some pretensions to scholarship. One supposition is, that the prophetic writer had in view a site in Italy; and another, that he meant the city in the Crimea which fell in 1855 before the allied armies of Britain and France. the explanations given in this chapter serve clearly to define the reference of the word. Armageddon means in the Hebrew tongue the mountain, or, according to others, the river of Megiddo with its circumjacent district. Now, let it be borne in mind that the whole plain around the city of Megiddo had been from the very infancy of the Jewish nation their great battlefield, and that John, one of Zebedee's children, had been brought up on the shores of the sea of Galilee, not twenty miles distant from that storied plain. What could be more natural, then, for him than that, when beholding in rapt ecstasy the final contest between Emmanuel and the opposing powers of darkness, he should transfer, by the license of religious poetry, the euphonious and suggestive name of the battlefield of Israel to the battlefield of the world?

But the list of conflicts which have stained with blood the verdant sward of Megiddo is not yet complete, only that we pass from the annals of ancient to those of modern warfare. Shortly after our departure from Shunem, our guide led us by a somewhat circuitous course that we might see El Fuleh, the scene of the

great encounter between the troops of Napoleon and the Turks. in April, 1799. It is well known that that ambitious general longed to be the master of Syria, with the view of realizing his darling dream of an Eastern empire. Thus was he naturally brought into collision with the Turks, the masters of the soil. the French general, left Nazareth on the morning of the day of battle, with only 3000 men. (Alas that a name so sweet and sacred should be associated with a war so unjust, and a strife so fatal!) The enemy, of whose strength he was ignorant, pushed forward from Jenin to meet him. The two armies met in the very centre of the plain, most disproportionate in numbers; for the handful of French found themselves confronted with fifteen thousand full armed infantry, and fifteen thousand trooping cavalry. characteristic gallantry of his nation, Kleber did not flinch. divided his little army into squares, with the artillery in the For six long hours he kept the mighty host at bay. this critical juncture Napoleon reached the summit of Mount Tabor. In the vast field of tumult that stretched out before him (and with such scenes he was but too familiar), he recognised his own little army by the steadiness of their fire, comprehended at once the exigency of its position, and, with the eagle eye of military genius, saw in a moment what should be done. General Letoucg he despatched towards Jenin with artillery to engage the reserve of Mamelukes who were there, while he himself prepared to fall upon the devoted Turks in their flank and rear, Kleber, meanwhile, continuing his operations in front. Then followed a scene of carnage which baffles description. Suffice it to say, that the destruction of the Turkish army was at least as total as that of Barak, of the Midianites, or of Saul, in their "evil day." That conflict is called, in the histories of the period, "the battle of Mount Tabor."

But enough, and more than enough of these fatal encounters: for suddenly we were reminded of a very different scene. We were now some miles past El Fuleh, and could see round the western end of Little Hermon, and along the slope which faces Mount

What village, or rather hamlet, was that at the foot of The very mention of its name is sufficient to thrill every Christian heart. It was Nain! For the first time since we entered the plain, we were reminded of the days and doings of the Saviour. Gladly did we bid Barak, and Gideon, and Saul. and Napoleon farewell, that we might meditate for a season on the mercy of Emmanuel! Truly we had here a very different theme of contemplation: for whereas, hitherto, we had been occupied chiefly with those who slew the living, here was One We wished to ride over to Nain, and who gave life to the dead. muse on the very spot where the life-giving word was heard; but our dragoman told us that we could not reach Nazareth before night-fall if we made a detour to Nain. It was with regret that we abandoned the idea; for we would willingly have wandered in the dark for an hour or two to have been able to say, in future years, that we had actually been in Nain. Still, some comfort lay in the consideration, that we saw from our present position all that could be seen. Only a few mean houses remain where once an important city stood. But somewhere on that declivity Jesus must have met the mournful cavalcade which called forth his divine compassion. The face of the dead youth would be exposed upon the bier, (a sight common in the East,) its calm composure presenting an affecting contrast to the grief depicted upon the countenances of the surrounding mourners, and chiefly of the agonised mother, now left so sadly alone in the world. But the authoritative summons, "Young man, arise," brought back the blood and the expression to that still, cold face, and made the bystanders, instead of personifications of sorrow, personifications of joy. As we looked across the waving grass to the scene of that miracle, we realized the precious facts, to some extent, as we had formerly done at the grave of Lazarus in Bethany, that "we have an High-priest who can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities "-that "truly this was the Son of God "-and that it should not be "thought a thing incredible with us that God would raise the dead."

We saw, also, from the same angle of observation, the site and ruins of ancient Endor, a mile or two east of Nain, and situated, like it, on the northern slope of Little Hermon. and desolation seemed to reign there too. It is probable that Saul, when, on the night before the battle of Gilboa, he went thither to consult the woman who had a familiar spirit, did not double the western end of the hill as we had done, but the eastern. which lay nearer his camp at the fount of Jezreel, and, moreover, was not occupied, like the other, by the army of the Philistines. Heavy must have been the heart of the monarch as he went, but heavier as he returned, with not only the presentiment, but the prediction of impending destruction resting as an incubus upon it; for the spirit of the holy Samuel had been raised to warn him of his approaching overthrow. There seems to be some resemblance between the events which imparted their chief celebrity to these two towns, Endor and Nain, left all alone on the slope of that hill; since in both the dead had been brought to life, either to warn of God's judgments, or woo to the embrace of his love.

And now we had traversed the entire breadth of the plain of of Esdraelon, and about four o'clock in the afternoon found that we were approaching the confines of Galilee. Behind us lay the mountains of Samaria; but before us rose the mountains of the district in which Jesus had dwelt, till the Spirit led him forth to the baptism which initiated his high work, and the awful baptism of his atoning death. The hill which looked down upon us, as we approached the northern end of the plain, was "the Mount of Precipitation," so called by the Latins, (but erroneously, as I shall afterwards show,) because, according to them, it is the hill from which the people of Nazareth, in their fury, proposed to cast the Saviour down headlong. Our road lay up a rocky bridlepath on the left side of this mount, leading to a table-land, some hundreds of feet high; and, fatigued though we were, our spirits were cheered with the thought that in a few minutes, after climbing this steep ascent, we would come in sight of Nazareth, and soon rest ourselves within its sacred inclosures.

After riding for a quarter of an hour beyond the summit of the mountain ridge, we at length looked upon the much-longed-for and much-loved place, beautifully situated at the end of a valley of about a mile in length. A hill, 400 feet high, rose behind the town, many of the houses of which were evidently built upon its Prominent among the other buildings towered the spire of the Latin Church, called "the Church of the Annunciation," because it is believed to be built over the spot where the angel Gabriel announced to Mary that she would be the mother of the Lord. It was five o'clock, and the sweet notes of the vesper-bell were stealing softly down the vale as we drew near. I must confess to a love for church-bells, especially when their tones are sweet, and the associations of the place are sacred. No sound comes from Mahommedan mosques but the unmusical muezzin call: consequently, these notes at Nazareth were somewhat unwonted, and reminded us of home and of childhood. A celebrated American poet, who, alas! like our own Byron and Burns, was cut off in his prime by intemperance, in a beautiful ode, has graphically described the impressions produced upon the mind of the listener by bridal bells, funeral bells, and alarum bells. I decidedly prefer church-bells, impressive though some of the others may be, because they lift the mind above this chequered and transient scene to God, eternity, and heaven. Such was my experience that evening at Nazareth. No doubt, I would have liked the tones better had they come from a Protestant edifice; but, even as it was, they seemed to say that the praise of Him who had spent his boyhood in obscurity there had been sounded throughout the world, and had been wafted far over sea and shore. I will lay down my pen for the present, with the soothing sound of that bell in my ear; and when I resume it, may I be enabled to guide my reader profitably through the scenes which were sanctified by the childhood and opening manhood of Jesus.

## CHAPTER XII.

## Hazareth to Tiberias.

I HAVE just endeavoured to describe our entrance into Nazareth, while the vesper bell was ringing. We rode up through the whole extent of the town, and found our tents beautifully pitched on the slope of "the hill whereon their city is built," hard by the Greek church, and the limpid fount of the Virgin.

The suburb was by no means a solitude on this afternoon, whatever it might be at other or less remarkable times. the Tuesday after Easter, which is observed by the Christian population of Nazareth as a holiday, or, as we would say in Scotland, "a fair." And as our secluded camping-ground held the very relation to Nazareth which a public park holds to a British city, it need not be a matter of astonishment that we were not allowed to have the ground to ourselves. Nor were we disappointed at this; for we had a fine opportunity of seeing the Nazarenes to The festivities were drawing to a close; but we were in time to form some idea of the amusements and hilarity of the Syrian people on a day of recreation. The young men were engaged in some games which called for manly vigour, and no small muscular exertion; but the young women were gracefully moving It could be seen in a moment in the mazes of the gentle dance. that many of the fair were at the fair. Indeed, in whatever other respects Nazareth may be deficient, it does not come behind in the beauty of its young women. There were black eyes and blue eyes, and, no doubt, eyes of other hues; fair complexions and

dark complexions; pale faces and the reverse; pensive faces and gleesome; but almost all the eyes, complexions, and faces were calculated to leave a pleasant, and in the case of the unprotected, a captivating impression upon the mind, or rather upon the heart. The dance of these maidens was a very simple Three or four of the sisterhood stood in the centre of the circle, and about twenty of the rest moved slowly round them, singing as they moved. When I add that several of these groups were in the neighbourhood of our tents, and many admiring spectators besides, my reader will have some idea of the unexpected sight which was presented to the eyes of us whose minds had been so solemnised, a few minutes before, by the bell of the church of the Annunciation. We could not understand what their simple song meant; but doubtless it contained some tribute of admiration, and some wish of benevolence. But we should have remembered that as litigation is a game which two can play at, so is looking. We had been deeply interested in seeing them; but it had not entered our minds that they might be as deeply interested in seeing us. They had not noticed our entrance as spectators, so entirely had they been occupied with their own amusements; but at length one or two of them had caught a glimpse of the strangers, and especially of the ladies. The tidings were soon whispered from one to the other that there was something worth looking at in the out-skirts of the crowd, whereupon the whole group nearest us unceremoniously broke up, and came down pellmell on our party, with the manifest intention of instituting a thorough examination. In other words, they left the dance, and were determined to have a review, if not of military, yet of millinery, which to them possessed superior attractions by far. crinoline and round bonnets are not to be seen every day in Nazareth; and consequently we need not have wondered that the European dresses of our ladies stirred to their very depths Nazarene curiosity and surprise. They pulled them by the sleeve and by the veil; they scrutinized collar, ribbon, and hooks and eyes, and seemed to wish to kiss the soft and snowy hand. There was

nothing rude or offensive in the liberties which they took; for their whole manner seemed to say, "You have come from a far country, and we wish you every blessing; but really your dress is very strange, and you must just allow us to look at you." Still, as these attentions gave to our friends a painful publicity, we were constrained to lead them away from the scene; and as we did so, our whole party was greeted with a vociferous Nazarene hurrah.

Being thus fairly driven from the field, we cast about in our minds as to how we might best improve the hour which remained before the sun would set and the merry-making be concluded; and as we expected to leave the next day for the Sea of Galilee, and there was not a little in Nazareth which deserved to be seen, we thought that we could not do better than visit as many of its notable places that night as we could overtake. Boldly setting out, then, notwithstanding our long ride across the plain of Esdraelon, we bent our steps to the Church of the Annunciation, which lay at the other end of the town, where we had at first entered in.

We found the church, or rather convent, to be a dull building, as seen from the outside, being surrounded with a high wall. the first court there were a pharmacy or medicine store, a school, and the residence of the superior. Further on we passed into the church, which is a building with a lofty roof, about seventy feet square. Fifteen steps lead down to an altar, in a recess in which some of the natural rock is visible. Before the altar, is a marble slab, well worn by the kisses of pilgrims, and bearing the inscription-"Hic Verbum caro factum est;" that is, Here the Word was This is declared to be the place where the Virgin stood when she received the angelic visitation. Hard by is a broken pillar, said to mark the aperture in the rocky cave by which the angel entered. The Saracens, say the Latins, tried in vain to hew down this pillar; it hangs suspended from the roof (the lower half being removed), miraculously preserved by God. back part of the grotto opens by a narrow passage into a further cave, said by some to be the kitchen of the very house in which the Virgin Mary lived, and by others "to have been the residence of a friendly neighbour who looked after the house when Mary departed on her journey to see Elizabeth in Judea."

But where may we find the house in which Mary herself is said to have lived? Will my reader believe it? Grave ecclesiastics have affirmed, and a Pope's bull made the affirmation fact to a credulous church in A. D. 1518, that it was carried bodily by angels from Nazareth in the thirteenth century, through the air, and landed first at Fiume in Dalmatia, on the eastern side of the Adriatic (as if the seraphic porters had been fatigued and needed a rest), and afterwards removed to Loretto, on the slope of the Appenines, on the western shore of the Adriatic in Italy. By this gross forgery the coffers of Rome are filled; for crowds of pilgrims flock to "the House of the Virgin at Loretto;" and, indeed, at no other "holy place" are such crowds, at any time, to be seen, except at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. From the meanest peasant of the country, up to the King, or rather the ex-King of Naples, the blinded devotees are to be found in thousands crawling on their knees round this house, and retiring from it backwards, as if from some august, royal presence. is the bondage in which Rome holds her votaries, and such the miserable stuff, for the sake of which men, professedly of high education, exchange a Protestant for the Roman Catholic Church! Verily, the "flitting" is about as wonderful as that of the House of Loretto itself.

My reader may be disposed to ask me if I believe that the Annunciation really took place on the ground inclosed within the walls of this Franciscan convent at Nazareth. I reply, that while I have no means of arriving at a determinate conclusion, the faint shadow of evidence which we possess should dispose us to fix the locality elsewhere. The Word of God on this, as on other points, wisely abstains from particulars. We are not told in the narratives of the Evangelists in what part of Nazareth, or at what time of the day, the angel appeared to the Virgin. Such minuteness of detail, generally very ridiculous, and far below the

dignity of the theme, is to be found only in the apocryphal gospels. And yet, if the tradition sometimes found lingering there be of any value at all as to this point, it favours the site selected by the Greek Church; for in the apocryphal gospel which bears the name of St. James, we are told that "the first salutation of the angel came to Mary as she was drawing water from the spring in the neighbourhood of the town." Near this spring, as already stated, our tents were pitched; and there also stands the humble edifice called by the Greeks, "The Church of the Annunciation."

Still, I could not but regard with a degree of reverence, the venerable building which had been held in honour for centuries as marking the scene of the salutation. The dim religious light, which barely revealed the objects of interest, was made yet dimmer by the fact that only the rays of a setting sun were shining without. A good modern painting of the Annunciation, the gift of the present Emperor of Austria, was suspended over the altar; but what chiefly interested me was a picture, or rather model of Christ on the cross, which I noticed on one of the walls. I stood gazing on it intently for some minutes without noticing that my friends had already left the building. It seemed to convey to the mind a vivid idea both of the distress and devotion of Him who was "made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

Nazareth is never once mentioned in the Old Testament. Nor is it named in the book of "the Acts of the Apostles;" for we read of no Christians in it till the time of Constantine the Great. The veil of unbelief which had blinded the Saviour's fellow-townsmen to his claims as Messiah during his life, continued for centuries to hide the beauty of his cross from their descendants. In the seventh century both a Greek and Latin church were to be found in it; and in the twelfth the Crusaders ordained a Bishop of Nazareth. The Latin church was laid in ruins by the Sultan of Turkey a.d. 1263, and remained in that condition for nearly four hundred years, when the Franciscans obtained permission from the cele-

brated Fakhir-ed-Din to rebuild it, and take possession of the grotto of the Annunciation.

The present population of Nazareth has been estimated as follows:—Greeks, 1040; Greek Catholics (that is, those who adhere to the Greek ritual, but acknowledge the authority of the Pope,) 520; Latins, 480; Maronites, 400; Mahommedans, 680. I have already noticed that at Bethlehem, where Christ was born, and Nazareth where he was reared, his followers are decidedly in the majority. In both towns they can hold up their heads as the chief people of the place.

After leaving the church of the Annunciation, we were conducted to a house which is declared to have been the workshop of Joseph the carpenter. It is now a chapel in the possession of the Latins. The present building is evidently modern; but a fragment of the old one is shown in the wall. In several pictures round the room Jesus is seen, when a youth, at work with his reputed father. In these the artists have been guilty of a glaring anachronism in representing the carpenters of eighteen hundred years ago as using modern tools, and mending modern ploughs, as well as other implements of agriculture. I observed in this house, below the pictures of Christ, what I had noticed also in the Franciscan convent, the inscription—"Hic erat subditus illis;" that is, Here he was subject to them, namely, his parents.

Lastly, we visited the synagogue of Nazareth from which Jesus was expelled. It is now occupied as a chapel by the Greeks. The priest who had it in charge was at his dinner when we called, and we were kept waiting for him long. Even when he came there was not much to see. A small and narrow chapel, perfumed with the incense which the Greeks so largely use, served to remind us vividly of Nazareth's unbelief, if it was not the very scene of its manifestation.

It would appear, from a comparison of the gospels of Mark and Luke, that, on two separate occasions, Jesus was rejected by his fellow-townsmen. Luke informs us that immediately after his baptism and temptation, and, consequently, when he had

newly entered on his public ministry, he made Galilee the scene of his first evangelistic tour, and lost no time in visiting his own familiar Nazareth. We can imagine with what interest he must have approached the locality of his humble education, and how strangely his soul must have been stirred within him as he surveyed each spot he had known in the days of his obscurity, before the power of the Holy Ghost, without measure, had come down upon him. Even an ordinary man, who has become great in the Church or in the State, is affected when he revisits the town of his nativity, in which he was wont to live without care, if also without celebrity. But never did man feel as the Messiah felt on approaching Nazareth for the first time after his fame had been spread abroad. How he must have yearned to communicate the gospel of the kingdom to those with whom he had been associated in the sweet and simple friendships of childhood! How he must have longed to bring all who knew him as a man, to know him as the Godman, the Messiah of the world! He commanded his disciples to preach the gospel first at Jerusalem, where he died; and with his own lips he seems to have preached the gospel first at Nazareth, where he was reared. But alas! Nazareth rejected the sender. as Jerusalem afterwards rejected them that were sent.

That must have been a Sabbath of great expectation in the city when it was known that Jesus, the reputed son of Joseph, who had suddenly assumed the office of prophet, would teach in the synagogue. It would be remembered that, during his youth, he had been grave and sedate, and that gleams of precocious wisdom had shot forth from him, betimes, as from the sun concealed behind the intercepting clouds. Besides, a strange rumour of his miracles, as well as of his eloquence, had travelled across the country from Capernaum, and the little synagogue would be filled to overflowing when the hour of sacred worship arrived. No wonder that when he had read out his text (as we would say) from the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah, and had sat down, according to oriental custom, to deliver his exhortation, "the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened upon him." But

they were not prepared, either for the application to himself, or themselves, which followed. If he had expounded Isaiah as their own rabbis were accustomed to do, only with superior eloquence. they would have been more than satisfied; but when, with a dignity of manner which, without egotism, indicated a sense of his own importance, pointing to himself he said, "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears," their surprise was verily great. Never on any previous occasion had they heard prophecy so explained. Never had any of their teachers said, "Isaiah or David here refers to me." That surprise, however, grew into indignation, when, in the sequel of his discourse, he made an unexpected application of scriptural incident to themselves. He would not work the miracles there which he had wrought in Capernaum. And why? They were not prepared to behold them, or to receive them. He would not cast his pearls before swine. Besides, he was not bound to show his favour to them, simply because they were Jews, and his fellow-townsmen. Elijah had been sent to the woman of Sarepta, and she was a Phœnician. Elisha had healed Naaman the leper, and he was a Syrian. In like manner, the gospel was to be preached to the Gentiles, because the Jews would reject it; and the men of Nazareth presented to God the bitter first-fruits of that rejection. Such is an outline of the faithful sermon which Jesus preached on the day of his first public appearance at Nazareth. He did not court general applause, to make Mary happy and Joseph glad. He dared to be unpopular. vea, to draw upon himself the rage of the populace; for "all they in the synagogue, when they heard these things, were filled with wrath, and rose up and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon the city was built, that they might cast him down headlong. But he, passing through the midst of them, went his way." (Luke iv. 14-80.)

Yet once again did Jesus visit Nazareth, at a subsequent stage of his ministry. "How shall I give thee up?" was, doubtless, the fervent utterance of his longing soul concerning it. He would have gathered her sons and daughters "as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, but they would not." "He went out from thence, and came into his own country; and his disciples follow him. And when the Sabbath day was come, he began to teach in the synagogue; and many hearing him were astonished, saving. From whence hath this man these things, and what wisdom is this which is given unto him, that even such mighty works are wrought by his hands? Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joses, and of Juda, and Simon, and are not his sisters here with us? And they were offended at him. But Jesus said unto them, A prophet is not without honour, but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house. And he could there do no mighty works, save that he laid his hands upon a few sick folk and healed them. And he marvelled because of their unbelief. And he went round about the villages, teaching." (Mark vi. 1-6.)

Repulsed again from Nazareth, he seems never to have returned. As he left, he might well have said, "O Nazareth, Nazareth, if thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes." Let us beware, my readers, of grieving the Saviour and rejecting his claims as his faithless fellow-townsmen did. stood in that chapel of the Greek Church, said to have been the scene of this indignity done to the Redeemer, I remembered having read a tract which was written about twenty years ago, by Dr. Jenkyn, of Coward Independent College, London, entitled, "Your unbelief a wonder to Christ." The accomplished author argued from the Saviour's wonder, that the sinner who denies him and defies him, will at last be without excuse. We do not read that God marvels at erratic comets or flaming volcanoes, because these phenomena, strange though they may appear, occur in harmony with his physical laws. But we do read that he marvels at the unbelief of man; for by it despite is done unto his grace, and his Holy Spirit is resisted. There is only one thing which is more wonderful than the love of Christ, and that is the unbelief of man. The former excites astonishment by its unparalleled generosity, but the latter by its unparalleled ingratitude.

After our evening repast we retired to rest, thoroughly exhausted with the labours of the day. When I awoke early next morning (Wednesday, April 23), I was affected to hear sounds of lamentation in the neighbourhood of our tents. Looking out, I found that there were graves hard by, and that two women were engaged in mourning for the dead. Presently a man and a woman joined them, and swelled the tide of sorrow. Their weeping contrasted strangely with the festivity and joy of the previous evening. It was the converse of the Psalmist's sequence (a converse which, alas! is often realised)—joy may endure for a night, but sorrow cometh in the morning, or, as the poet has happily expressed it:

"How fast treads sorrow on the heels of joy!"

Of a truth, this sorrow did literally tread on joy's jocund heels; for, on the very ground which yet bore the impressions of the hilarious dance, the tears of the mourners were falling! I accepted the lamentation, in such circumstances, as a proof of the uncertainty of mere earth-born bliss, and hoped that I might ever be able, most sincerely, to sing:—

Through all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy, The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ.

While our tents were being struck and the mules loaded, we ascended to the summit of the hill which, as I have already said, towers above Nazareth to the height of 400 feet. We found our elevation to be considerable (for the town itself lies high), and the view excellent. Here we saw for the first time, far to the north, the highest peak of the Anti-Lebanon range, Mount Hermon, in all its grandeur. Although we found the heat of the sun to be very great where we stood, Hermon's lofty head was covered with snow. The contrast was remarkable, and reminded me of that which exists between men rejoicing in the fervour of Jehovah's love, and those, perhaps dwelling at no great distance, who tower

high in the godless pride of their cold and isolated selfishness. The Mediterranean slumbered behind us, like a giant at rest; the lesser and verdant expanse of Esdraelon lay at our feet; Tabor seemed to beckon us on; and the same adamantine wall of the hills of Moab, the bold outline of which had seemed so remarkable further south, rose beyond the Jordan.

But the thought which filled our minds, almost to the exclusion of every other, was—This scene was familiar to Jesus. We could not refrain from such meditations as the following:—With all this circle of Galilee he was well acquainted. He often traversed that plain, and climbed the steep ascent that leads to Nazareth. Especially did he know thoroughly every nook and crevice of this lovely vale in which the town was built; and often must his feet have wandered on the very hill on which we stood—

"Those blessed feet Which eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed, For our advantage, to the bitter cross."

He was obscure here; and let us be willing to be obscure. He was poor here; and let us, if such should be the will of God, be contented to be poor. He was industrious here; and let us, whatever be our peculiar lot or circumstances, be industrious. Often on these hills, and in these glens, did he pray; and be it ours to "pray without ceasing." Yea, every virtue which Jesus practised in Nazareth, be it ours to practise. Nazareth! once a word of reproach, now what a halo of glory surrounds thy honoured name! It was once scoffingly said, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Interrogator, "come and see." He went out of it whose life and death have become an overflowing fountain of goodness to mankind—in fact, the solitary fountain on which the world depends. Well might Julian, the apostate emperor, when dying on the field of battle, exclaim, "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!"

Such reflections as these were naturally suggested to us by the scene on which we gazed. One other topic, I may add, specially engaged my attention before leaving Nazareth this forenoon. I

refer to the point on which some difference of opinion has obtained among critics and sacred geographers-What was the hill from the brow of which the Nazarenes proposed to cast the Saviour headlong? My interest in this question had been increased not a little by the fact that my esteemed friend, Colonel Shaw of Avr. having heard of my intended journey to the East, had requested me by letter, shortly before my departure, to mark very particularly the topography of Nazareth, for the sake of obviating an infidel objection. It would appear that some infidels have urged that Nazareth is not built on a hill at all-"that there really is no hill in the immediate neighbourhood down the precipitous side of which it would have been possible for his fellow-townsmen, in their fury, to have flung the Saviour; and that churchmen have actually been reduced to the desperate shift of finding the so-called 'Mount of Precipitation' two miles away, as if a mob, for the gratification of their passion, would ever have performed such a pilgrimage!"

Now, I need hardly observe that, in my opinion, the Roman Catholics have erred in this location, as well as the travellers and authors whom they have drawn into error with them. Because it is said by the evangelist that they "led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built," they seem to have imagined that the precipice must needs be found below the city, or at least on a level with it. Now, if we should suppose it to have been their purpose to lead their innocent victim to a projecting cliff of the hill, which, as I have already shown, rose high behind their city, and on whose first gentle eminence it was built, the words of Luke would describe that purpose with literal exactness. brow of the hill might be found behind the synagogue, as well as before it, above it, as well as below it, so far as the text is concerned, if only it was a part of the hill on which Nazareth stood. The reasonableness of this observation will appear yet more clearly, if it be noticed that, in the original, no article precedes the word "brow." Literally translated, the clause reads: "They led him unto a brow of the hill whereon their city was built." There are several "brows," or precipitous cliffs, to be found on the hill which rises behind Nazareth, from any of which a headlong precipitation would have been fatal. One of these was close to our tents; and my clerical fellow-traveller, who accompanied me to the spot for the sake of helping me in my investigation, agreed with me that if either of us should be thrown down headlong into the depth below, the unfortunate individual would have little chance of escaping with his life. In particular, such a cliff as is implied in the sacred narrative is generally fixed upon by those who object to the Latin "Mount of Precipitation," in the abrupt face of the limestone rock, from thirty to forty feet high, overhanging the Maronite Convent, at the south-west corner of the town.

Still, I do not think that the opinion of those who imagine that the Nazarenes intended to cast the faithful Saviour over the bold cliff which looks down upon the plain of Esdraelon, though incorrect, is so utterly ridiculous as the infidel objectors insinuate. Although that cliff be about two miles distant from Nazareth, it may be called the hill on which the city is built, inasmuch as it is the termination of the high table-land on which it stands. At that point, Nazareth's lofty platform abuts abruptly on the plain. Nor is it an utterly absurd supposition, that an infuriated mob should, seized by a simultaneous frenzy, march en masse, for two miles, to gratify their passion by the murder of their victim. Thousands in our own city have walked four miles to see criminals executed on the spot where the sanguinary deed was committed. It thus appears that, in any case, the infidel objection is found to The truth is, as the Rev. Mr. be utterly futile and baseless. Zellar (Bishop Gobat's son-in-law, and missionary at Nazareth, in connection with the Church of England) justly remarked to us, when we submitted the alleged difficulty to him in a private conversation, "No objection could be more damaging to the cause of the sceptic who raises it. The topography of the town, instead of contradicting the evangelist's narrative, strikingly confirms it. Our only difficulty arises from the abundance of proof. It is not easy to make our selection. No hill to cast Christ from! I'll

get several for you, either behind or before the synagogue, near at hand, or away down the vale."

At 9 a.m. we set out for the Sea of Galilee, by the way of Mount Tabor. In order to reach this remarkable eminence, it was not necessary for us to retrace our steps to the plain of Esdraelon. A less circuitous path led us along the narrow neck of rising ground which connects it with the mountain range of Galilee. For about two miles our road lay over naked hills. It then led us through a forest of oaks, which extended to the Mount. Before noon we were at its base; and for half-an-hour, were able to ride up the winding path, steep and stony though it was. At length, some of the horses having stumbled, we were compelled to dismount, and toil up to the top as best we might, under the burning rays of the meridian sun.

When we reached the summit, we found it to be not a narrow peak, but a broken oblong, more than a mile in circumference. It is, moreover, covered with the ruins of a city, a convent, and a strong fortification. Another peculiarity is, that it is so thickly studded with trees that, though these are found, on approaching, to stand all apart from one another, "the hill rises from the plain like a mass of verdure." When first seen by the traveller from the south, who has rounded the end of Little Hermon, it towers like a dome; but to him who journeys from the Sea of Galilee, that is, from the east, it has the appearance of a long and lofty, arched, and arboriferous mound.

While our noontide repast was being spread under one of the leafy trees beside the Greek Church which has just been completed, our Bibles were produced, and the accounts of Christ's transfiguration, as given by the three evangelists, were read in succession. Mr Haskel read Matthew xvii. 1-9; I read Mark ix. 2-10; and Mr Harkness read Luke ix. 28-36. We then consulted carefully several of the guide-books which we carried with us, and were constrained, with some reluctance, to come to the conclusion that Tabor was not the mount on which the Saviour was transfigured. The chief reasons which weighed with us were these two: (1) It

would appear that the town and fortress, whose ruins have already been referred to, existed in the time of Christ. The testimony of Josephus, in the fourth book of his "Wars of the Jews," settles that point. But the favoured few had evidently been withdrawn far away from the habitations of men, when they were privileged to gaze upon the glory of Emmanuel and his two celestial (2) It appears, from both Matthew and Mark, that Christ and his disciples, a week before the transfiguration, were itinerating in the neighbourhood of Cesarea Philippi, far north of the source of the Jordan. When he descended from the mountain, on which his glory was displayed, wherever it might be, "the time having come that he should be received up, he steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem." (Luke ix. 51.) But some days after the transfiguration, we find him at Capernaum. (Matt. xvii. 24.) Now, in the first place, we can hardly suppose that in one short week Christ would have hurried down from Cesarea Philippi to The whole context rather favours the idea that he travelled by short stages, preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing the sick as he went. And in the second place, if he was travelling southward to Jerusalem, how came it to pass that, after the transfiguration (supposing it to have taken place on Tabor), he wheeled back north-eastward to Capernaum? All is made plain, however, if we suppose that the mount of transfiguration was far north, near Lake Merom, probably on some of the lower elevations of Mount Hermon, "the holy mount." Thence he would travel slowly towards Capernaum, and afterwards still continue his journey to the south, not turning away his face from that sacred. and yet doomed Jerusalem, in which he was to accomplish his decease.

We did not regret that we had read the narratives of Christ's transient glory on the mount, although constrained to conclude that we did not rest on the very scene of that splendid manifestation. For, in truth, by the tradition of the Church, Tabor and the transfiguration have been so linked together that a kind of classical union has taken place between them, which modern criti-

cism cannot wholly obliterate. Besides, we could see, from the situation which we occupied, the northern hills of Galilee, which lifted up their heads "in the coasts of Cesarea Philippi," as in the days of the Saviour. Especially Hermon, unchanged by the march of well nigh two millenniums, seemed to say, "Not only was his raiment white and glistering like the snow upon my brow, but that snowy whiteness was actually made manifest upon my honoured eminence."

Even when stripped of this "glory that excelleth," Tabor is not without a Scriptural honour of its own. We have already seen that it was the gathering-place of the thousands who fought beneath the banner of Barak and Deborah. In the same sacred book it is again mentioned in connection with deeds of daring and bloodshed. When Gideon, in the first flush of his great conquest, overtook Zebah and Zalmunna beyond the Jordan, he charged them with the slaughter of his brethren thus: - "What manner of men were they whom ye slew at Tabor? And they answered, As thou art, so were they; each one resembled the children of a king." (Judges viii. 18.) It was so conspicuous in Palestine that it was celebrated as one of the wonderful works of God, and was even represented, according to a frequent poetical license, as intelligently glorifying him :- "The north and the south thou hast created them: Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name." (Ps. lxxxix. 12.) For the same reason, namely its prominence of position, we find that Jehovah even swears by it when he condescends to reassure by his oath the unbelieving minds of men: -"As I live saith the King, whose name is the Lord of Hosts, surely as Tabor is among the mountains, and as Carmel by the sea, so shall he (that is Nebuchadnezzar) come." (Jer. xlvi. 18.) Lastly, degenerate priests seem to have performed their idolatrous rites upon its imposing summit; for God thus spake through Hosea—"Hear ye this, O priests; and hearken, ye houses of Israel; and give ye ear, O house of the king; for judgment is towards you, because ye have been a snare on Mispah, and a net spread upon Tabor." (Hosea v. 1.) In fact, this very isolation and peculiarity of appearance, in connection with a mistaken view of an expression in two of the evangelists, seem to have originated the tradition that Tabor was the Mount of Transfiguration. Both Matthew and Mark, in their narratives of the event, say that Jesus took his disciples "up into a high mountain apart." The adverb "apart" was intended to qualify the word "disciples," and not the word "mountain;" but the primitive Christians, in their simplicity, understanding it in the latter sense, thought that they must needs look out for some hill in Galilee tolerably high, and yet standing alone, and at length concluded that Tabor must be that hill.

Before bidding it farewell, we took a leisurely walk to its highest elevation. Mounting the crazy wall of the ruined fortress, we were rewarded with a magnificent prospect. Much as we had admired our view from Nazareth's hill in the morning, that from Tabor at mid-day delighted us yet more. Not only did the plain of Esdraelon spread out its verdant carpet to the greatest advantage at our feet, and Endor and Nain reveal all the features of their respective sites to our commanding gaze, but here we first caught a glimpse of the Sea of Galilee, shining like silver in its bed among the mountains; and Perea, on the other side of Jordan, did not as usual bound our view to the east: for far beyond it the distant domain of Hauran, to which the reign of the Herods extended, revealed to us its unfrequented confines. The day was clear and breezy, such a day as, at rare intervals, astonishes us by a distance of prospect greater than we had thought possible. Hill after hill raised their distinctly defined summits against the encircling horizon. When we had thought the range at an end, another and a more searching gaze revealed yet more distant peaks belonging to the same undulating sisterhood. We deemed it a not extravagant estimate that we descried eminences more than a hundred miles away, either within the Persian dominions, or at the remotest verge of the Syrian boundaries. A fortnight afterwards our speculations were proved correct, when, from an eminence near Damascus, the same surging series of hills unexpectedly

burst upon our view; and we then knew that they stretched away towards Bagdad on the Euphrates, and looked down upon that storied Palmyra, where, in its day of greatness, the wise and warmhearted yet Amazonian Zenobia held her queenly court and exercised her salutary sway.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when we descended from Mount Tabor, and began our advance towards the Sea of Galilee. At first our path lay along the northern base of the mount, and among the trees which seemed to be continuation of those that covered its thick-set sides. length we struck upon a delightful meadow, one of the secluded terminations of the plain of Esdraelon, and promising apparently rich pasture-land to any migratory Arabs who might drive thither their numerous flocks. It so happened, that shortly before our visit a large party of these wanderers had pitched their tents in this choice situation. The tents (of which about a dozen were clustered together, while others straggled far apart) were of black canvas, and presented a somewhat dismal appearance. quently happens in this world, however, in civilised as well as in uncivilised life, that which marred their beauty increased their comfort; for the tar which imparted the funereal aspect, served to render them well nigh waterproof, when at any time the descending showers of heaven might threaten to intrude upon the inmates. A vivid picture of gipsy life was presented to us as we rode past. In one tent the viands were being prepared after the most approved fashion, or, perhaps, I should say, in the old stereotyped way of the wilderness. In another, affairs were advanced a stage further, for there the meals were being served, also in primitive style; while in a third, a mother, whose dinner hour did not seem to correspond with that of her neighbours, was attending to the toilette of her child. These were none other than the tents of the renowned Akeil Agha, one of the most powerful Bedouin chiefs in Syria. A few years ago he headed a most successful resistance to the Turkish Government, in the matter of certain demands which he and the wild hordes of the desert deemed

unjust. Mr Porter, missionary for many years in Damascus. mentions in his eloquent work on Palestine, that when he saw him at the close of that contest, distributing the booty among the different tribes which had fought under his banner, before they returned to their respective homes on the east of the Jordan, he looked like Zebah or Zalmunna, raised from the dead; while the hosts who acknowledged him as their general, resembled not a little the Midianitish army which had filled Israel with fear; for the lapse of three thousand years had made little difference in their mode of warfare, and, in point of numbers, they seemed, like the myriads on whom Gideon fell, to fill the whole plain of Esdraelon. A few days before we passed, this celebrated man had entertained the Prince of Wales and his suite to dinner in his principal tent. Elated neither by his military triumphs, nor by his recent honour, we found him living in seclusion and humility; for one of our number who had outridden the rest, had the good fortune to meet him, and to be regaled with several puffs from his pipe, at the request of the gallant commander himself. Nor did he know the desert-dignity of him with whom he had spoken, till his fleet Arab steed had borne him wholly out of sight.

After riding for an hour or two along a gently ascending plain, almost wholly waste and uncultivated, but, towards the close of our journey, covered here and there with patches of rapidly ripening corn, we came in sight of a square-shaped hill with two tops, from which it derives the modern name of "the Horns of Hattin "-Hattin being the village at its base. The hill rises only about sixty feet from the plain; but on the other side the elevation is very considerable; for, when seen from the Sea of Galilee, it looks several hundred feet high. Tradition and history conspire to give it a twofold celebrity. For, in the first place, it is supposed to be the Mount of Beatitudes, or in other words, the eminence on which Christ delivered the greatest discourse ever preached --- his "Sermon on the Mount." I say "supposed," because no one can declare with certainty whether it had, or had not, the honour of affording him a pulpit on that most

memorable occasion. Undoubtedly, its position corresponds with the particulars of the narrative. When the Great Preacher was moved by the Spirit to "open his mouth," he had just returned from an extensive and most successful tour in Galilee. there followed him," the evangelist informs us, "great multitudes of people from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judea, and from beyond Jordan. And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him." (Matt. iv. 25; v. 1.) The hill of Hattin would be convenient, as a point of reunion, both for the fishermen of Gennesareth, and the mountaineers of Galilee. Some have said that its distance is too great from the lake, supposing that Christ had returned to Capernaum and gone thence to the meeting in the open air. I am inclined to be of a different opinion. Three quarters of an hour would suffice for the journey: and Scotland's experience, both in the days of the Covenant, and of distant sacraments, proves that great crowds of people will not grudge a journey of many miles for the sake of hearing a powerful and pious orator. It was the Crusaders, we must confess, who originated the tradition; but many learned men think that they did so not without reason, since this is the only very prominent hill in the neighbourhood which stands apart from all others, and because it alone seems to answer all the requirements of the evangelistic narratives. Viewing the hill in this light, we could not but regard it with reverential awe. lifted its broad summit before us, the superior Sinai of the New Testament. A greater than Moses had been there. honoured eminence, he had proclaimed his unmatched morality. No thunders had rolled over it while he spake, nor did the forked lightning make his utterances more terrible: for his legislation was emphatically the legislation of love. For the first time the world had heard from that grassy mound this heavenly doctrine, which had "distilled on it like dew," from "the lips into which grace had been poured:" "Ye have heard that it hath been said. Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who despitefully use you, and persecute you."

To the Crusaders, also, "the Horns of Hattin" is indebted for its historical fame, but not, alas! in the quiet way of pious research. They gave it a place in the annals of tradition because they said, "Here Jesus preached;" but they gave it a place in the annals of history, because there they laid them down and died. On that height, on the 5th of July, A.D. 1187, for the last time. they made a stand against the hosts of Saladin, and were routed with deplorable slaughter. The burning sun of a Syrian midsummer beat down upon them, and the Mohammedan hordes. familiar with the climate, and flushed with previous success, ascended the slope with furious onset, and the cause of the Crusaders was there and then irretrievably lost. Some have wondered that God permitted the Holy Land to be wrested from the Christians, when, notwithstanding the fanaticism and worldly ambition of not a few, many were actuated by a pious jealousy for his cause. But the astonishment is as short-sighted as was the zeal of those who dved the swards of Judea fruitlessly with They forgot in their day, as their abettors forget in this, the solemn words of Christ himself, "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight." He relies upon the sword of the Spirit, and not upon the sword of steel. which he has summoned to his aid are the men who "publish glad tidings of peace," and not those who carry in their hands the instruments of devastation and death. No wonder, then, that as Zuinglius failed at Zurich, the Crusaders failed in the Holy Land.

It was about six o'clock in the evening when the quiet waters of the Sea of Galilee burst upon our view. The sun was already beginning to sink into the Mediterranean, and we feared lest we should miss the much-desired sight; but, fortunately, we were in time. Indeed, the season was specially favourable; for the slanting beams of sunset, tinging the hills with golden glory, imparted to the sacred lake a peculiar loveliness. We had seen it from the

summit of Tabor; but now it was at our feet. Its appearance was not very different from that of an English or Scottish lake when first seen by the traveller, unless, indeed, that the mountains around it were even bleaker and more barren than those in our Highlands. And I must not forget to mention another distinguishing feature: the depression of the Sea of Galilee. 1000 feet below the level of the country, and, according to Lieutenant Symmonds, 328 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. In another estimate it is stated, that although the Sea of Merom is level with the Mediterranean, the Sea of Galilee is 747 feet below the level, while the Dead Sea, as I have already observed, is 1800 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. Taking any of these measurements, my former remark is confirmed, that the Jordan must make a remarkable descent during its precipitate Hence, also, the difference between the temperature of the lake and of Galilee. In early spring, when Nazareth is cool, the shore of the lake is hot; and in summer, when the heat is great even in the hilly regions, at Tiberias it is intolerable.

Travellers have differed much as to their first impressions of this inland sea. Some have declared it to be most beautiful, while others have pronounced it tame and uninteresting. For myself, I do not pretend that my taste as to scenery is very refined; but I certainly thought that the sheet of water looked lovely as it lay far below me in its deep and hollow bed. Yet I am free to confess that I forgot its physical features in its sacred associations. He walked on that expanse. He dwelt on that shore. He fed the multitude on yonder desert place. These thoughts, and thoughts like these, completely filled the mind, and drove all comparisons of mere outward beauty entirely away. I may add here, that it was the northern portion of the lake which first became visible to us, near the "Horns of Hattin," namely, that into which the Jordan falls in its descent from the Sea of Merom.

We took a full hour to descend from the summit of the hill, on which we had tarried for a little to contemplate the scene, to the shore where our tents were pitched. By that time the sun had completely set, and it was with difficulty that we could guide our stumbling steeds along the narrow and sometimes invisible path. At length, we found that we were approaching a ruined fort with dilapidated walls. This was the city of Tiberias, through whose sombre gate we passed, and, guided by the slender rays of the lamps, which our faithful attendants had already lighted, we soon dismounted at the resting-place for the night, so very near the Sea of Galilee, that the gentle ripple of its waters murmured, in an hour or two, our soothing lullaby.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## The Sea of Galilee.

When we awoke in the morning, and looked around us, we began to comprehend our position, and were not a little struck with the aspect of decay presented by the town in which we had been quartered. Tiberias is only once mentioned in the New Testament. It does not appear that the Saviour expended much labour upon it, in all probability because it was steeled against his ministry by the worldliness, fashion, and pomp of the court of Herod, which had been established there with truly Roman magnificence. Only fourteen years before the birth of Christ, Herod Antipas had built the city with that taste for splendid edifices that distinguished the whole family to which he belonged. He called it by the name of the Emperor Tiberius, as did his brother Philip call the city which he built, "Julias," near the entrance of the Jordan into the lake, after the Princess Julia, the daughter of Augustus.

Yet, although few Christian reminiscences are connected with Tiberias, its name no Jew can hear without emotion. It is one of the four holy cities of that people now dispersed, by the judgments of God, all over the earth. Jerusalem, Hebron, Tiberias, and Safed make up the sacred list. The Rabbinical belief, in which every earnest Jew rejoices, concerning the Messiah is this, that he will yet rise from the Sea of Galilee, land at Tiberias, and establish his throne at Safed, a city which overlooks the lake from the neighbouring heights, and supposed to be

that to which our Saviour would point, when he said, "A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid." "I have created seven seas saith the Lord (such was their characteristic saying); but out of them all I have chosen none but the Sea of Gennesareth." When Jerusalem was overthrown by the Romans, and their national pride and power had received their death-blow, still clinging to the sacred soil to which they were bound by recollections so fond and honourable, the Jews restlessly moved their shattered Sanhedrim first to Janin, in the plain of Philistia, then to Sepphoris, the Roman Dio-Cesarea, in the lot of the tribe of Naphtali, and, lastly, to beloved Tiberias. This happened when the celebrated Rabbi, Judah Hakkodesh, was president, wellknown as the compiler of the Mishna. He was succeeded by other eminent men, among whom was Rabbi Jochanan, who compiled the Gemara, or Jerusalem Talmud. In fact, to the children of the Jewish dispersion, Tiberias became, during the first few centuries of the Christian era, like another Jerusalem, Rome, or Mecca; for the patriarch, whose sacerdotal seat had been placed on the shores of the inland sea of Gennesareth, swayed an ecclesiastically supreme sceptre over all the synagogues of the exiled descendants of Abraham. From the scholars of Tiberias, also, proceeded the Masorah, or traditions intended to preserve the purity of the Hebrew Scriptures, and the pronunciation of their language. The town was captured by the Persians under Chosroes, A.D. 614, and by the Arabs, under Omar, A.D. 657. The Crusaders, under Tancred, took it at the time of their invasion, and made it the seat of a bishop; but, like all the rest of the land, it eventually passed into the hands of the Turks. During the last century, an Arab sheik, called Dhaker el Omar, built the wall and town which are now so picturesque in their decline. Like the Dead Sea, the Sea of Galilee seems to fill a channel, and lave shores beneath which slumber menacing volcanic fires; for, as late as the first of January, 1837, both Safed and Tiberias suffered severely from an earthquake. In the former place, no fewer than five thousand persons perished, the greater part of whom were Jews;

and this convulsion of nature, more than the tooth of time, or the assault of foes, has left upon the fort, walls, and town of Tiberias the impress of ruin which it at present wears. population is about two thousand. The Jews, who form one-half of that number, still cling fondly to the place. They come from distant lands to die there; for they reckon it as great a blessing to be buried at Tiberias, as in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, at Jerusalem. They tell you with pride, that there lie Judas Akiba and twenty-four thousand of his disciples; and that the great Maimonides also sleeps there: and who would not count it an honour, say they, to sleep beside him? Besides, they will be near the Messiah when he emerges from the lake, and plants his splendid throne on the heights of Safed!

But enough of Tiberias; for there is not a little to say concerning the lake on which it is situated, and which sometimes takes its name. When I inform my reader that this ruinous town, which I have endeavoured to describe, is, with the exception of one small village, the only inhabited spot on the whole circumference of the shore, he will be able to form some idea of the vast contrast which obtains between the lake as it was and as it is. The same mountains look down upon it; the same Jordan flows through it; the same sun shines on it by day; and the same, yes, the very same stars are seen

## "In the sea,

When the blue wave rolls nightly o'er deep Galilee;"

but where are the people that crowded its banks, and were wont to flock after the Saviour, the pensive few to hear his gracious words, but the grovelling many because of "the loaves and fishes?"

The sad change appears not only in the absence of the fishermen who used to spread their nets in the lake, but of the boats in which they were wont to sail. In the olden time quite a fleet of wherries lay in the harbours, or sailed upon the waters of Gennesareth. On expressing our wish to hire a boat for a day's excursion, we were told that there was but one boat to be had; and

that we might consider ourselves very fortunate in finding it disengaged. The price asked was £1; and when we had agreed to give this sum, five shillings more were demanded on the plea that the vessel must be brought from its moorings, which, it was represented, were at a considerable distance. When we intimated our resolution to walk round the shore rather than submit to this ridiculous imposition, the request was instantly withdrawn, and the bargain struck on the terms first proposed. As we were seven in number, we were disposed to rebel when four full grown men took their places beside us in the boat, whose dimensions were, in truth, not very great. They insisted on remaining, however, and we soon found out that they were all needed. For, in the first place, the solitary ship of the Sea of Galilee leaked badly. Dr Buchanan of Glasgow, who, with his party, hired the same boat in 1857, says that it was christened by an American traveller, "Uncle Sam." The name was certainly appropriate if he who gave it had in his eye some infirm and worn-out negro, no longer fit for service. Undoubtedly,

> There was a want of wood in the hold of the boat, In the place where wood ought to be.

The aperture was near the bow, and through it an unceasing stream ran slowly but surely in. We could not understand, at first, why two of the men kept constantly at work below the seats; but it soon turned out that they had been drafted off to the important, yea, momentous work of neutralizing by means of old spongy cloths the inward flow of the intrusive tide. Then the two men who pulled the oars (for the sail was not hoisted for want of wind) were very gentle in their movements, and very sparing of themselves indeed. Instead of expending as much energy as possible on their work, the problem which they seemed bent on solving, with an eagerness worthy of a better cause, was how to lift an oar out of the water with the minimum of exertion, and put it into the water again at the minimum of distance. One of them, besides being barefooted, and clad in very tattered habiliments, was blind of an eye, an infirmity which gave him a

very rakish look; for it did not seem a natural defect, but the result of a hand-to-hand encounter with some Arab antagonist. Although certainly he looked the worst of the lot, we were astonished to find, as the voyage continued, that he was the captain of the craft; for he began to issue his orders with an air of conscious superiority, which the rest obsequiously obeyed. Lord Nelson had but one eye, and was the Admiral of the British fleet. I could not help dubbing our nameless friend the Lord Nelson of the Sea of Galilee.

While they were rowing us thus leisurely along, we had time to look around us, and survey the scene. This, then, was the lake rendered so sacred and so celebrated by the ministrations and miracles of our adorable Redeemer! The word Galilee means literally "a circle," and was applied, originally, to that circle, or district, of twenty cities which Solomon made over to Hiram. King of Tyre, as an acknowledgment of the generosity with which he had furnished cedar-wood for the temple. In course of time it came to signify the entire district in which these cities were situated; and when the Romans conquered the country, they gave the name to the whole region which lay between Samaria and Syria proper, and which they marked off as a distinct tetrarchy. Sometimes we find this tract called in the sacred writings "Galilee of the Gentiles:" because it was the border land of Israel, and, as such, was liable to be more or less inhabited by heathens, and influenced by their customs. In the very heart of this district lay the inland sea on which we were now sailing. It was called by the Hebrews the Sea of Chinnereth, because its waters in shape bore some resemblance to a harp; or, according to others, because a town of that name was situated on its shores. Strange to say, although it must always have formed a most remarkable natural feature in the physical geography of the country, it is hardly mentioned in the Old Testament, nor does any event of thrilling interest appear to have taken place, during the first dispensation, upon its shores. Of the Sea of Sodom, of the waters of Merom, and of the Jordan, how frequently we read! but how seldom of that lake through which the Jordan flowed, and which was so wide and important a link in the chain of aqueous communication between the northern and southern regions of the Holy Land! The almost nameless sheet of water was biding its The Jewish legend was not altogether without foundation. In a certain sense, the Messiah rose from its waters. Reared in its neighbourhood, his first great popularity began upon its shores, and extended, a superior sea, to the ends of the earth. imparted to it a glory far greater than that which Joshua, or Gideon, or David could have given it in their day. no lake upon the face of the earth which, in our age, awakens emotions so deep and tender in the heart of man. Maggiore and Como, notwithstanding their natural beauties, must needs retire into the shade before it; Geneva and Lucerne are contented to vield it the palm; and Michigan and Superior, with their great Transatlantic sisters, confess that, diminutive though it be, the Lamb of God, the Saviour of the world, has made it greater than them all.

The proportions of the Sea of Galilee bear some resemblance to those of Lake Windermere, in England. It is about thirteen miles long, and at its widest part, namely, at its northern end, about six broad—a breadth, I may observe, which the sheet of water I have just named, does not reach at any portion of its expanse. Like that lake too, at no point can it be seen from end to end; for both at Gennesareth on the north and the emergence of Jordan at the south, its waters leave the straight line, and sweep round so as to form a figure somewhat semi-circular in shape. lies about eight miles down the western shore. The atmosphere is so very pure, that the distance did not seem, at first, to be half so great; but our experience as mariners proved that this estimate was by no means exaggerated. Looking northward from the town, we could distinctly see the break in the hilly shore down which the sacred Jordan flowed. The eastern side of the lake was still "the desert place" it had been in the days of the Saviour. The mountains rose there to a considerable height,

intersected at intervals by deep valleys, manifestly the beds of brawling winter-torrents. But, in truth, desolation was stamped upon the western as well as upon the eastern shore. An oppressive stillness reigned all around; no signs of human habitation were to be seen as we sailed slowly along; and we could sympathise with Stephens, the eminent traveller, who, when he saw a solitary pelican floating at his feet, as he stood near the site of Capernaum, fancied that it looked at him with wonder, and that it asked him why he still lingered in the dreary solitude.

It was on the shore of this lake, then, that Jesus took up his abode when the men of Nazareth rose against him-if, indeed, He could be said to have an abode who had no property of his own in this world, and who moved about so incessantly that it might be said of him, "he had not where to lay his head." it is plain that he fixed his head-quarters in that region. story of his removal is briefly but distinctly told by the evangelist: "And leaving Nazareth, he came and dwelt in Capernaum, which is upon the sea coast, in the borders of Zabulon and Nephthalim; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet. saying, The land of Zabulon, and the land of Nephthalim, by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles; the people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up." (Mat. iv. 13-16.) We had the day before performed the same journey as the rejected Saviour on that sad occasion. He too had left Mount Tabor behind him. He too had passed "the Horns of Hattin." He too had caught that sweet glimpse, on the adjoining heights, of the sea whose shores henceforth were to be so familiar to him, and where he was to find the choicest and chiefest of his apostles.

Recurring to the figure of a general and his movements, the Saviour, with reverence be it spoken, made a wise and politic movement when he shifted his head-quarters from Nazareth to the Sea of Galilee. As already observed, the region around its shores was not the desert which it has now become. The western and

Lancashire, or as in our own Scotland, netimes laughed at by the inhabitants of the characteristics, however, could afford to bear the bani of population, commerce, energy, and rude y bore the palm of superiority away.

field which the Saviour wished to occupy as ting influence. Here "publicans and sinners" bigotry and prejudice of the south and west, Here Roman centurions and their servants aled both in body and in soul. Here "women

that were sinners" were ready to wash his blessed feet with the tears at once of penitence and joy. And here, among the hardy and grateful fishermen of the lake, he would find four followers qualified to take the post of leaders in that little army which would subjugate the world.

At Tiberias the shore is, for some distance, a quarter of a mile broad; but at the northern end of the lake the mountains recede, and all along that region the shore is two or three miles broad. This is the tract which is called the land of Gennesareth. The probable meaning of that word is "the garden of the princes," that is, the princes of Naphtali. Chorazin, Capernaum, and the western Bethsaida all lay on that northern shore, between Magdala and the entrance of the Jordan. I may here observe that the sacred writers are guilty of no intentional or culpable exaggeration when they call this level shore "the land of Gennesareth;" for a Hebrew, by such an expression, meant no larger an extent of country than what an English writer would designate a "district" or "parish." The same remark applies to the appellation, "the

The Hebrews called every inland sheet of water, Sea of Galilee." of any size, a sea-as witness "the Sea of Merom," whose dimensions were much smaller than those of the lake of Gennesareth. Our learned neighbour, Mr Smith of Jordanhill, in one of his valuable works, referring to the subject, calls attention to the fact, that while Matthew, Mark, and John, who were Jews, have called the sheet of water "the Sea of Galilee," Luke who was a Gentile, always speaks of "the Lake of Gennesareth:" from which diversity of expression he concludes that the three former evangelists were guilty of no extravagance of speech, as certain sceptical critics have not hesitated to assert, but merely adopted the familiar idiom of their mother tongue. The classic, or rather, sacred region, was full in our view, and fancy recalled the memorable The great multitude pressed down upon the beach, and retiring into Peter's boat, Jesus made it his pulpit for the hour. Exhausted with labour, we see him set sail with his disciples "to the other side," that they might "rest awhile." They land before the ancient Gamala, opposite Tiberias. The demoniac meets them from the tombs. The herd of swine are feeding on yonder heights. The evil spirit, at the command of Christ, passes from the man to the animals, who forthwith are precipitated into On another occasion the disciples beg their overwrought Master to seek that eastern side whose silent shore seemed so often to invite to needed repose. But.

## "When was there ever rest for him!"

See how the crowds run along the north side of the lake, cross the Jordan by the bridge at Julias, and actually are drawn up on the shore, when the vessel, having escaped the storm, but weather-beaten like him it bore, grounds on the shelving beach. Hunger overtakes the multitude on yonder grassy recess, and lo! with a few loaves and fishes He satisfies the wants of the famishing thousands. Suddenly the scene is changed. It is the grey twilight of morning, and the rising orb of day is just beginning to tip with golden glory the hills of Galilee. A solitary stranger stands upon

the shore. If near enough, you may see "the marks which have been left by the archers." He has his eye fixed upon a boat with its crew of disappointed fishermen. The silence is broken by the paternal words, "Children, have ve any meat?" Then follows the series of events which all know-Peter's characteristic leap into the water, after the words have leaped from his lips, "It is the Lord"—the rush of fish to the net—the dinner on the shore, -the thrice-pressed question, "Lovest thou me?" and the twofold commission, "Feed my sheep," "Feed my lambs." was by no means an unwarrantable stretch of imagination to fancy that once more this illustrious interrogator stood upon the shore along which we sailed (for the tradition is that Christ appeared to his disciples, after his resurrection, near Tiberias), and accosted each of us with the fond and faithful query, "Lovest thou me?" And the three ministers of the party felt as if they received a fresh commission, not from Presbytery, Bishop, or Archbishop, but from the Lord himself, to return to their respective spheres of labour and "feed his sheep," and on no account to neglect his "lambs." We were reminded also, as we looked around us, and comprehended within our glance both the lake and its shores, that not only were many of Christ's most striking parables spoken at the Sea of Galilee, but that the locality would supply him with the very illustrations which he used. Possibly he saw a sower go forth to sow on the very fields before us; yonder the tares might grow with the wheat; in that quiet corner, some of the inhabitants of Capernaum might have treasures hid; while, as he changed from the agricultural to the piscatory allegory, he might be able to point to some fishermen who had even then drawn their net to shore, had sat down, and were gathering the good into vessels, and casting the bad away. (See Matthew, chap. xiii.)

But now our boatmen, tardy though they were, approached the only village to be found on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, and the only spot besides Tiberias where a few houses were clustered together. Medjol is the modern name for the ancient Magdala.

The word means literally "a watch-tower." Now, however, it bears a signification which it does not owe to the ancient Hebrew root, but to the interpretation which has been put upon one incident in the gospel history. From the identification of Mary of Magdala with the penitent woman, the name of that little mudhamlet, in the designation of philanthropic institutions, has been incorporated with all the languages of the civilized world. At this point of our voyage a copy of "Robinson's Harmony of the Four Gospels," the property of the Rev. Mr Harkness, and which he was frequently consulting to recal the scriptural associations of the lake, fell into the water. Being a broad and thin book, it floated finely, and although a minute or two elapsed before it was recovered from its perilous position, it was internally none the worse of the short sail it had taken on its own account. incident reminded us of the great fact that, although the Word of God, and the Church of Christ, have been exposed for centuries on time's stormy sea, the winds of prejudice, and the waves of persecution, have not been able to cause them to sink and disappear.

On leaving Magdala, although the sun's rays were very ardent. and our progress very slow, our spirits were kept good by the prospect of taking our mid-day repast on the site of ancient Capernaum. But when we came to our anchorage, about 1 P.M., where was Capernaum? or where were its ruins? The place was called Khan Minyeh, because the remains of an old khan, or caravansary stand there, which long ago was frequented by merchants and pilgrims on the road from Damascus to Egypt; but, as for traces of Capernaum, we could find none. Still, we believed that we had been walking on the site of the ancient city—Christ's own city-because our guide-book said so; but after returning to our boat we consulted second authority, at least as influential as the first, and found that he considered Tell Hum, a mile or two ahead, to be the lost city's site. Leaving antiquarians to fight their learned battles over these rocks and stones, the only safe conclusion at which we could arrive was this-that Capernaum had

been completely blotted out from her place on the face of the The woe of Christ had been literally fulfilled. Exalted to the heaven of privilege, she had been cast down to the hell of utter extermination here, not to speak of the judgments of the world to come. A destruction equally complete seems to have been the portion of Chorazin and Bethsaida. All traces of them. likewise, have vanished. A contest equally keen is waged by travellers around the emptiness said once to have been occupied by these highly-favoured cities. According to one, Bethsaida lay between Capernaum and the mouth of the Jordan. "No," says another, equally learned and inquisitive, "that was the site of Chorazin; and Bethsaida lay between Magdala and Capernaum." The truth is, that "it has been more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon" in the day of earthly judgment than for these cities; for, whereas the Phœnician seaports remain, although now mere skeletons of their former selves, all traces of Bethsaida, Chorazin, and Capernaum have completely disappeared. The beautiful hymn composed by Mr M'Cheyne of Dundee, on the shores of the lake, aptly expressed our feelings, both as to the associations of the scene, and the disappearance of these cities in particular:

- "How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
  O Sea of Galilee;
  For the glorious One who came to save,
  Hath often stood by thee.
- "Fair are the lakes in the land I love, Where pine and heather grow; But thou hast loveliness above What nature can bestow.
- "It is not that the wild gazelle
  Comes down to drink thy tide;
  But He that was pierced to save from hell
  Oft wandered by thy side.
- "Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
  Thou calm reposing sea;
  But ah! far more, the beautiful feet
  Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

- "These days are past—Bethsaida, where? Chorazin, where art thou? His tent the wild Arab pitches there— The wild reed shades thy brow.
- "Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell, Was the Saviour's city here? Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell, With none to shed a tear?
- "Ah! would my flock from thee might learn How days of grace will flee; How all an offered Christ, who spurn, Shall mourn at last, like thee.
- "And was it beside this very sea
  The new-risen Saviour said
  Three times to Simon, 'Lovest thou me?
  My lambs and sheep then feed.'
- "O Saviour, gone to God's right hand, Yet the same Saviour still, Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand, And every fragrant hill.
- "Oh! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave Threefold thy love divine, That I may feed, till I find my grave, Thy flock—both thine and mine."

On leaving Khan Minyeh, we let our Arab rowers know that, as we were anxious to see the entrance of the Jordan into the Sea of Galilee before turning the bow of the boat southward towards Tiberias, we would be much obliged to them if they would put more pith into their pulling. Our appeal, however, was of no avail. The men who bailed, or rather, sponged, took the places of the men who rowed; a two-eyed man took the place of the one-eyed man; but still the desired embouchure seemed miles ahead. At this juncture, the boatmen endeavoured to deceive us. Pointing to the place where a little brook crept into the lake so quietly that it seemed, like a coy maiden, half-ashamed to show

face there, partly by gestures, and partly by words, they gave us to understand that we saw before us the entrance of the Jordan! The result was only a suppressed laugh on our part, which would indeed have been altogether unrestrained if we had not been vexed by the slow rate of our progress, and provoked at the transparent falsehood. It was now near five o'clock in the afternoon, and I resolved to do something to quicken our speed. None of the party had been much accustomed to the oar but myself; and indeed I could boast of but a brief apprenticeship, for a week or two, during successive summers, in the Frith of Clyde. I selected the man whom I thought the most active of the quaternion, and told him that I would do my best, if he would do his. We pulled with all our might for about half-an-hour, without intermission; and as the sun was yet fervent, and the boat heavy, the exertion was considerable. The relieved rowers, glad at their respite, and a little surprised at the comparative rapidity with which their lumbering craft span through the water, called out, again and again, "Bono howadjee!" "Bono howadjee!"—a mixture of Italian and Arabic, which means, "Well-done the traveller!" The application of elbow-grease from Glasgow was not without effect: for we soon found that we were doubling the promontory beyond which we would see Jordan lose himself for a little in the Sea of Gennesareth.

When we did at length look upon the marriage of the waters, we discovered that the union was a very quiet and gentle one indeed. The sacred stream, a little narrower than at Jericho, seemed willingly, because without a murmur, to consent to the temporary absorption of himself by the superior tide. Travellers agree in saying that, a little way above the point of union with the lake, the Jordan is as rapid as at other stages of his downward career; but the unwonted placidity here is caused by the two-fold fact, that sand thrown up by the meeting of the waters makes his bed level instead of sloping; and that the lake, moreover, advances in the shape of a little estuary to meet the approaching tide, and thus arrests its flow. We pulled our boat for a short distance up

the river, feasting our eyes upon the interesting and never-to-be-We would have gone farther, late as the hour forgotten sight. was, so fascinating was the scene, had it not been that our presence in the Jordan attracted the attention of the wild inhabitants of the district, who, although invisible at a distance, now made themselves manifest to us near at hand. At first only one or two came to the bank; but, in a few minutes, the numbers had swelled to six or seven. Ere long, reinforcements to the suspicious party of spectators seemed to be approaching on either side. I remember that Mr. Gilfillan of Dundee, writing of Edward Irving in his Gallery of Literary Portraits, says that such a mixture there was of the admirable and the terrible in his appearance that, had a painter met him suddenly in a solitary place, he would have been uncertain whether to take to his pencil or his heels. barrassment was somewhat similar at the junction of the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee. The men were stalwart and not unhandsome in person; and their unexpected appearance there lent life to the tableau: but, in truth, their aspect was questionable, to say the least of it; and they could, with a spring, have leaped easily into our leaky vessel. We had just been told by our boatmen, moreover, that encounters were not infrequent there and on the eastern shore of the lake, between travellers and the aborigines; and one of them, on being asked why his right arm seemed to be so powerless, pulling up his loose sleeve, had shown us where the pistol-ball, received in one of these scuffles, had entered, and hopelessly shattered the bone. Reckoning "discretion to be the better part of valour," we turned our bow southward down the stream, and soon entered the expanse of the lake again. Fortune seemed to smile upon the movement; for we had no sooner changed our course than a gust of wind swept down the valley of Jordan, and bore us gallantly on before it. The change was instantaneous and remarkable. All day the Sea of Galilee had been as smooth as glass, and the ardent rays of the sun had beat down scorchingly upon us; but now we became sensible that the orb of day, sinking in the west, had ceased to incommode us,

and, at the same time, the breeze began to rise, and our bark to glide easily o'er the deep. Then the oars were laid aside; the sail was hoisted; the waves murmured at the prow, as if angry for being so rudely parted, and the long line of foam was left behind, which showed where the furrowing keel had been. thought at first that we would have reached Tiberias in an hour, and we certainly would have done so had the prosperous gale continued; for, in half-an-hour, we made more progress with the sail than we had made in two hours with the oars. But, unfortunately, about six o'clock, the wind chopped round, and, meeting us almost in the face, proved a hindrance rather than a help. When the favourable breeze had sprung up, we wished the boat's head to be directed towards Tiberias, through the middle of the lake; but our unprepossessing Palinurus insisted on keeping nearer the shore. Herein he showed that, although one-eyed, he possessed considerable foresight; for, had we been overtaken by the adverse gale far from land, we might have been driven over to the savage eastern shore, or, at least, might have been kept toiling till midnight before our desired destination would have been reached. As it was, our circumstances became sufficiently difficult and perplexing. The shades of evening descended—then darkness succeeded day; and still the few lights of desolate Tiberias were far ahead, including those which glimmered from our own tents, where, if not anxious friends, uneasy followers, chided our delay. Our boat, moreover, which represented, or, rather composed Gennesareth's entire navy, began to pitch considerably, and very respectable waves for that inland sea broke over her sides Some of our company, who were unaccustomed to exposure in so small a vessel, began to look with some anxiety on the billows, and the darkening waters. Then it was that the simple narratives of the New Testament, which describe the sudden storms of the Sea of Galilee, came vividly before our minds. faith had been confirmed in the truthfulness of the evangelists by what we had seen during the day (if, indeed, it needed confirmation); but our evening experience caused us even to smile, so exactly did it correspond with that of our Lord and his disciples. The calm had unexpectedly become a storm with us as with them, although theirs had evidently been more violent; and we, like them, "toiled in rowing" to bring the boat to the shore. One of our clerical friends made the observation, "Well, I wondered how such a tempest as that recorded in the gospels could blow in so small a lake; but I see it clearly now." We fancied that we saw the rude fishermen who were destined yet to guide the ship of the Church through her storms, at their very wits' end on the middle of the lake, till He arose in the hinder part of the ship, and hushed the troubled elements to rest, even as he would afterwards hush the troubles of the Church, and of their own burdened spirits. Mrs. Hemans's beautiful lines were immediately suggested to my mind:—

- "Fear was within the tossing bark
  When stormy winds grew loud,
  And waves came rolling high and dark,
  And the tall mast was bowed.
- "And men stood breathless in their dread, And baffled in their skill; But One was there, who rose, and said To the wild sea, 'Be still.'
- "And the wind ceased—it ceased. That word Passed through the gloomy sky; The troubled billows knew their Lord, And sank beneath his eye;
- "And slumber settled on the deep,
  And silence on the blast,
  As when the righteous falls asleep
  When death's fierce throes are past."

The midnight scene also rose vividly before our imaginations. The Saviour had sent his disciples away to the shore of Gennesareth, while he retired to one of the mountains to pray. Hours sped away, and he was still engaged with his Father in that mountain-closet, of which darkness had "shut the door." Mean-

while, the tempest had burst upon his astonished disciples, who, between fatigue and fear, were well nigh exhausted. heart and his eye were both turned towards them. And is it not a comfortable thought that, in the midst of all our trials on life's stormy sea, He who is withdrawn from mortal sight, and pleads on Mount Zion with his Father, knows our case, and is ever ready to make his grace sufficient for us? Presently the spectral form was seen walking upon the waters, and their increased alarm was allayed by the ever-memorable utterance, "It is I, be not afraid." It was to us a deeply interesting thought that we were sailing on the same sea in a storm, and in darkness too. confident Peter, and the helping Master, were both before us. surely was not too much to fancy that we heard these two utterances again, after the lapse of eighteen hundred years, borne upon the breeze, and intended for our consolation, in the midst of our peculiar trials and temptations-" Peace, be still;" "It is I, be not afraid."

It was now past eight o'clock, and the lights of Tiberias seemed to be as far off as ever. Since the sail had been taken down, our boatmen had been working at the oar as listlessly as in the fore-I saw that it would be necessary for me to help them again. I accordingly took my seat on the rower's bench, matched by my former auxiliary, who, by the way, was the hero of the fight and the shattered arm, but, nevertheless, the most energetic of the four. After another half-hour's exertion, to the violence of which sundry blisters on the palms of my hands bore witness for several days, we had the satisfaction of noticing that the lights of the metropolis of Judaism (ruined alas! like the system whose chief seat it is) were drawing manifestly nearer. Now, they are close at hand. One effort more, and lo! we are abreast of the ruined fort, and can actually see, though faintly, the rents made by the earthquake. We were made aware of our approach to the beach by the loud roar of the billows which beat upon it. The darkness was dense, and our discomfort was increased by the fact that there was no creek into which the boat could be run, or

harbour within whose inclosures a tranquil landing could be effected. Our captain ran us right upon the shore, against which every fresh wave threw us with most disagreeable violence. In fact, it was a small shipwreck in its way, as, doubtless, the vessel's injured keel, next day, would testify. As we had stranded at some little distance from the dry land, there was no other resource but to allow ourselves to be borne through the surging surf in the arms of our barelegged boatmen. Observing the etiquette of all shipwrecks, we sent the ladies ashore first; and, as each of us was lifted out in brawny arms, the merriment which might otherwise have been provoked by our somewhat ridiculous circumstances, was restrained by the fear lest they who bore us, by slipping a foot, might perform the paradoxical feat of landing us in the water. And so ended our day on the Sea of Galilee.

Tiberias is the great resting-place for travellers who visit the lake, and after they have made their excursion on it, or walked round its shores, they begin to think of advancing towards Damascus. In doing so they may choose one courses. They may take the northward route by Safed and Bâniâs, the ancient Cesarea Philippi. By doing so they will save both time and money; for it is the shorter of the two. They will also see Lake Hûleh, the modern name of the "Waters of Merom," and will have the satisfaction of pursuing the same path as Saul of Tarsus, when he went to apprehend Christ's people, but was himself "apprehended of Christ Jesus." the road is bleak and dreary, and he who selects it misses much. For the other route, although somewhat circuitous, and involving a return to Nazareth, includes Mount Carmel, Acre, Tyre, Sidon, and Beyrout, some of which names (and how much more the sight of the places themselves!) must ever thrill the Christian's heart with the liveliest emotions. Dr Wilson of Bombay had kindly sketched and recommended this course, although it is less frequently followed than the other; and we had great pleasure in adopting and abiding by his programme.

Before leaving the Sea of Galilee, on the morning of

April 24th, we paid a visit to the warm baths of Tiberias. These are situated about a mile nearer the southern end of the lake than the town of that name. On the way we met several groups of individuals, who were evidently returning from the enjoyment of their sanative ablutions. From the dress and contour of the face we could easily discover that they were Jews. And, in truth, they seemed all to be so sickly and debilitated that we arrived at two other conclusions at a glance—first, that they needed invigorating treatment of some kind: and secondly, that they were not reaping much benefit from the warm baths which they seemed daily to frequent. It is quite possible, however, that the benefit was rather negative than positive, and, therefore, invisible to the eye of a stranger; for, invalids though they were, they might have been worse, or not in life at all, but for the thermal springs of Tiberias. four in number. The water, at the temperature of 144 degs. Fahr., issues from the earth, quite near the shore of the lake. It is with difficulty that the hand can be kept in it for more than a second, at the point at which it leaves its subterranean source. All this tends to show that volcanic agencies are still slumbering beneath, and that the catastrophes which on former occasions left this neighbourhood desolate, may, any day, be repeated. These springs are very ancient, having been mentioned both by Pliny and Josephus, the contemporaries of our Saviour. baths have been erected over them, one new and the other oldthe former the work of Ibrahim Pasha of Egypt, but the latter, in all probability, coeval with Herod the Great, if not the work of his hands. The greater and modern bath being in use when the gentlemen of our party called, we walked on a few hundred feet further, and found the small one disengaged. We were ushered through an apartment which seemed to be the abode of a large family, and presented a very untidy appearance, into an inner room of no great size. Its cleanliness, like that of the ante-room, was nothing to boast of, and as for the decorations of the upholsterer, there were none; but the marble bath in the

middle was evidently of very great antiquity, and antique carvings in the upper parts of the walls plainly spoke of the days of the Romans. Perhaps the haughty Herods had often refreshed themselves there; and, possibly, in that very apartment, the great Maimonides had found much-needed reinvigoration, after his protracted and learned labours. Preparing to undress, I was surprised to find the heat of the water to be well nigh intolerable. when the tentative hand was thrust into it. I thought that it would have been cooled to a moderate temperature by admixture with the water of the lake; but I was led to understand by the attendants that its virtue was taken away when it was so weakened and adulterated. They encouraged me, moreover, to plunge in at once, assuring me that the discomfort would pass away with the first shock, and that my subsequent experience would be absolutely delectable. With a sudden resolution, followed by a sudden rush, I vielded to the temptation, but immediately repented of my rashness. My gentle reader, I dare say, at one period or other of his life, has been recommended either by physician, or kindly neighbour skilled in useful remedies, to bathe his feet in warm water before retiring to bed, assured that by so doing he would check in the bud some incipient illness. The water has been placed before him, but quite too hot. He has, however, already inserted the sensitive members, and valorously determines to keep them where he has put them, till the agony has passed away. Such was my experience when I plunged up to the neck into the lesser bath of Tiberias, only that the suffering must have been proportioned in its increment, as geometricians say, to the increment of the part affected. After a little there came, of course, a subsidence of distress; but a keen renewal of it was experienced when the least motion was made in the intensely calorific water. At length with a spring I emerged from the well-nigh boiling liquid, and found that the extent of my submersion was clearly indicated by a deep crimson mark upon my skin. None of my fellow travellers would imitate my temerity, being apparently unwilling to pay the price of pain so great for a

perspiration so profuse, and possibly so salutary, as that which followed. When we left the building we found that some old Jews were impatient to be admitted, and were even becoming clamorous at the detention caused by our unexpected visit. I felt disposed to say to them, "Ye sons of Abraham, I wish you much joy of your ablutions; but I would not, for all the riches of the Rothschilds, consent to pass through such an ordeal every morning, unless, indeed, custom makes that pleasant which at first gives pain." This was the only principle on which I could account for the fact, that what had been so difficult for me, seemed to be so easy and agreeable for them. As the old resident finds that a climate suits his constitution which at first threatened to kill him; and as the hardy village smith can hold in his horny hand with impunity the coal which in his childhood would have burned him to the quick, so these sickly Israelites, by long use, had become acclimated, if I may so speak, to the temperature of the baths of Tiberias. It is even so with vice and with virtue, to give their experience, as contrasted with mine, a moral turn. The sin, the commission of which is so difficult at first, because conscience scorches intensely, becomes easy at last through the very frequency of perpetration. And, on the other hand, the self-denial against which passions hitherto indulged rebel so clamorously, and which, consequently, it is so hard to exercise, becomes the gentle efflux of a sanctified second nature, when the victory has often been gained by the praying and persevering follower of the Lamb. Then let us guard well our habits; for, as custom makes the habits, habits make the character, and character decides the destiny for ever and ever.

And now we were compelled, though reluctantly, to turn our backs upon the Sea of Galilee and bid it farewell. It was our wish to have visited the southern end of the lake, and to have seen the egress of the Jordan, as we had seen his ingress; but our dragoman discouraged the undertaking. He represented the road as circuitous and dangerous, and advised us to keep by the plan on which we had originally agreed, and according to which

we were to return to Nazareth through Cana of Galilee, on the day after our excursion on the lake. We ascended the very hill which, two days before, we had descended, and took our last look of the storied waters. But, ere they fade away from our view, let us ask what practical lessons are taught us by the scene.

- 1. Let us learn the importance of the masses. Christ not only was reared among the lowly, but, as the messenger of the covenant, he laboured among the lowly. He knew that the working classes constituted the great majority of mankind, and that in all great reforms the impetus of amelioration does not descend from the upper classes to the lower, but ascends from the lower to the Therefore, as we have seen, when ejected from Nazareth, he did not locate himself in the refined metropolis of the land. but among the provincial people, and unpolished fishermen of Galilee. Let the professed followers of Christ rejoice in this respect, as well as in others, if such be the will of God, to be like unto the Lord. Let them not, as the late Mr Parsons of Eblev used to say, be ever panting after the best society; but, like Christ and his apostles, let them rejoice, when Providence calls them, to begin at the very lowest substratum, and, by God's blessing, convert the very worst society into the best.
- 2. Observe, further, how humble was the origin of Christianity. We have already been surprised at Joppa's house-top, Bethlehem's cradle, and Jerusalem's grave, with the smallness of the fountain whence the magnificent stream of salvation first flowed; and the same thought presents itself for consideration at Galilee's little lake. That hollow among the hills, so narrow and so confined, may be regarded as the birth-place, or source, of the Christian religion. There the Divine founder of the system chose to reside, and on its shores he both called and trained his future apostles. Although he built no magnificent edifice, with tall and tapering spire, he may be said to have founded his college there, and there to have given his invaluable lessons, both doctrinal and practical, to the holy men through whom he afterwards instructed the world. Ye who admire, with classic and antiquarian taste, the grey and

venerable piles in which, for centuries, our greatest statesmen, poets, and preachers have studied, despise not the deserted "circle" of Galilee, and name not in comparison with it Zeno's porch or Plato's Academe; for here the grandest school was established, whose name is to be found in the roll of literature. and that knowledge communicated to eager disciples of which alone it can be said. "This is life eternal." They graduated in grief, and took as their diploma a name of scorn, but their fame no subsequent students have ever equalled; and the writings which they left behind them are, at this day, the richest treasures which the world possesses; and the proudest scholars count it their highest honour to understand them and interpret them aright. Let us learn, as we gaze upon the scene, that God often owns the humblest men and the humblest organisations for the accomplishment of the greatest good. The infant who slumbers in that cradle, in a lowly cottage, or a lofty attic, may yet reflect credit on the town or the country that has given it birth. sit, perhaps, in yonder rustic chapel, some unknown young men dressed in plain and coarse attire, whose names, fifty or a hundred years hence, will be household words as the benefactors of their race. And the religious denomination which, at this day, is of least repute, may contain in it the germ of a blessing for the world.

3. Let us learn, also, on the shores of this sea, that it becomes us to lay all that we have and are at the feet of Jesus. Their nets and boats constituted the fishermen's little "all;" but these, besides their ownselves, they cheerfully surrendered at the Saviour's bidding. Let us imitate them in the unreserved consecration. Whatever, in his Providence, or in his Word, he calls upon us to abandon for his name's sake, let us unhesitatingly resign, and "follow him." The loss of worldly goods, of honour, of high preferment, and even of native land; the frown of the world, and the Church too (and the latter, in truth, is often far more chilling in its frown than the former); toils and privations of various kinds—all these sacrifices may we ever be willing to make for the sake of truth, conscience, and especially of Christ,

who gave himself up to the death of the cross for us. And, assuredly, if we do so, he will not allow us to be losers in the end. "The last shall be first, and the first last." "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life, for his sake, shall find it." These promises he fulfilled in the experience of his apostles, and he will fulfil them in ours too, if, like them, we be "faithful unto death." On the man who suffers for the truth, he bestows even an earthly immortality which far exceeds the ephemeral reputation enjoyed by him who courts the incense of popular applause; while, in the next world, every tear he shed here will be a jewel in his crown, every sigh of disappointment will be displaced by a song of triumph, and, in a word, every earthly loss will bring a heavenly gain.

- 4. The Lake of Galilee also reminds us, that if we follow Christ we verily shall receive from him our daily bread. multitudes waited upon his ministry hunger overtook them. place was desert, as it is to-day, and "where could they buy bread?" But He was there who had brought water from the flinty rock to quench his people's thirst, and had sent manna from the skies to appease their hunger in the wilderness. he stirred up the might of his omnipotence, and, with the few loaves, and the two small fishes, he satisfied the starving thousands. As we see them, in imagination, "on the other side," seated in orderly rows on the grass, Christ, the great Almoner for the multitude, and a disciple supplying each waiting band, let us hear the admonition sounded afresh over the intervening lake, "Seekye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Saviour, we hear thy words in faith and peace. we henceforth do our duty diligently and cheerfully, and roll our every temporal care on thee!
- 5. Let these sweet sayings of Gennesareth sink more deeply into our spirits, "Peace, be still," "It is I, be not afraid." When the storm which has gathered among the distant peaks of Sinai

has burst in terrific fury on the little lake of our sinful history; when the waters which had slumbered in the quiet of indifference have been lashed into tempestuous agitation by the awful anger of an offended Maker; when all our poor efforts have proved utterly unavailing, and no refuge remains but to betake ourselves to the mercy of the Saviour—then He who seemed to be asleep. but who only waited till we would be convinced of our own helplessness and danger, rises up in the greatness of his strength, and with a word of salvation rebukes the tumult of despair into a halcyon and holy stillness. Yes, readers, our peace as unworthy sinners flows not from works of righteousness which we have done, but from a word like that before which the wild waves of the Sea of Galilee sank submissively to rest. "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that is the word of faith which we preach: that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." (Rom. x. 8, 9.) if you ask me why the Son of Man, who could calm the heaving billows, hath "power on earth to forgive sins," and to speak peace to troubled souls, I remind you that on the evening of the day on which he rose from the dead, "he stood in the midst of his disciples, and said unto them, Peace be unto you. And when he had so said, he showed unto them his hands and his side." wounds were not only the marks by which they might recognise him, but the warrant or ground of their peace with an And it is because, as Mediator, he wears these offended God. memorials of Calvary to this day, that wherever he is heard by the believing soul to exclaim, "Peace, be still," the angry billows of despair subside into stillness. The law raised that storm. But the wounded Saviour satisfied the law. Therefore the wounded Saviour, and he alone, can tranquillize that storm. Only recognise your utter helplessness as a transgressor, and repair to him in your extremity, and believe in the all-prevalence of the sacrifice, and you will hear him whisper from his throne, "Peace, be still," and at once there will be a great calm.

Let us also hear, in our distant western homes, that word of comfort, "It is I, be not afraid." When heavy commercial trials or bodily diseases assâil us, and our spirits are overwhelmed by the violence of the storm which has broken over us, let faith descry the form of the mild and majestic Saviour upon the waters: and as the God of providence who can "make all things work together for our good," let us hear him say, "It is I, be not afraid." When the tranquillity of ordinary life has been changed into tempestuous agitation, because death has entered our dwellings, and laid low some beloved one over whose cold remains or empty chair we weep in bitterness of soul, querulous on account of the deprivation, let us behold, walking upon these waters of affliction, no ruthless robber, but our dear Redeemer, and let the reassuring whisper fall sweetly on the ear, "It is I, be not afraid." And finally, when the billows swell in our own solemn dving hour, may we see approaching us on their crested foam, not the spectral king of terrors, but the living Prince of Peace; and as he gently lifts us from the shadows and infirmities of earth to the perfection and sunlight of heaven, may he seem to say, "It is I, be not afraid."

6. Let us also hear, as coming from that shore just fading from our view, the solemn and searching question, addressed to each of us, "Lovest thou me?" It will be well for us to listen to it in time; for it will be put to us on the day of judgment; and if we shall then be unable to answer it in the affirmative, and to show by our works that we had loved the Saviour, "Anathema, maranatha!" will be our doom. Let us not rest satisfied till we are able to say, with the assurance of faith and inward experience, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee!" Is it a hard demand he makes of us, when he asks our love? Is he not loveable? Is he not "altogether lovely?" Who has done so much for us as he? We love the parents who have begotten us, and have toiled for us; but do we not owe a far deeper debt of gratitude to him who has given us our parents, and all other blessings, and has, moreover, bought us with his blood? And

whereas the friends we love on earth are generally marred by some imperfection or infirmity, all moral excellence is centred in Jesus. Let us, then, exalt him to the throne of our affections, and bring down every other legitimate object of love to its proper and subordinate place. As if on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, let us enter into fresh covenant with him; and with friends, wealth, honours, possessions, and pleasures full in view, unhesitatingly declare, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that we love thee, more than these."

7. Lastly, let me apply practically Christ's words to his disciples, "Let us go over unto the other side of the lake." (Luke viii. 22.) The Saviour seems often to have looked wistfully to the quiet and retirement of the Gadarene shore, when exhausted with the toils of Capernaum and its neighbourhood. On another occasion, "he said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile; for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat." (Mark vi. 31.) As a man, Christ was "of like passions" with ourselves; and, as we do now and then sigh after solitude, so did he. Once, when I had addressed a letter to an eminent and popular minister of the gospel, instead of receiving a reply, as I had expected, from the bustling city in which he laboured, it came from a remote and rural village. Apologizing for his delay, and his absence from home, he observed, beautifully, that he had gone away "to rest The disciple, in this respect, was exactly like unto his Lord. But let us remember that the Saviour's rest, like the Sabbath he demands from us, was a holy rest. Pious converse, sacred meditation, and earnest prayer, would make his holiday, in truth, a holy day. And let us often sigh, like him, for such spiritual refreshment, as well as for corporeal ease.

> "Cold mountains, and the midnight air, Witnessed the fervour of his prayer."

And if he felt the necessity of frequent communion with his Father, how much more should we! Let us often say, amid the hurry of business, and the engrossing occupations of every-day life,

"To the other side," having our eyes fixed wistfully upon the secrecy of the closet, with its door shut by lock and key, or by concealing crags, or overshadowing forest-leaves. Thence we shall emerge, strengthened by the might of God, to bear life's trials, and resist the temptations of the wicked one, who shall find nothing in us, as he found nothing in our Divine Master before us.

And how happy shall we be, under the care of this "Pilot of the Galilean lake," to cross to "the other side," when the allotted period of our pilgrimage here shall be completed! O how peacefully and invitingly it lies across the surging sea of life, as the eastern shore of the lake of Galilee hung out its welcome, long ago, to the wearied Redeemer! Demoniacs shall not meet us there, but angel-bands; famine shall not await us, but royal plenty; and no thronging intruders shall mar the serenity of our everlasting rest. We shall never return to the toil and the tribulation of this world again; for the days of our mourning shall be ended.

And now both the western and eastern shores of this instructive and fascinating lake are disappearing. We say sorrowfully, with Tennyson—

"A thousand suns shall shine on thee,
A thousand moons shall quiver;
But not by thee our steps shall be
For ever and for ever."

And now it is gone! We have taken our last look, and have bidden it farewell. We ride thoughtfully once more at the base of the Horns of Hattin, pursuing our way towards the Mediterranean, where, long ago, "Dan remained in ships," and "Asher continued on the sea shore."

## CHAPTER XIV.

## Cana to Carmel.

AFTER leaving "the Horns of Hattin," we continued our journey along the table-land, that stretched directly towards Nazareth: for it was not necessary for us, on our return, to make another circuit by Mount Tabor. This region was very desolate and, without doubt, presented a striking contrast to what Galilee once had been. The long waving grass which grows there in such abundance, and attracts the wandering Bedouins with their flocks, shows what luxuriant harvests might be reaped, if only the labour and skill of man were supplied. This was a very long and fatiguing stage. Sometimes in the Holy Land the dragoman conducts his party to a resting-place at noon, about half-way between the starting-point and the place of destination; but when no convenient shade can be found, the partition of the journey is very unequal, and the weary traveller waits anxiously for the order to halt. Only one incident relieved the monotony of this We met another party, Americans I believe, on their way They saluted us in a very frank and friendly manner. to Tiberias. I take occasion to remark here that travellers in the East do not generally need formal introductions. The very fact that they have been drawn from far distant homes by the sacred attractions of the land of the Bible, seems to create a kind of freemasonry and fellow-feeling between them.

At length about two P.M. we were glad to find that we were approaching a resting-place; for fatigue, heat, and hunger had, for an hour or two, made us very clamorous for repose, shelter, and

refreshment. We were somewhat reconciled to the delay by the name and fame of the village at which we alighted—Cana of Galilee! What although we had suffered a little, if only we would be able to say, ever after, that we had tarried for an hour or two at the place where Jesus had turned water into wine! We rested in a shady grove of fig-trees which overhung a full and swiftly-flowing brook, where water issued from a precious fountain hard by. were so very fatigued that we did not care to enter the village, some of whose houses were visible from the spot at which we reclined. If our guide had told us that "the stone waterpots and the house where the marriage was performed, are exhibited to travellers," as we learned in the evening was the case, we would, without doubt, have paid a visit to these celebrities, although more than doubtful as to their genuineness. As I lay beneath these sheltering trees, my overpowering thirst quenched by the water of the rivulet, my thoughts found expression in a verse which I venture to insert, solely for my reader's amusement:

Some water we took
From Cana's brook,
Where we had staid to dine;
The very thought
That thence it was brought,
Made it to taste like wine.

When we had rested about an hour at Cana or Kafr Kenna, as the Arabs call it, we rose to depart. A goodly band of young women who had come to the fountain to draw water, looked on with much interest as we mounted our horses. They were so fresh in their looks, and some of them so beautiful, that the inference was very natural: If marriages do not now take place in Cana, as in former days, it cannot be for want of female loveliness. A clergyman of our party was so deeply interested in one of these nymphs of the well, that he gave her a coin or two, by the receipt of which, instead of being offended, she was highly gratified. He insisted that he made the present solely because she had "given him to drink" from her brimming pitcher.

When we had ridden for about an hour and a half, ascending all the way, we were surprised to find, on turning an abrupt angle, that Nazareth was again in view! We did not approach it from the south, as on the occasion of our first visit, but from the north. Hence we were close upon the town, ere we were aware of its nearness. Our hearts once more "burned within us" at the sight of the sacred spot. Our Saviour's birth-place, as beheld from another point of observation, (whence, indeed, he must often have gazed upon it,) had the power, for a second time, to thrill us with delight and awe.

As our tents were not yet ready for our reception, on account of the shortness of our afternoon stage, I accompanied Mr Harkness to pay a visit to Bishop Gobat who, as we learned, had arrived only that day on a visit to his son-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Zellar, the Protestant minister at Nazareth. We met with a courteous reception from both father and son-in-law, and received valuable information on some points of interest and difficulty. The Bishop told us that he was not quite certain that the Cana through which we had that day passed, was the Cana of Galilee referred to by John the Evangelist. Opinions were divided on the point; but he inclined to give the palm to another Cana, situated due north from Nazareth, on the direct route from Acre, chiefly because it was called to this day Kana-el-Jelil, that is, Cana of Galilee. That which we had visited had, however, been fixed upon by monkish tradition as the scene of our Lord's first miracle. took the liberty also of asking Bishop Gobat if the Jordan was as rapid throughout its whole course, as at that point near Jericho, at which we had seen it. His reply was, that while, upon the whole, it was a rapid stream, shallow or quiet bays were to be found, here and there, between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea. I may here observe that the great rapidity of the Jordan in the month of April is attributable, to some extent, to the melting of the snow on Mount Lebanon. I remarked the same peculiarity, arising from the same cause, at subsequent stages of my journey, in the Barada, the Leontes, and other Syrian rivers; and have since

observed a similar swiftness and almost a similar hue in the Aar and the Rhone in Switzerland, when swollen in the month of August by the melting of the snow on the Alps.

Our conversation turned also on the festivities of Easter, which had just been concluded at Jerusalem. The Bishop told us that a disturbance had taken place at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, on the previous Saturday morning, on account of a quarrel between a Latin pilgrim and a Greek, which had happily been settled before any fatal consequences had ensued, although, indeed, blood had been shed. We also spoke of the absurd imposition which is palmed off every year, on the day before Easter, on the credulous multitude of pilgrims: I refer to the alleged miracle of "the Holv On the Saturday forenoon the Bishop of Petra enters, with much solemnity, the tomb of Christ, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. He pretends to remain there in direct and immediate communion with God, while a dense and surging mass of human beings that crowd every corner of the edifice, in breathless expectation await the wondrous phenomenon. Presently a light is seen to issue from a hole, which the Greek priests assert, and the ignorant multitude believe, to have been really kindled by the Holy Ghost. Then a terrible struggle commences, among the worshippers, to be the first in having their torches kindled at this celestial flame. The eager aspirants are sometimes trodden to death in the contest. A horseman stands ready to gallop off as fast as his steed can carry him, and convey the Holy Fire to the faithful at Bethlehem, who receive the precious gift as a signal mark of the favour of God. Bishop Gobat said that he had remonstrated with the Bishop of Petra, whom he believed to be a good man, on the silliness and shamefulness of this deception; for all the Greek priests know very well the chemical composition by which this fire is produced. given was not satisfactory. It was to the effect that the people desired it, and that he, by his individual influence, could not withstand their desire. Indeed, he confessed that the fame of the Holy Fire was the chief means of attracting the crowd of

Greek pilgrims, who annually visited Jerusalem, from Europe, Africa, and Asia. He observed further, that the Turkish Government and soldiers would not allow them to give up the solemn farce; for, although Mahommedans themselves, and, therefore, hostile at heart to all denominations of Christianity, they knew that they depended chiefly, for their tribute-money and pay, on this exciting and attractive delusion. Of a truth, the Greek Church of St. Petersburg and Constantinople cries out for reformation almost as loudly as the Church of Rome.

When we returned to our tents we found that our fellow-travellers, although they had missed the episcopal entertainment in which we were rejoicing, had witnessed an interesting and suggestive sight. The women of Nazareth had come down, at even-tide, to draw water from the ancient and celebrated fountain, now called "the fountain of the Virgin," as their predecessors, throughout successive centuries, had been accustomed to do. Mothers were there with their pitchers on their heads, and their children poised on their shoulders, after a fashion common throughout all the East. Our friends had been thinking that long, long ago, the meek and thoughtful Mary, on such a calm and beautiful evening, would often come to that very fountain to draw water for her humble household, while the tiny arms of the infant Jesus, as he sat upon her shoulders, would be thrown lovingly and trustingly around her!

Next morning we left Nazareth about eight A.M. en route for Haifa, on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, and at the foot of Mount Carmel. On passing the Latin Convent we learned with concern that two American travellers were laid up there, unable to proceed on their journey, having been stricken down by Syrian fever. We could not but be thankful that we had hitherto been preserved in uninterrupted good health, during all the fatigues and vicissitudes of our journey. We first descended from the high table land of Galilee, and crossed a narrow branch of the plain of Esdraelon. Our path next lay over a gently undulating rising ground. The noble oaks, on either hand, reminded me not a

little of the umbrageous policies, which surround the ancient mansions of our Scottish noblemen. Descending to the level ground on the other side, we found ourselves in the plain of Acre. which may be regarded as a continuation of the plain of Esdraelon to the Mediterranean. Here we passed through richly cultivated land, on which the agriculturists were busy at work. The long ridge of Carmel was now right before us, running out towards the sea, whose blue waters gleamed far in the distance, reflecting the brilliancy of the noon-day sun. About one P.M. we crossed the storied and sacred river Kishon, called by the Arabs El Mukutta. "The Ford." Its banks are fifteen or twenty yards apart. was but little water in the channel, but the soft mud, of which its bottom consists, made it very difficult to cross. Like the other brooks of Palestine, little water is to be found in it except when rain falls at the stated seasons, but the peculiarity of the Kishon lies in this, that its course being so near the mountains of Galilee on the north, and of Samaria on the south, its waters rise with such rapidity as sometimes to carry destruction and death with their flood. Hence the naturalness of the historic text: "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera. The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon." v. 20, 21.) When we crossed the stream our road lay due west along the plain towards the sea. After riding about an hour longer in this direction, we halted, for a little, in the shade of some trees, and then commenced our short afternoon stage to Haifa. We could now see the tops of the houses, although the town was still some miles distant; and the masts of a few ships which were lying in the harbour, by some optical illusion which I cannot explain, assumed the exaggerated appearance of a great and formidable fleet.

As we drew near the old town, the great waves of the Mediterranean rolled in majestically upon the sandy beach. We had not seen them near at hand, since the day, nearly a month before, when we looked back upon them from the neighbourhood of Joppa. During all that interval, we had been sojourning in an arid land and beneath a burning sun. We were glad to see the

blue waters again; for a refreshing breeze met us from their billowy bosom, and they seemed to speak to us of home which was far away. The name of Haifa is not mentioned in Scripture, whence we may conclude that it had its origin in days subsequent to those of the Messiah. It contains about two thousand inhabitants, of whom the Christians outnumber the Mahommedans, while there is also a small community of Jews. It is completely surrounded by an ancient wall, on which are visible the marks of the ruin of war. We entered by the eastern gate and rode through the whole extent of the town, emerging at the western gate, near to which we found our tents agreeably pitched, close by the shore of the sea, the great promontory of Carmel abutting into the deep about a mile south of our encampment.

Next day, being Sabbath, we had Divine service in our tents at mid-day, when Mr Harkness preached from the text, "God is love." It was, in truth, an appropriate theme of meditation; for the blue Mediterranean lay before us in a beautiful expanse, reminding us of the ocean-like extent of the love of God, while the sun gleamed complacently upon the peaceful sea, as if to say, "So streameth the Divine good will on men of every clime."

In the afternoon, we took a walk to inspect the Convent of Mount Carmel, which stands on the summit of the bold promontory, where it juts into the deep. Our way lay first along the shore, and then up a winding path, till we reached the Convent Its situation cannot be much less than a thousand feet high; and, accordingly, it commands an extensive view of shore and sea, whose waters dash upon the base of the rock on which it It is a well finished, oblong building, with a magnificent The Carmelite friars boast of a long church in the centre. ecclesiastical pedigree. They maintain that their convent is built near the grotto in which Elijah lived. After Elijah's death, Elisha, they say, took up his abode there. Then the sons of the prophets, who followed Elisha, still made it their chief seat. After the death of Christ, the monks who inhabited it, passed from the written law to the law of grace. Three hundred years after,

St. Basil and his successors gave to them particular rules, one of which was, that they should go barefooted as a mark of special austerity. Hence they are called "The Order of the Bare-footed Carmelite Friars." But, in truth, they have departed from the very letter of the law which was left them by their founders, if indeed they can be said to observe it now at all: for they first wore sandals, the straps of which were so numerous as almost to cover the exposed member; and afterwards they degenerated to the use of a shoe, open only at the toes. At the time of the Crusades, they abandoned the Greek ritual for the Roman, and from the days of St. Louis, the crusading king of France, to the time of Buonaparte, the convent made sacred by the remembrances of Elijah, was open to travellers of every religion, and of After Napoleon's unsuccessful attempt to take every country. St. Jean d'Acre, the Convent of Carmel was laid waste by the victorious Turks; and lest it should ever become a fortification for their enemies, its foundations were actually undermined by the Sultan's general, Abdallah Pasha, and thus the destruction of the ancient monastery seemed final and complete. By the energy, however, of a Carmelite friar, named Jean Battista. that is, John Baptist, it has been rebuilt in a style of comparative magnificence and grandeur. He begged through Asia. Africa and Europe; and after the unceasing toil of fourteen years, saw his reward in the completion of the stateliest convent in Palestine, in 1840, at a cost of more than half a million of francs.

The hospitality of the good brethren of Carmel is proverbial; and as we were shown through the clean and comfortable rooms set apart for the use of travellers, we felt that if we had not possessed accommodation of our own, we would have enjoyed, not a little, a temporary residence there. The rooms and long corridors were hung round with numerous pictures of no great artistical finish, representing some of those legendary wonders which are not to the credit of the church that has invented or believed them. I must confess, however, that a few good pictures of the chief scenes in Elijah's life, which hung from the walls of the magnificent

church, were worthy both of the building and the prophet. We found that several ship-wrecked mariners, who had escaped only with their lives from the recent storm, had found a pleasant and comfortable asylum within the walls of this elevated hospice. They seemed to be as truly welcome as other well-dressed travellers. From the latter no charge is made; but every one is left to give according to his pleasure. Of course, honourable men give as much to the friars as they would have paid at an inn; and should not all who go to so sacred a country, be "honourable men?" We were informed, I may observe, that however salubrious the situation may appear, the monks who live there do not keep their health well. The air of the lofty marine residence is too keen. Though it be desirable for a brief abode, it is not so for a permanent one. After having lived there for a time, the brethren are very glad to be shifted to some less exposed and lofty situation.

We found that one of the visitors was perusing the album which is kept for the entries of travellers. Looking over his shoulder we found that the impressions produced upon former visitors, had. been as various as their countries and their religions. One wrote in French, "The happy days passed in the Convent of Mount Carmel will remain for ever graven on my spirit, and on my heart." "O thou delightful Carmel," wrote an enthusiastic British lawyer, "abode of nature's religion. From Akka we came to grasp thy outstretched hand, and now we bid a last fond farewell to the land of ancient holiness." The entry of a minister of the Free Church of Scotland was so remarkable, that the monks themselves called our attention to it. He had written, "Everything under this hospitable roof for the body. Is there a similar provision for the soul? Once on this mountain the Lord manifested his glory in the sight of backsliding Israel. Where is now the Lord God of Elijah? February 28th, 1847." This entry had called forth numerous comments and criticisms; for the page on which it was written was literally crowded with replies to the Scotch divine, so that his original insertion could hardly be seen for the censorious remarks it had provoked, and beneath which it seemed to lie

like a wounded soldier pierced to death by hundreds of simultaneous antagonists, or a poor fox, rendered invisible for the time, by the scores of dogs which worry it. "Silence bigot, regard not the mote in thy brother's eye, but take the beam out of thine own." A second wrote, "O that another Elijah would visit thee and the other prophets of the Free Church who have created such a schism in Israel, to reprove you for your backsliding!" A third had drawn his pen through the "Rev." prefixed to his own name by the minister. He was probably a High Church-man, who thought that Mr. B. had no right to the designation, because he had not been ordained by a bishop, or at any rate, that he deserved to be wholly un-frocked for his narrow-mindedness. A fourth, returning to the charge of bigotry, said, "Such remarks show Mr. B. to be an unworthy member of any community;" and to extract only one comment more: thus wrote the gentle Miss Martineau-"The religion of nature and the religion of Christ being found here, all minor distinctions may be forgotten, and those who may meet, may feel as brethren." I have no doubt that I would fully agree with the minister referred to in his private opinions of the errors and apostasies of the Church of Rome; but I gravely question the propriety of his recording these in the public album of the convent, and while he was enjoying the hospitality of the Order.

In the sides of the mountain round the convent are many grottoes, said to have been occupied by the hermits and anchorites of former ages. The most celebrated is near the base of the hill on the north, and is called "the Cave of the Sons of the Prophets." Here, it is said, Elijah received the chiefs of the people. It is a plain rock-hewn chamber, 20 feet by 18, with a great number of Greek names and inscriptions, some of them apparently very old, along the walls.

There are two mountains mentioned in scripture called Carmel, a word the meaning of which is, a garden. The less celebrated one lies southward among the mountains of Judah, and is rendered notable as the place where Nabal was shearing his sheep, when the affair took place between him and David, in which

Abigail bore so conspicuous a part. The celebrated Carmel is not a mound or rock, like our well-known Dumbarton Rock, as it is often erroneously drawn in books for children, but is a mountainous ridge extending for about eighteen miles north-westward from the hills of Samaria, along the edge of the plain of Esdraelon towards the Mediterranean Sea. Its breadth is nearly five miles, and its highest point reaches the elevation of 1750 feet. It literally dips itself in the sea; for its bold termination, as already noticed, runs into the waters of the Mediterranean, being the only promontory of any size which forms a distinctive feature on the coast of Palestine.

Carmel derives its chief interest from two remarkable incidents in the life of the prophet Elijah, namely, his great sacrifice, and his great supplication. I had read the 18th chapter of the 1st book of Kings in our tents, in the forenoon, as the lesson for the day. We had felt that portion of scripture to be most appropriate, since we were within view of the very mountain on which these events had taken place. My reader must not suppose that Elijah's competition with the prophets of Baal took place on the rocky promontory close by the sea. Tradition fixes it at twelve or fourteen miles distant, at the eastern extremity of the ridge of Carmel, and where its last bold peak looks down upon the plain of Esdraelon. Here, among a thicket of evergreens, is a terrace of natural rock, in the midst of which are the ruins of a quadrangular building of large hewn stones. This is the Muhrakah, or place of "Sacrifice;" and upon this spot, probably, stood the altar of the Lord which Jezebel broke down and Elijah repaired. "Close beneath, on a wide upland sweep under the shade of ancient olives, and round a copious fountain, vaulted and built up with ancient masonry, which may have supplied the water for the trench round the altar, must have been ranged on one side the king and people, and on the other, the prophet of the Lord. Full before them opened the plain of Esdraelon; on the rising ground on its eastern side, the city of Jezreel, with Ahab's palace and Jezebel's temple distinctly visible; in the foreground under the base of the mountain, was clearly seen the winding stream of the Kishon."—(Stanley.)

The circumstances of the country were at this time peculiar. Ahab, by marrying Jezebel, had become an idolater, and had introduced the worship of Baal into Israel. All the ministers of state, and all the great men of the country, had become idolaters, and only one or two, besides the prophets who had been hidden in the cave, testified for the Lord. The Lord, wroth at the wickedness of the King and Queen, had proclaimed a drought of three years' duration, by the lips of the awful Elijah. this drought the land was groaning, and Elijah had been sought for in vain among all the surrounding peoples. The chapter to which I have just referred, and which I beg my reader to peruse, gives a thrilling account of the interview between Obadiah, Elijah, and Ahab, as well as of that trial of strength between God and Baal, proposed by the prophet and accepted by the idolaters. It was such a proposal, that only one who was inspired by the Lord could have made it. Nor did Jehovah fail his servant in the hour All the readers of the Bible have admired the telling sarcasm and irony employed by the prophet when he said, "Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." Then, when Baal failed, see with what confidence Elijah provides for the approach of God! He repairs the altar which Jezebel had thrown down, as if to intimate that, from that day, the worship of God would be restored. See him deluge with water again and again the sacrifice and the altar, to prove that no human hand kindled the fire, which he knew was about to come. Then behold the fire spring from an invisible source, and with the mighty power of God, "consume the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and lick up the water that was in the trench." And hear the shout of the satisfied people, the umpires between the contending parties, who, notwithstanding their prejudices in favour of idolatry, were constrained to cry out, "The Lord he is the God; the Lord he is the God."

Before drawing this chapter to a close, let me ask my reader while he stands with me, in imagination, on this very hill of Carmel, to observe, practically, that Elijah's opening address to the people is suitable to us: "How long halt ve between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him." There is as clear a contrast, at this day, between a life of selfishness and a life of faith and holiness, as there was in Elijah's, between the service of Baal and the service of God. We have, moreover, our atheists who deny altogether the existence of God, and serve the Baal of materialism and worldliness. them we would say, Let the matter in debate be settled by See you stars which hang out their lamps at night! Who kindled their distant fires? See yon sun who, still bridegroomlike, pursues his heavenly way, the centre of life and heat to this world and system! Who kindled and still feeds his mighty fire? Not Jupiter, nor Baal, nor chance. Not a blind, unthinking Nature could so place his central orb that he would distribute light and heat to the various planets which roll around him-the great distance of some relieved by the aid of compensating satellites. Yes! let the trial be by fire, and the issue will be in favour of one great, designing, loving God.

Once, more, contemplate the ray of reason which shines in the soul of man. Who kindled that fire? What a contrast between dull flesh, and the thinking, responsible soul! I would as soon believe that the water in the trough of Elijah created the fire which consumed the sacrifice, as that, according to the materialist's theory, mere flesh could originate the noble aspirations which burn in the soul of man. Yes! let the trial be by fire, and the fire of human reason will also return its verdict in favour of a designing moral governor, that is, in favour of God.

But, finally, contemplate the fire of the Holy Ghost. See how the water of indifference and of sin has been dashed around that ungodly soul! See it dripping in the cold apathy of irregeneracy! But lo! a heavenly fire descends upon it. It is baptized at the Cross, by the belief of the Gospel, " with the Holv Ghost and with fire." What a change is produced! The unholy passions, the unholy practices, and unholy thoughts are licked up by this consuming influence; and the man who was once full of sin, of every shape and form, stands out before his neighbours, full of gentleness, goodness, purity, and truth-in a word, "full of the Spirit." Yes! the conversion as well as the creation of the soul proves that there is a God. trial by fire culminates in the flame of Pentecost! And, my reader, if you be thus convinced that there is a God, how shameful and how foolish in you to continue to serve Baal! If, indeed, there be a great Supreme, who has made himself known by the fire of sacrifice, and especially the sacrifice of Calvary, where the Great Victim was consumed for our sins, should we not serve him, with our whole soul and strength? If there were no God at all, men might live as they list; but if there be a God, or, rather. since there is a God, should they not, every day and every hour. seek to do his will? And as the prophet took the priests of Baal down to Kishon, and slew them all before the Lord, whom they had defied, and whose heritage they had laid waste, it becomes us to take all our darling sins to Kidron, near which the Redeemer agonized, and slay them there before him, dooming to death

# "The guilty things That made the Saviour bleed."

But before we leave this sacred mountain I must speak a little on Elijah's supplication there. After the sacrifice came the supplication; and, in like manner, after we enter into covenant with God at the cross, it becomes us to approach Him with daily prayer. There was a sound of abundance of rain. Ahab went up to eat and to drink; but Elijah (and thus often saints are distinguished) went up to pray. Seven times, Elijah looked to the sea, and seven times Elijah looked to the Lord; and, at the seventh time, behold, there arose a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. This was the beginning of rain; for soon the

heavens were black with clouds, the copious showers descended, and Ahab, preceded by the inspired Elijah, rose and went to Jezreel. Now, the Apostle James sets the prophet before us, in this instance, as an example of believing prayer. He says, "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain, and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heavens gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit." It still holds good that "the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much." Whatever trouble may oppress us, if we only go to God with it, he will either remove the trouble, or give us grace to bear it. Paul found relief from his thorn in the flesh in prayer; Jesus found relief for his desperate sorrow in the garden of Gethsemane in prayer; and Elijah obtained rain for parched Israel by prayer.

"Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw," or, rather, we may say, in view of Carmel,

"Prayer makes the rain-cloud nearer draw; Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw; Gives exercise to faith and love, Brings every blessing from above."

Oh! it has often been found that the reason why whole families, churches, and neighbourhoods were blessed by the refreshing influences of the Holy Spirit, was, that some unknown Elijah, or some holy Anna had been away on the summit of their closet-Carmel, giving God no rest, day nor night, till he would come down and bless them.

On descending from the hill I committed to writing a few simple verses, which I had been composing during the day, on Elijah's intercession. I venture to give them a place here.

T.

On Carmel's height the prophet stood; The heavens above were brass; Beneath him lay the Great Sea's flood Smooth as a sea of glass. The thirsty region mourned around;
The very springs were dry;
The cries of thousands, from the ground,
Went upward to the sky.

Faint type of Him who on the tree For guilty man did bleed, That holy prophet, by the sea, For man did intercede.

Six times he bowed his head and prayed And on his God did call; But still the answer was delayed, The rain refused to fall.

But when the seventh prayer was said, Up rose a little cloud, Which slowly o'er the heavens spread, Like an encircling shroud.

That very night the showers began,
Full fraught with Israel's weal,—
The seer before the monarch ran,
Triumphant to Jezreel.

#### II.

Lord, help us here by Carmel's hill, Made sacred by thy saint, To roll on thee our every ill— To pray and not to faint.

When sins immense reveal thy face, Indignant and severe, O may the little cloud of grace At Calvary appear!

When trials thick on every side
Their fiery arrows pour,
O may thy grace a screen provide
Sufficient for the hour!

Though in this world thy gifts be rife,
'Tis withered in thy sight;
In mercy say, "Let there be life;"
As once thou saidst, "Be light."

Where'er on earth we pitch a tent, There may a Carmel rise, And every prayer in earnest sent Bring blessings from the skies.

Our experience at Carmel somewhat resembled that of Elijah; for, although the sky had been unclouded for some days, we encountered a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and hail after our return from the convent, on Sabbath evening. I had never before seen flashes of lightning so great and so vivid. The whole heavens were illuminated by each successive gleam. I was reminded of the couplet in our metrical version of the Psalms of David:

"His lightnings lighten did the world: Earth saw and shook throughout."

Some of the hail-stones were as large as our common plum. The wind was so high and the pelting showers so severe that we took our evening repast with difficulty and discomfort. We lay down to rest, hoping that it would be in our power to proceed northward on the morrow, and that we would not be storm-staid at the foot of Carmel, as we had been at the foot of Gerizim.

### CHAPTER XV.

# Acre, Tyre, and Sidon.

When we awoke next morning we found that the day had dawned doubtfully. At one time the sun gleamed out encouragingly, but anon obscuring clouds and deluging rain warned us to abide in As we were anxious, however, to proceed on our journey with as much despatch as possible, we took advantage of an interval of blue sky which became visible when breakfast was being finished, and gave the order to decamp. But, just when the tents were all struck, and bedding and luggage were in a state of most helpless exposure, the drenching rain descended afresh, and things looked more adverse than ever. Still there was no help for it: and while we took refuge, on horseback, under some adjacent trees. the muleteers packed up the damp baggage, and moved bravely forward. We followed in a short time, when the rain had somewhat abated; but, after advancing about a mile and a half we overtook the muleteers, and found that we were all brought to a sudden stand-still.

What impediment was now in the way? The mouth of the Kishon! This stream flows into the Mediterranean sea, nearly two miles north of Haifa. But how changed from the Kishon of Saturday, when we would hardly have known we were crossing a river's course, save for the mud in its channel! The storm of Sabbath evening and Monday morning had swollen it to an angry torrent; and our dragoman was making his reconnaisance and preparations before we could dare to cross. Besides, the rain

again descended mercilessly, and our whole party were glad to take refuge, for a little, in a hut on the shore of the sea. Perhaps the word "hut" is hardly admissible; for the edifice in question consisted of a boat turned upside-down! A large company of women and boys were employed, at this point of the coast, in gathering dulse, which seemed to be highly valued as an article of merchandise; and the rude shieling in which we found shelter, belonged to the Frenchman who was superintending their operations. name, we learned, was Napoleon; and as we squatted on the mat that was spread on his humble floor, we made ourselves merry over the narrow dimensions of his Tuilleries, and regretted that. the Empress Eugenie and the little Prince did not seem to be at home! Although he made no charge for the brief accommodation, we were disposed to consider him already paid in the asylum he had found in London, in his own special-constable days, and which his grand-uncle had enjoyed, at the expense of our country, for several years, in the island of St. Helena!

In about an hour the sky had cleared again, and the command was given to cross the swift and swollen stream. This, however, was sooner said than done, either by man or beast. The horses and mules (the latter bearing enormous loads of luggage) appeared, by their obstinate resistance, stoutly to object to the unexpected swimming bath to which their drivers proposed to treat them. For a time, indeed, it seemed that although they were "dumb," they would not be "driven cattle," but bade fair to come off "heroes in the strife." At length one of the irrational fraternity was prevailed on to take the plunge, and the furious battle immediately changed into the easy and amusing game of "Follow your leader." It was rather exciting for us to see our portmanteaus disappearing, for a moment, beneath the foaming tide, with the half-immersed mule that bore them; but our consolation lay in this, that if there was power in the water of Syria to wet, there was also power in the sun of Syria to dry.

But how were we, the lords and ladies of creation, to get across?

—for with us the swimming process was somewhat out of the

question. A boat, fastened by a chain to the opposite shore that it might not drift, had been provided for our accommodation; and in it we were ferried over. But, in truth, the wind was so high that we had some difficulty in leaping into the little vessel; and we were thankful, when we stepped on the opposite shore, that the fate of Sisera's hosts had not been ours—that the river of Kishon did not altogether "sweep us away." (Judges v. 21.) And am I not warranted here to make the passing remark, that the experience of modern travellers establishes the naturalness and truthfulness of the good, old, invulnerable Bible?

Our journey now lay along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Hitherto we had plodded over the difficult paths of Palestine, and therefore found it to be a great relief to traverse Nature's smooth and level highway of sand. Our spirits were exhibarated by the prospect of four days' travelling after this novel and comparatively easy fashion; for our programme contained four stages on the seaboard, namely, Acre, Tyre, Sidon, and Beyrout. The sun shone out cheerily now, and once more the sky was without a cloud. margin of sand was considerable, but we kept close to the waters of the Mediterranean; for, except where the sand was made damp by the tide, our horses' feet sank too deep for comfortable locomotion. And this was the very Mediterranean Sea, with an unchanged coast line, on which Jesus looked, and beside which he walked when he "departed into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon," and honoured the faith of the Syro-Phenician woman! It was also the "loud sounding" sea, "yielding no crop," of which Homer sang in matchless strains, and by whose trackless paths his heroes had advanced to the siege of Troy! But our conversation became very un-Homeric, yet not on that account the less valuable; for I found myself, when about half way to Acre, busily engaged in endeavouring to explain to my fellow-travellers the ninth chapter of the epistle to the Romans! One verse, indeed, was peculiarly appropriate: "Esaias also crieth concerning Israel, though the number of the children of Israel be as the sand of the sea, a remnant shall be saved." (Rom. ix. 37.)

But Acre, or, as it is now called by the Arabs, 'Akka, had been before us all day, and was now so near, that its outlines were distinctly visible. It had, indeed, been in view ever since our arrival at Haifa on Saturday night; for its bold promontory is distinctly visible from Carmel, at the distance of eleven miles. The bay of Acre may be described as a semi-circle, of which Acre and Carmel are the two projecting points.

We could not but regard this town as we drew near to it, with considerable interest. It has indeed no Scriptural importance. It is mentioned only once in the Old Testament, and once in the New, under the name of Ptolemais, acquired probably from one of the Ptolemies of Egypt. "Neither did Asher [it belonged to that tribe] drive out the inhabitants of Accho." (Judges i. 31.) "And when we [that is the Apostle Paul, Luke, and their companions] had finished our course from Tyre, we came to Ptolemais, and saluted the brethren, and abode with them one day." (Acts xxi. 11.) It is interesting to notice that warm hearts beat true to the Saviour within its walls, in days when it was somewhat dangerous to espouse his cause. The fame of Acre (or St. Jean d'Acre, as it was then called from the Knights of St. John, whose head-quarters it became) was very great in the days of the Crusaders. It was their landing-place as they arrived in crowds from the west, bent on the holy war, and became their chief sea-port or naval station. Indeed, in the new kingdom of Jerusalem, it was next in importance to Jerusalem itself. And when the tide of fortune turned disastrously against them, it was in the fortress of Acre that they stood at bay, making a noble defence, till they were overpowered and well nigh annihilated by the merciless Moslems of Saladin.

But Acre interested us chiefly on account of two events in modern warfare. In 1799, the Arabs in its fortress, aided by Sir Sydney Smith, the English Admiral, successfully defied the elsewhere triumphant Napoleon. It sustained eight successive assaults during a siege of several months, and at the end remained unsubdued. Losing it, the ambitious invader lost the eastern

empire which he coveted; and it has been truly said, "'Akka was to Napoleon in Asia, what Waterloo became in Europe."

Acre is also celebrated as the scene of a vet more recent contest in which Britain again played a conspicuous part, not however as helper, but as captor. When, in 1840, Ibrahim Pasha of Egypt was making himself master of Syria, our Government joined with Austria, Russia, and Turkey to drive him out. On the 3rd of November, 1840, our fleet, under Admiral Stopford and Commodore Napier took up its position before Acre. The Commodore just named, became afterwards celebrated as Sir Charles Napier, or to adopt Lord Palmerston's familiar appellative, "Charley Napier." Charley made short work of it. After one hour's firing, the magazine blew up; and the fort which had resisted the great Napoleon successfully for months, was taken in a few hours by the British. the gallant Commodore leading the way, sword in hand, by a breach made in the wall. When I was a student in the University of Glasgow, Mr. Buchanan, Professor of Logic, gave out for the subject of a prize poem, "The siege of Acre." The prize was gained by one who afterwards became a relation of my own—the Rev. Alex. Smith of Innellan Free Church; and, as I had seen his poem in print, I was ready to contemplate the ancient fortress with some degree of personal interest and enthusiasm.

Near the outskirts of Acre we passed a small stream called Belus, remarkable for the fact that glass, according to Pliny, was first made, by accident upon its banks. Some grammarians think that there is a certain affinity between its name and the Greek word for glass.

Arrived at Acre we found our tents beautifully pitched outside the town, and quite near the rampart and fosse that surround it on the land side. Towards the sea a long promontory runs out, visible from afar—from a certain point of which, a mole running eastward forms the old harbour. The strong fortifications are washed by the salt tide of ocean. Having finished our day's journey about three P.M., we had abundance of time at our disposal for the examination of the town and fortress. We found that

Acre contained about five thousand inhabitants, more than two thousand being Moslems and Druzes, and not one thousand, Christians and Jews. Notwithstanding its great strength, its interior has a ruinous look; and owing to the desolating sieges sustained during the crusades, few relics of antiquity remain. We were particularly struck with the massiveness of the fortress towards the sea. Standing on the broad wall, at the base of which, the angry waters murmured hoarsely, and all in vain, we did not wonder that Napoleon had failed to take it; and it made us proud of our country's prowess, to think that the place had so speedily yielded to its superior strategy. We were shown the point at which Napoleon's attacks had failed, and that at which the cool and daring Napier, with his bold tars, had entered.

Within the fort is a prison. We were surprised at its uncleanliness and the miserable plight of its prisoners. The same thought struck my mind here, as at Nablous: Verily, a John Howard is sadly needed. The unhappy inmates were all huddled together in great and damp cells. As we passed the iron bars of these miserable abodes, the men nearest us were clamorous for money; and a gleam of short lived satisfaction stole over their grisly visages, when the small gratuity was dropped into the extended hand.

On Tuesday morning we left Acre with the exciting prospect of spending the night at classic and celebrated Tyre. Shortly after quitting the town, we saw before us an imposing aqueduct that is still of great advantage to the inhabitants, although some parts of it are falling into decay; and ere long we passed under one of its arches. The inhabitants are indebted for this erection to the enterprize and energy of one of the most infamous men who ever disgraced the seat of government. He was Pasha of Acre and the circumjacent region, towards the close of last century. He gloried in the title of "the Butcher." He had arbitrary power of life and death, and most mercilessly did he employ it. His greatest amusement was to cut off men's ears and noses, dig out their eyes, and bake them to death in ovens. Once, in a fit of

jealousy, he killed fifteen of the ladies of his harem with his own hand. One of the mosques of the town is called by his name, El Jezzar, that is, "The Butcher's." Dr. Wilson in "The Lands of the Bible," gives a translation of the Arabic inscription in front of it, from which we learn that his friends both confessed his need of the mercy of God, and prayed for it on his behalf. Yet this man, so cruel to individuals, like other tyrants that might be named, achieved some useful public works, and imparted some new vigour to the enfeebled state. Among other things, although he made the blood of his subjects to flow, he gave to those whom he allowed to live—good water!

There was little of importance to notice in our journey from Acre to Tyre. For an hour or two our road lay along a plain abounding with orchards, in which were fruit-trees of all descriptions. The plain of Acre extends for eight miles, both north and south of the town. At length we approached what was manifestly its termination, namely, a bold promontory called Scala Tyriorum, the Tyrian Ladder. The traveller finds this name to be very appropriate; for he is under the necessity of climbing up a winding path, not unlike a ruined staircase. We paused here for a little, and waved a hurried adieu to the Holy Land: for the "Ladder" is the boundary between Palestine proper and Phenicia. This cape, however, was not so remarkable in conformation and appearance as the next we came to, a few miles further on, called the White Cape, the Promontorium Album of Pliny. " Over this the traveller proceeds by a winding path hewn in the rock, with ranges of steps, here and there, now much worn. It sometimes approaches the very verge of the precipice, against whose base the waves dash below, while the path is only a few feet wide." It took us half an hour to clear this remarkable pass.

And now Tyre appeared before us, with all its solemn associations—Tyre which Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander had besieged so long, long ago, and whose transition from renown to ruin was, at once, so remarkable a fulfilment of prophecy, and so clear a proof of the inspiration of the Word of God. About five P.M. We

began to draw near to it, and observe the more prominent features of its topography.

We came, first of all, to a low-lying sandy isthmus, which unites the island of Tyre to the mainland. The word is derived from the Hebrew Zur, which means rock; and, accordingly, we find that the more ancient part of the city was built upon an island, three quarters of a mile long, half a mile broad, and half a mile distant from the continent of Asia. As the insular city increased in commerce, wealth, and population, an immense suburb seems to have been built upon the shore, called Palætyrus, that is, Old Tyre, a name which was given to it, as centuries rolled on, because, while some population lingered on the island, after the judgments of God fell upon Tyre, the city on the mainland seems never to have been rebuilt at all. The sandy isthmus of which I have just spoken, was made by Alexander the Great, when he laid siege to the place. Palætyrus fell an easy prey to his victorious arms, but the island resisted him for several months; -- whereupon he took the stones of the captured portion, and constructed with them a highway to the island, thereby securing its conquest, and rendering it a peninsula. the fulfilment of prophecy as remarkable and literal in the case of Tyre, as in that case of Egypt, referred to at length in a former chapter: "Wherefore thus saith the Lord God: Behold I am against thee, O Tyrus, and will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up. And they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers; and I will scrape the dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock. It shall be a place for the spreading of nets, in the midst of the sea. . . . And they shall lay thy stones and thy timber and thy dust in the midst of the water." (Ezek. xxvi. 8-5, 12.) A prediction this, delivered in Tyre's palmy days, the minuteness of whose accomplishment should thrill with terror and dismay the hearts of those who would reduce the Bible to a level with ordinary books!

Riding across this isthmus, which is nearly half-a-mile broad, and has probably increased much, since the days of Alexander—

the sand having been continually thrown up by the action of the waves on either side—we halted in front of the single gate which now leads the traveller into ancient Tyre. I may remark that the wall encircling the modern town is only some twenty feet high, and about a hundred years old, having been built in A. D. 1776 by the Metawileh, a sect of the Mahommedans, when they obtained possession of the place, and raised it from the almost utter desolation into which it had lapsed, to its present more tolerable condition. Undoubtedly the place is not so ruinous and depopulated as once it was; and while the judgments of the Bible are fulfilled even in its present condition, as contrasted with its past, I see no harm in Dr. Stanley's suggestion that the burden of the prophetic curse may have begun, after the lapse of melancholy millenniums, to pass away, and that we may now regard it as having very partially emerged from the dark night of its foretold calamities.

As we had received, by the kindness of Her Majesty's Consul at Jerusalem, introductions to his subordinate officials along the coast, we despatched the letter which we bore to the English Consul at Tyre, and lay down to rest ourselves upon a mat which one of our servants had spread. Presently, however, we found that we had excited the eager curiosity of the modern Tyrians. Men, women and children came out in great numbers, and, sitting down at the distance of a few feet from us, looked upon us with the most intense interest and wonder. Only a small proportion of Syrian travellers visit Tyre and Sidon—the more popular route. as I have already noticed, running northward from the Sea of Galilee to Damascus. And rare as the sight of travellers at Tyre is, that of ladies, and these, young ladies, is still more rare. old, the Tyrians disposed to the merchants that sought their ports "blue clothes, and broidered work, and chests of rich apparel" (Ezek. xxvii. 24); but their successors, before us, did not seem to have had their tastes so variously cultivated; for they gazed upon our habiliments with unaffected surprise, and, by their interchange of looks and remarks, seemed to be vastly amused at our appearance.

At length one of the clergymen of our party, quite willing to be stared at when preaching, but not when lying at full length on the ground, thought that he would do something to break the dull monotony of this Phenician examination. Suddenly starting to his feet, he laid hold of a little child which was crowing on its mother's knee, right opposite to him, and proceeded, in a very awkward manner, (for he was a bachelor,) to dandle it in his arms. The baby evidently did not like the liberty which he had taken with it, for it began to kick so violently and scream so loudly, that he was glad to restore it to its only half-pleased parent. But by this time our sitting was at an end; for the Consul came running towards us with all manner of civility and respect, and ample apologies for his delay.

He proposed that we should first examine the ruins on the southern end of the peninsula. It was not necessary to enter by the gate in front of us to accomplish this design; for the wall is so dilapidated, that access to the town is possible by several ruinous apertures. Arrived at the sea-shore, we gazed with the deepest interest upon numerous fluted granite columns, some of which were on the beach, and others buried beneath the water. Once they had occupied their places of honour in the public buildings and temples of Tyre, but now, how low were they laid! Similar shafts abound on the western and northern sides of the peninsula also, which in many instances, during the lapse of centuries, have become incorporated with the natural rock. I watched the salt tide, for several minutes, as it washed over these graceful pillars, now revealing them, and now concealing them from view. I was impressed with the transitoriness of the glory of man, and the shortness of the span of existence allowed to him here; but the chief thoughts which the sight suggested were the terribleness of divine judgment, and the truthfulness of that blessed but awful book, whose weird words seemed to be whispered in my ear by the breeze of evening-" They shall lay thy stones and thy timber and thy dust in the midst of the water!"

The appearance of the western side of the peninsula was desolate indeed. The rocks on which the Mediterranean beats are very ragged and bleak, while the surface of the ancient site is strewn with broken columns and heaps of rubbish. We did not, like Maundrell, who visited the city in the seventeenth century, actually see fishermen drying their nets on the rock, but we saw abundance of room left for the operation. There is no doubt that this portion of Tyre has become "a place to spread nets upon." (Ezek. xxvi. 14.) It was exactly six o'clock, and the level sun was hastening to hide himself beneath the western wave. How often, thought I, have men and women looked out from this very station, centuries and millenniums ago, and have watched the varying moods of that very sea, and the calm beauty of just such a sunset! But where are they now? And that sun! He saw Shalmaneser, Nebuchadnezzar, and Alexander successively thunder at the gates of this ancient city. He has seen Phenician Tyre, Roman Tyre, and Mediæval Tyre (for there have been as many distinct cities built on the same site,) rise and disappear; and now he looks with the same steady, unchanging eye upon modern Tyre, whose diminutiveness seems to be but a mockery of the celebrated name.

The only ruin of any size is at the south-eastern corner, and within the modern town. It is that of the old church erected by Paulinus, in the beginning of the fourth century of the Christian era. It was for this church that Eusebius composed the celebrated consecration sermon still to be found in his "ecclesiastical history." Fragments of its eastern and western ends are still standing. Within its enclosure lies the dust of the great German Emperor, Barbarossa, who died at Tarsus, and of Origen, a yet greater than he.

But our guide, having shown us so much of his ruinous consulate, seemed most anxious that we should do him the honour of paying a visit to his own house. We concluded that his superior at Jerusalem must have given us a most flattering introduction to him; for he was most deferential in his attentions, and seemed to

be quite elated when our whole party consented to visit his family. He was a Mahommedan himself; but I am certain, from the enthusiasm with which he discharged his duties as British Consul. that all subjects of Her Majesty, during their stay at Tyre. will meet with not only full justice, but every kindness at On our way we observed that gardens grew and palm trees flourished amid the rubbish of the ruins. Indeed, the garden which led up to his house was very fine. When we were about to ascend its outside stair, employing the language of Oriental hyperbole, he said, in his acquired English, which was, indeed, very tolerable, "It is no more my house—it is yours!" We entered a very spacious apartment, and, if I remember aright, were accommodated with chairs, just like our own. My niece ventured to say to him, "Your house. sir, is very beautiful." The highly characteristic reply was-"It was not beautiful, Madame, till you entered it." His wife and daughters were then introduced to us, for which they had evidently been prepared by getting themselves as well-dressed as possible. The only thing remarkable in their toilet which struck my eye was that the young ladies were several thin straps, half of brass and half of embroidered work, which were attached to their head-dresses. and hung gracefully over their shoulders. This gave their whole costume a decidedly eastern appearance. Coffee was offered to us; but this we declined, as our dinner was being prepared at our tents. Our host appeared to be much interested when he learned that three of our number were ministers of religion. Although of a different faith, he seemed to respect our sacred calling. I was somewhat humbled, however, by the fact that. when he was told that I was a minister from Scotland, he seemed never to have heard of my country. Neither that word, nor the corresponding French word Ecosse, had he ever heard before. I was compelled for once (let the Scottish Rights' Association hear it with horror!) to be contented with the explanation that Scotland was a part of England. When we rose to leave, the warmest adieus were addressed to us by this apparently affectionate family. The

parting wish, which the Consul's wife expressed to the young ladies was truly Oriental: "May you have early and happy marriages!" This was said quite seriously, as a matter of course, and with great appearance of good will.

We did not return through the town to our tents, but by a more private walk, reserving our visit to modern Tyre proper, till the next forenoon. On our way, a woman in the humbler ranks of life followed us closely, and smiled upon us, ever and anon. with much complacency. "Ah." said the Consul. "that is one of the Christian Maronites, whose lives were saved during the recent massacre. She is happy to see you, because she has heard that you are of her faith." This led our voluble conductor to speak of the sanguinary outbreak, and of his own philanthropic exertions at that critical season. Pointing to an island—a mere ledge of wave-beaten rock—that lay out in the sea half a mile from Tyre, as the Horse Island lies off Ardrossan, on our own West Coast of Scotland, and on which, even then, in the dim twilight, we could see the white surf of the breaking billows, he said, with justifiable pride, "I succeeded in getting some hundreds of helpless women and children safely landed there; and I assure you, gentlemen, the poor creatures were exceedingly thankful. for the movement saved their lives." This was indeed a noble act for a Mahommedan to do; and it was still nobler of him to be proud of it, when done; but, in truth, the fact that he was British Consul at Tyre, seemed to be of far greater moment to our friend, than that he was a follower of Mahomet. The office, in his estimation, eclipsed the faith. Hence his satisfaction that he had saved Christians even from Mahommedans, or those who were their allies. The bleak and barren rock, before our eyes, was without doubt, a strange place of refuge; but though, in itself, without shelter from the storm of ocean, it had proved, for the time. a precious shelter to the persecuted from the yet more terrible storm of human hate and fanaticism. That these hunted Maronites from the mountains were thankful for a ledge of rock, shows us for how very little, in certain circumstances, we may be thankful in this world!

It has been observed by some writers that the frequent incursions made by the sea into the level isthmus, would alone be sufficient to prove that ancient Tyre had once been an island. if the fact had ever been disputed. Strangely enough, our own experience was somewhat corroborative of this observation. two of our tents had been pitched by our attendants too near the No doubt they had thought the margin left, large enough; but whether it was owing to the flow of the tide, (for the tide does rise in the Mediterranean a foot or two-four feet at Venice. I was informed,) or the action of the rising breeze upon the waves, just as we were retiring to rest, a cry of help came from the young ladies, who were beginning to find that they were in danger of being inundated. Two of the gentlemen discovered that they were in a similar predicament. So all hands were summoned to help, and the endangered ones were soon raised high and dry above the tide and the terror it had inspired. Tyre having thoroughly tired us, when this little difficulty had been surmounted we slept soundly, lulled to rest by the murmur of its storied waters.

Next day, before setting out for Sidon, we paid a visit to the harbour and modern town of Tyre. These are both situated near the north-west end of the peninsula. The present harbour seems to have been constructed about the time of the Crusades, if we may judge by the apparent age of the mole that originally formed it, some fragments of which vet remain. We hired a boat and sailed over the interesting waters. Looking far down to the bottom of the clear sea, what did we behold to interest us so much? Beautiful sand or gravel, such as abounds in the Frith of Clyde? No. The carved and fluted pillars, which once had stood erect and imposing in ancient Tyre! Once more were the striking words borne in upon the mind, as vividly as if they had been whispered by the spirit of Ezekiel himself: "And they shall lay thy stones and thy timber and thy dust in the midst of the waters."

The modern town presents but a sorry appearance. Its population numbers between three and four thousand, the one half being Christians, and the other Mahommedans. The houses are

either very small, or, if large, very ruinous. The chief article of commerce visible in the streets was well-smoothed, circular mill-stones, a few boat-loads of which are exported every year.

I may remind my reader that there were Christians in Tyre in the primitive days of the Church: "We landed at Tyre; for there the ship was to unlade her burden. And finding disciples, we tarried there seven days: who said to Paul through the Spirit, that he should not go up to Jerusalem." (Acts xxi. 3-4.) Dr. Wilson of Bombay thinks that, in this fact, and the prominent position which the church at Tyre took during the early centuries of the Christian era, is to be found the fulfilment of a remarkable prediction at the end of the inspired utterance of Isaiah on the fall of the doomed city: "And her merchandise and her hire shall be holiness to the Lord: it shall not be treasured nor laid up; for her merchandise shall be for them that dwell before the Lord, to eat sufficiently, and for durable clothing." (Isaiah xxiii. 18.)

When we mounted our horses to leave, we were surrounded by a crowd of people, male and female, clamorous for bakshish. Prominent among the rest, stood the woman whose child Mr. Harkness had so unceremoniously dandled, vociferously demanding a douceur for the liberty that had been taken. Her sympathizing neighbours, with much outcry, menace, and gesticulation, backed her suit, and pressed her claim for damages. Alas! "The gold is become dim;" and Tyre seems now to be remarkable not for the opulence of her merchants, but the pertinacity of her mendicants. An erroneous and exaggerated idea of Colonel Lang's mission and importance had somehow got abroad: for the Consul told travellers who came after us that "a great English Bey, at the instance of the British Government, had been visiting Tyre, and inspecting her harbour!"

We set out for Sidon at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Our way lay along the desolate plain of Phenicia, which extends northward beyond Sidon, being twenty-eight miles in length, and only one in breadth, except opposite Tyre and Sidon, where its breadth about two miles. After riding for nearly two hours, we came to

a river of considerable size for Syria. Like suspicious characters in our own country, it has two names. It is called the Litany near Baalbec, where it rises; but, after breaking through the Lebanon range by a picturesque glen, it is called the Kasimiyeh, that is, the divider, because, according to some, it formed, of old, the boundary between the territories of Sidon and Safed. Many geographers think that this river is the Leontes, or lion-river of the ancients, their chief argument being that Lanteh or Litany is undoubtedly the Arabic form of Leontes. It seemed to be smaller than the Jordan, and was crossed by a modern bridge, having a single arch, with a span of some twenty Two hours more brought us to a large village lying on the right side of the road, and on the slope of a hill. We had almost passed it before our attention was called to it. Its name was Surafend. It marks, if not the site, yet the neighbourhood of Zarephath, or Sarepta, where Elijah caused the miraculous increase of the widow's meal and oil. Soon afterwards, we caught our first view of Sidon.

Sidon had a more imposing appearance in the distance than Tyre; but three weary hours elapsed before we reached its environs. The most prominent object that strikes the traveller's eye, as he approaches it, is its citadel, on the south side of the town, built by Louis IX., A.D. 1253. Our tents were pitched near the beautiful gardens, in the outskirts, that stretch away towards the roots of Lebanon. In these, indeed, grew all manner of fruits, but, alas! the beautiful inclosures had been sadly desecrated by the merciless murder of many hapless fugitives, during the recent massacres. We found our fellow-traveller, Mr. Haskel, who had ridden on before us, already engaged in affectionate intercourse with an American missionary, to whom he had despatched a messenger to announce his arrival. This gentleman had been, not only his class-fellow, but his room-mate, when a student in New England. I may here remark that the American missionaries, whom I had the pleasure of meeting in Egypt, Syria, and Greece, seemed all to be self-denying servants of God.

did not appear to me to be men who had betaken themselves to the mission field, because they could not succeed as ministers (a charge which is sometimes made against missionaries), but to have transferred to distant lands, out of pure love to the work, talents which, in several instances, would have shone in high places at home. Mr. Haskel spent an interesting evening with his friend, and had the pleasure of attending the weekly prayer-meeting of the little church in Sidon, and of hearing some of the native converts pray.

The rest of our party strolled out to see the town. of all, we ascended to the ruined citadel, and had a bird'seve view of the whole neighbourhood. Sidon lies on the north-west side of a promontory. A wall that runs over the neck of the promontory, protects it towards the land. population is almost double that of Tyre, three thousand of its inhabitants being Mahommedans, and the rest Jews, and Catholic, Maronite, and Protestant Christians. Although a little trade is done in silk and fruit, there is such a contrast between its ancient and modern commerce, that we may safely conclude, as in the case of Tyre, with which it is coupled in the Divine denunciations in Ezekiel, that the judgments of God do still rest heavily upon it: "Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I am against thee, O Zidon; and I will be glorified in the midst of thee: and they shall know that I am the Lord, when I shall have executed judgments in her, and shall be sanctified in her." (Ezek. xxviii. 22.) We walked down the narrow, uncleanly, and, in some places, bustling streets to the shore, for the purpose of inspecting the harbour. formed by a line of rocks that runs out from the north end of the promontory, parallel to the shore line. A bridge of nine arches. (generally represented in the engravings of Sidon,) apparently of mediæval antiquity, joins one of these rocks, on which an old castle stands, to the mainland. We walked over this bridge. The sunset was golden; and a refreshing evening breeze caused the surging water to break noisily on the beach. As there was an arch in the bridge for each of the muses, we could not fail to

muse on the days when Sidon was one of the mistresses of the sea. "Ichabod" is written on her harbour, as well as on the city itself; for it has been filled up with stones, and only a few boats now can be moored, where once many goodly galleys rode. Our meditations, as well as our march, were brought to an abrupt conclusion by the soldiers at the end of the bridge, who challenged us from their dark loopholes in the fort, and refused to allow us to advance further:—whereupon we made the best of our way back to our tents.

Sidon is mentioned in the book of Genesis: "And the border of the Canaanites was from Sidon, as thou comest to Gerar, unto Gaza." (Gen. x. 19.) When the Israelites entered Caanan, it was a powerful city. In the book of Joshua it is called, "Great Zidon." (Joshua xix. 28.) In Homer's day, too, it was well-known. In the sixth book of the Iliad occurs a passage, which I have ventured to translate as follows:

"She to her chamber full of fragrance went,
Where were her robes of divers colours blent,
By her Sidonian maidens finely wrought,
Whom god-like Paris far from Sidon brought,
Sailing across the ample ocean's foam,
As when he led his high-born Helen home."
(288—293.)

Sidon has all along followed the fortunes of Tyre, her neighbour and rival. The conqueror of the one was the conqueror of the other. In the wars of the Persians, of Alexander, of the Seleucidæ, and during the Crusades, she suffered severely. About two hundred years ago, her commerce was considerably revived by the French; but since they were driven out by "the Butcher" in 1791, the comparatively trifling trade has remained chiefly in the hands of natives.

On the morning of Thursday, May 1st., we rose at five A.M., for the purpose of inspecting some tombs which had recently been excavated, a mile and a half south-east from the city. On the way, I noticed a family at their morning repast on the roof of a house, their heads overshadowed by the branches of umbrageous fruit-trees. I was reminded of that oft-quoted passage, "They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid." (Micah iv. 4.)

Arrived at the tombs, we found men busily engaged in excavating them. They kindly furnished us with lighted candles, and helped us in the somewhat difficult work of exploration. We found that several chambers had been discovered in which the niches reserved for king, queen, and nobles, could be distinctly traced. There was little to distinguish the vaults from those which we had entered at the Pyramids, and at Jerusalem; but it was affecting to examine these cemeteries of Sidonian sovereigns, in which "everlasting silence" had reigned, till it had been broken, only recently, by the adventurous foot of man. In January, 1855, a remarkable sarcophagus, now in the Louvre at Paris, had been dis-interred there, "containing a perfect Phenician inscription of twenty-two lines—the longest known—recording the fact that it once held the mortal remains of a king of Sidon."

But an interesting piece of morning's work lay before us. the way back to our tents, we were told by our guide (a native of the town) that two slabs, bearing separate inscriptions. had been dug up only about three weeks before, and were lying in a garden about a stone's-throw from our place of encampment. Although our dragoman was clamorous against the delay, because we had not yet breakfasted, and the hour for departure had already gone by, I succeeded in taking down the epitaphs. They were carved in the old style of Phenician capitals. I had some difficulty, on this account, in deciphering and translating them, although the Phenician was only the antiquated form and foundation of the language of the Greeks; but two most intelligent travellers whom I afterwards met at Damascus, and who seemed to be thoroughly acquainted with the abbreviations and characters employed in ancient inscriptions, confirmed me as to the general correctness of my interpretation, besides amending it in one particular. The following is the translation:

I.

"To the most distinguished (name of the individual erased or broken off). The sons of Diodorus have raised this monument to him who was their unfailing patron."

II.

(This seems to have been a more public monument.)

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"The city of Sidon, to Diotimus the son of Dionysius, one of their own magistrates, who conquered at the Nemean Games, riding in a chariot."

I could not but reflect on the vanity of earthly greatness and glory, as I left these prostrate slabs in that orchard at Sidon. The men whose memory they had been raised to perpetuate, doubtless, in their day, had a fame and fortune of their own. But, for hundreds, yea, thousands of years, they had been forgotten and unheard of. Accidentally their tombstones had been found, and their epitaphs; -but the name of the one was wanting; and as to the other, although we know his name, what more of him do we know? So will it be with the greatness and glory of this generation hundreds and thousands of years hence. Perhaps only one or two of our millions of contemporaries will have escaped the almost universal oblivion. Then let us not pant and live for the passing honour of the hour, but by "patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, and honour, and immortality" in the better land. They, assuredly, who run well the Christian race shall enjoy an eternal reward, compared with which the paltry triumphs of the Nemean Games were "but for a moment."

## CHAPTER XVI.

## Reyrout and the Dog Liber.

WE set out at nine A.M. for Beyrout, expecting a long and dreary ride along the sea-shore, but somewhat enlivened by the hope of resting at the close of our journey, for a day or two, in a comfortable inn,—a desirable change, in truth, after having been so long in the saddle. Half-an-hour after leaving Sidon, we forded the Nahr el-Auwaly, where it falls into the Mediterranean. mouth it is broad and shallow. Higher up among the rocks of Lebanon, its banks are inhabited by the Druses whose territory is to be found in the southern part of that range, while the Maronites, their enemies, dwell more to the north. This river is, without doubt, the "graceful Bostrenus" of the ancients. In about two hours and a half we came to Khan Neby Yûnus, the place where, according to Mahommedan tradition, the prophet Jonah was vomited out on dry land by the whale. The low monumental building, which has been erected in honour of the incident, stands in a most solitary spot, amid the sand of the shore, with the wide Mediterranean in front. Of course the tradition is worthy of no credence; but the place suits well enough the theory, that the Tarshish which Jonah sought, was Tarsus in Cilicia; for it lies between the latter and Joppa, and, unquestionably, would have heen a quiet enough spot for the work of ichthyic expectoration.

As we approached, towards the afternoon, the promontory on the northern side of which Beyrout stands, we could observe that its southern side was completely covered by the sand that had

been thrown up, in the course of years, by the wind and the waves of the sea. It had, indeed, a desert-like appearance, and gave little promise of leading us to so fine a city as we soon reached. Riding over this deep sand, and keeping on our right an extensive pine forest, which forms a prominent feature in the landscape, and, at length, wending our way among gardens and orchards, we entered the welcome suburbs of Beyrout. broad roads leading into the town, although too soft and sandy, were welcome to us who had so long journeyed with difficulty through the miserable bridle-paths of Palestine, and, giving our horses the rein, we were glad to let them hurry us along in an unrestrained gallop. The part of the town through which we rode to our inn had quite a modern and European aspect; and, indeed, this was to be expected, for our guide-books informed us that Beyrout had doubled its population within the last twenty years. Beautiful villas, warehouses, public buildings, and consulate establishments with the flags of their respective countries floating in the breeze, met the eye on every side. Gardens of mulberry trees were conspicuous too, with wooden sheds attached, where the manufacture of silk was busily progressing; for the exportation of raw silk is one of the chief articles of trade on which Beyrout, and, indeed, the whole Lebanon depends. Gay parties of ladies and gentlemen, on horseback, were coming out of the town, as we entered it, for their evening equestrian exercise; and the weary travellers were, doubtless, as much objects of interest to them, as they, with all their grace and comeliness, were to us.

Mr. Haskel had kindly ridden on before us to the post-office to inquire for letters to members of our party. On reaching the hotel, happy were they whose friends had been mindful of them; whilst there was no laughter for those for whom there were no letters. They cannot understand the value of a letter, who have never been long and far from home. We really do not know how much we love our friends till we are separated from them, both by time and space. I was fortunate enough to be among the favourites of the poste restante. I had not heard from home

since I had left. The first part of my journey had been performed so quickly that the post could not overtake me; and letters which had been sent to Jerusalem, had reached the city just when we were leaving it. My reader may judge, then, of the satisfaction with which I learned that the beloved members of my household were well, and that matters were going on satisfactorily in the church during my absence.

Beyrout contains about 50,000 inhabitants, and ranks third among the cities of Syria, Damascus and Aleppo alone being its superiors. It bids fair, however, to outstrip even these in importance, if its commercial prosperity continue long to advance. at its present rate of increase. One-third of its population are Mahommedans, and the rest are Christians, Jews, and strangers. It is the Berytus of the Greeks and Romans, but has no sacred ancient history, like Tyre and Sidon. It is first heard of, in the annals of nations, in B.C. 140, and is mentioned by Josephus in his narratives of Herod the Great and Titus. It flourished as a seat of learning from the third to the sixth century, the chief branches of erudition, which were successfully taught in its schools. being law, languages, and philosophy. At that time it suffered severely from an earthquake, and the little less disastrous tornado of Mahomet's army, which swept over the East, leaving dismay and desolation in its track. At the close of the Crusades, the brunt of which also it felt, it was reduced to a mere village, and was not heard of from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, when it was raised from political extinction by the great Druse general, Fakhr ed Din, of whose warlike exploits one hears all along the coast of Syria. Of late it has been suddenly raised to importance as the port of Damascus, and, consequently, as the maritime emporium to which comes all the inland traffic from the Euphrates. Two hundred years ago most of this trade flowed to Sidon, and subsequently to Aleppo: but the distance between Damascus and Beyrout being shorter, the latter has, for some years, completely eclipsed these rival marts.

From the roof of the Hotel de Belle Vue, at which we staved

from Thursday afternoon to the afternoon of the following Monday, we had, as the name might have led us to expect, a beautiful view of Beyrout and its neighbourhood. The old town has a low situation, being built close upon the sea-so very low, indeed, that its inhabitants are sometimes put to inconvenience, when the waters of the Mediterranean are driven violently upon the beach. The modern town is built upon the slope of a hill 150 feet high, while the villas of the better classes extend over the table-land that stretches to the base of Lebanon. We got a fine idea of oriental out-door life, on these beautiful May evenings, from the flat roof of the Hotel de Belle Vue. Parties of ladies and gentlemen could be seen walking to and fro on the roofs of their houses, enjoying the evening breeze from the Levant. Suddenly the muezzin call to evening prayer would come from the turret of a mosque hard by, calling the mind away from the things of man and earth to those of God and heaven, however marred with error the faith might be of him that uttered the cry.

Mount Lebanon was unquestionably the most remarkable object within the sweep of the horizon at Beyrout. There it stood amid the burning heat of incipient summer, with its snow-crowned summit, 10,000 feet high. The sight was little less imposing than that of the Bernese Alps, or Mount Blanc in autumn. But long before that time, all traces of winter's snowy legacy have been completely chased away by its more fervent sun from the heights of Syrian Lebanon. The principal peak appears to be only about ten miles distant from Beyrout, but, in reality, it is thirty, although the lowest eminences of the range are only a few miles from the suburbs of the town.

Beyrout is deeply interesting to the Christian traveller, as the seat of a most enterprising and successful American mission. The influence of this institution has been mightily increased by an admirable printing press which, in truth, has not been kept idle. Its issues were superintended, for many years, by Dr. Eli Smith, a distinguished Oriental scholar; and, since his death, the no less accomplished Dr. Van Dyck, has succeeded to the important

post. We called on the Doctor on the day after our arrival in While he, without doubt, deserves a literary diploma on account of his linguistic attainments, that which he holds is a medical one; and he was able to give good advice to one of our party who had been afflicted, during our journey, with an ophthalmic affection. He is a man in middle life, and, apparently, much worn down by hard study. He seems somewhat speculative in his turn of mind, although he keeps, I would suppose, within safe and orthodox limits. He entered into a long disquisition, when in conversation with myself, on a subject which, as he said, had engrossed much of his thoughts for some time, -namely, the journey of Jacob from Haran to Gilead in seven days, with all his goods and cattle. He maintained that if Haran beyond the Euphrates were meant, it was simply impossible for such a company to traverse that distance in the specified time. however, that the country really referred to was Hauran, which lies east from the Jordan, and not far beyond Damascus. Its distance from Gilead would exactly suit the time said to be taken both by Jacob and Laban in their journeys. The Doctor supported his theory by the addition of many interesting and important facts in Oriental topography.

We went to visit the printing press. The great work which his predecessors left Dr. Van Dyck, both as a legacy and labour of love, and over which he now bends with burning zeal, is the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Arabic language. would appear that the translation which has been in use, hitherto, at the mission-stations of Syria, is very defective and inaccurate. Educated Syrians cannot read it, or hear it read, with respect. Mr Fleishhacker, at Nablous, had complained of this hindrance to the success of missionary efforts in his district. Now Dr. Van Dvck and his earnest coadjutors at Beyrout are toiling daily to supply this desideratum. They have reached the prophecies of Jeremish in the Old Testament, and the epistle to the Ephesians in the New. We had the pleasure of holding in our hands the proof-sheets of the Arabic translation of these two sacred books. Several editions

of single books, such as the Psalms and the Gospels, have been already thrown off; and the avidity with which they have been received, and the readiness with which they have been paid for, augur well for the reception and sale of the whole Bible, when the magnum opus will be complete.

When I looked upon the proof-sheets of the Sacred Scriptures, thus printed in a Shemitic dialect by sanctified Christian talent and energy, I could not but "rejoice in spirit," because the Church of the Saviour was still mindful of his command to "preach the gospel to every creature"-because the sons of Japhet were not forgetful of their obligation to the sons of Shem-because the Anglo-Saxons were paying back to the Syrians a small portion of that mighty debt which they owe them, as being the people from whose midst first sounded out to themselves the tidings of salva-And in these sheets I saw hope for Syria, down-trodden and oppressed by the Mussulman although she be. If according to Queen Victoria (and who can gainsay her celebrated utterance?) "The Bible is the source of Britain's greatness," may not a correct translation of the Bible into the Arabic language be regarded, without extravagance of hope, as the dawn of that glorious day which is yet in store for the people of the East?

We visited, also, the large and flourishing schools of the mission, and were much gratified by hearing the children read and sing. The printing press, I may further observe, has proved a blessing to the land, not only by the issue of religious books, but also of elementary treatises on the various sciences. Thus a general taste for information and literature has been created among the native population.

A portion of our party went on Saturday to the mouth of the Dog River (Nahr-el-Kelb), seven miles north from Beyrout. This is one of the most interesting excursions which travellers make to the neighbourhood. About two miles out of town, where the Nahr Beyrout falls into the sea, we passed the spot at which, according to Roman Catholic tradition, St. George slew the dragon. This personage (Protestant as a nation though we now be)

is of some importance to us as Britons, he having been made. anterior to the Reformation, the patron saint of England. And who was this St. George before papal legends had surrounded him with so much mythical glory? He was, according to Gregory Nazianzen, a mere sycophant who would "sell his soul for a cake." Because the Emperor Constantine was an Arian, he, for the sake of promotion, became an Arian too; and, being rewarded with the bishopric of Alexandria (A.D. 354), became infamous for the zeal with which he persecuted the orthodox. He plundered widows and orphans, caused men to be beaten with thorny branches, and drove revered bishops and tender girls across the desert, for the sin of believing in the divinity of Christ! At length the people of Alexandria, unable any longer to tolerate his yoke, rose in their rage and tore him to pieces! Yet, in a century and a-half after his death, he was canonized as a saint, and, later still, the lying tales of his miracles were invented, of which the last and crowning one was his encounter with the dragon. "Thus," says Gibbon in his history, "was the infamous George of Cappadocia transformed into the renowned St. George of England, the patron of arms, of chivalry, and of the GARTER."

Five miles beyond this spot, a bold promontory dips into the sea. It is, indeed, the most notable feature of the coast to one who looks northward from Beyrout. The mouth of the Dog River is on its northern side; but the road that winds over the promontory, by the very edge of the giddy cliff, absorbs the interest of the traveller. This rude pathway, leading into northern Syria, has been cut out of the rock. It is six feet wide, and the stones with which it was long ago paved, have been rendered so slippery and uneven by the friction of the weather and of way faring men, for many centuries, that it is quite a task to go, first up and then down the difficult staircase, especially on horseback. Some idea of the antiquity of the road may be obtained by examining a beautifully-cut Latin inscription, still perfect, with the exception of one line, which meets the eye as we descend the promontory on the northern side. It runs as follows:—

IMP. CAES. M. AURELIVS
ANTONINVS PIVS FELIX AVGVSTVS
PAR. MAX. BRIT. MAX. GERM. MAXIMVS
PONTIFEX MAXIMVS
MONTIBVS IMMINENTIBVS
LICO FLVMINI CAESIS VIAM DELATAVIT
PER (rest of line erased)
ANTONINIANAM SVAM

The following seems to be the meaning of this inscription:— Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Cæsar, the Roman Emperor, the pious, the happy, the august, Lord of Parthia, Lord of Britain, Lord of Germany, also High Priest of the Empire, having cut the mountains that overhang the Dog River, carried forward this road --(Owing to the hiatus, I am not able to finish the translation). Aurelius, died A.D. 180; and as he received the title "Germanicus" A.D. 172, it is clear that the road must have been constructed between these two dates. The four letters "BRIT" on the stone are striking and suggestive. They remind us that, at that time, our island-home was subject to the Romans. Its name had just begun to figure on the page of the world's history, but only as that of a subordinate and tributary state. Since this road was made, what a change in the fortunes of the nations! "Ichabod" has been written on Rome, and Britain has become "Great Britain." If that promontory, traversed so long by the old, old road, could speak, it could tell how it heard the roar of Britain's cannon in 1840, in the Bay of Beyrout, by which Ibrahim Pasha was driven from Syria, whereas Rome must needs lean on the bayonets of France, and is now famous only for her canon laws, which produce less and less effect on the nations of the earth. Why has Rome fallen and Britain risen? Begging the pardon of my fellowtraveller, Mr. Buckle, I cannot but reply, Rome has fallen so low by her corruption of the Gospel; and Britain has flourished by the preaching of the Word.

But this is not all. A hoarier antiquity, far, than that of the Antonines, meets us at the cape of the Nahr el-Kelb. Other and more ancient kings have been here, first making the way, and

then leaving traces of their martial processions. Antonine's road, for the sake of the lower elevation, broke off from an older way. which sweeps over the top of the hill at a still greater altitude. This older and higher road is distinguished by nine commemorative tablets, three Egyptian, and six Assyrian, carved on the face Traces of hieroglyphics, of erect figures with one hand on the breast, and the other extended, are visible on these memorials, which the winds and rains of heaven have beat upon so long-especially on the ninth, the tablet that is nearest the summit of the cape; and we distinctly observed the curled beard and conical cap, with which the excavations of Nineveh have made us all so familiar. It is thought that the Egyptian tablets date from the reign of Sesostris (Rameses II.) B. c. 1851, of whom Herodotus tells us that "in his expedition to Asia Minor he did leave behind him stelæ and figures as memorials of his exploits, and that he (the historian) himself had seen some of them in Palestine and Syria." Mr. Layard thinks that the Assyrian tablets were the work of Sennacherib, B. c. 703, the monarch whose host was signally overthrown by the angel of the Lord. Dr. Robinson cannot believe them to have been the work of one general on his march; and, therefore, the question has been proposed, Why may they not have been carved by the five Assyrian sovereigns, Pul, Tiglath-Pileser, Shalmaneser, Sargon, and Sennacherib, who, as we learn from the second book of Kings, invaded the land of Israel. in all likelihood, by this narrow high-way? At any rate it was a solemn reflection, for me, as I stood on the sea-washed, sun-beaten promontory, that long ago, oh! how long, long ago! the measured tramp of armed men had been heard in that resounding defile; and the men, and the mighty ones of that and intervening generations, where were they now? The mind was unexpectedly. and, therefore, all the more impressively, recalled to the times of the pyramids at Memphis, and led once more to feel the vanity and transitoriness of man's brief allotted span.

The Dog River, or Wolf river, (lycus flumen) breaks through the mountain gorge, beyond the promontory, with all the beauty of a

stream in Switzerland. Its name seems to have been derived from the dog-like, or wolf-like howl of the Mediterranean's waves, when beating on the bold cape at its mouth. The scenery, further up its banks, towards the cedars of Lebanon, is described as being singularly beautiful. After resting for an hour or two, in the shade of some trees on its banks, we returned to Beyrout, much pleased with our day's excursion.

We repaired on the Sabbath-day, at half-past ten A.M., to the chapel of the American Mission. It is a building of one storey. finely surrounded with trees, and will contain about three hundred The whole premises of the mission, including the chapel. schools, and printing-press, are situated in the better part of the town, and have quite a creditable appearance. The service for the native Christians, conducted in the Arabic language, was not concluded when we arrived. The chapel was quite full. A Syrian. dressed in the costume of the country, was addressing his fellowcountrymen with great fluency, and with apparent elocutionary The tones of his voice were musical, and his actions seemed to be natural and suited to his words. It was quite affecting to hear one manifestly born of God, proclaiming the Gospel of Christ in a language nearly allied to the dialect which the Saviour himself spoke, when he tabernacled on earth, "full of grace and truth." The only thing that marred the preacher's appearance was a defect in one of his eyes, caused by that sad scourge, ophthalmia, which is met with such melancholy frequency in Egypt and Syria. But the eye of the soul seemed to be "single," and the whole inner man "full of light."

When the native audience retired, the English residents and strangers immediately began to assemble. "That Sabbathday was an high day;" for a distinguished preacher was expected—one who is well-known and highly esteemed throughout the Levant, as a veteran in the mission-field—I mean the Rev. Dr. Goodell of Constantinople. His daughter is the wife of Dr. Van Dyck, and being at Beyrout on a visit, he had agreed to preach. Before his father-in-law arrived, we were

introduced by Dr Van. Dyck to his colleague, Mr. Jessop. The latter called our attention, as the native audience was leaving, to a wing of the building which was concealed from view by a curtain. "The women are there," he said. "They are not allowed to be seen during worship. The majority of them are widows, whose husbands were massacred during the recent carnage of Christians in the Lebanon, at the hands of the Druzes."

Dr Goodell had a venerable appearance, and seemed to be deeply in earnest. I enjoyed much the singing of the first hymn, (one of our own Montgomery's,) from an American collection, which is used at the English service in the chapel. I felt it to be appropriate to our circumstances as travellers in a foreign land, beneath a burning sun, and in the midst of the enemies of the Gospel of Christ.

- O God, thou art my God alone,
   Early to thee my soul shall cry,
   A pilgrim in a land unknown,
   A thirsty land whose springs are dry.
- "Yet through this rough and thorny maze
  I follow hard on thee, my God,
  Thy hand unseen upholds my ways;
  I safely tread where thou hast trod.
- "Better than life itself thy love,
  Dearer than all beside to me;
  For whom have I in heaven above,
  Or what on earth, compared with thee?"

When I say that I enjoyed the singing of the hymn, I refer to the music as well as the words. Mr. Jessop raised the tune, and did so remarkably well, the stated audience immediately joining in full harmony. I was reminded of what Mr. Guthrie, now of London, whispered into my ear, when one of our divinity students led the singing in the City Hall of Glasgow, at a large denominational soiree: "Whatever may be Mr. B——'s powers and prospects as a preacher, they are splendid as a precentor!" The same would I say of Mr. Jessop, American Missionary at Beyrout.

Dr. Goodell preached on Abraham offering up Isaac. (Gen. xxii.) The discourse was eloquent and elaborate; and, although read from manuscript, came home to the hearts of the hearers with melting and moving power. I could not have expected to hear a more thrilling and impressive sermon from any of our celebrated preachers at home, such as Dr. Guthrie or Dr. Caird. paragraph—namely, that in which the speaker endeavoured to describe the colloquy that might take place between Abraham and Isaac on Moriah's top, and when he was representing Isaac as saying, "Well, father, I am willing to die, if it be the will of God"-the old man's feelings overcame him, and there was an affecting pause, during which not a few of his hearers wept with him. I thought that perhaps some beloved child of his had manifested just such resignation on an early death-bed, when he, with Abraham-like composure, although with a bleeding heart, had announced to him tenderly, but faithfully, the probability of approaching dissolution. I took down in my note-book the practical reflections which the doctor added to his exposition of the They were the following:—1. Let us learn here the subject. nature and extent of that faith which is expected from us towards 2. How we ought to conduct ourselves in the time of 3. Children should learn to die with resignation to the will trial. 4. See the greatness of the love of God, in that he gave up his only-begotten Son as a sacrifice for our sins. These particulars were illustrated and enforced at once with evangelical simplicity and power; and I rejoice that their insertion here enables me to bring this chapter to so edifying a close.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## Beyrout to Damascus.

On Monday, May 5th, we were busy with making arrangements for a fresh excursion into the interior of the country, from Bevrout to Damascus and Baalbec, and back to Beyrout again. engagement with our dragoman from Jerusalem, terminated at Beyrout. He wished us to enter into a fresh agreement with him for the Damascus trip; but we had not been altogether satisfied with his services. He was a Jew, and seemed, in his heart, to scorn our reverence for the scenes which had been hallowed by the presence of the Redeemer. He by no means did his best to gratify us. Often we would have missed places of interest had we not ourselves been on the alert, and some, through his indifference, we missed altogether. His chief anxiety seemed to be to make as much profit as possible during the journey; and, although his cuisine was tolerable, he had compounded cheaply with a third-class muleteer, who had given us a decidedly inferior Our new dragoman was all that could be supply of horses. desired. Abdallah by name, he was a Druze as to his religious profession, and, as such, favourable to the English. Our horses and provisions were first-rate; and, besides, he and all his servants manifested, from first to last, a most sincere desire to gratify and benefit us. He had been Dr. Stanley's dragoman, when the latter made the tour of the Desert and Palestine, the fruit of which is to be found in his valuable volume; and he had been fondly hoping to be employed, through the Doctor's influence, by

the Prince of Wales, throughout his travels in the East. With this object in view, he had declined several advantageous offers; but, shortly before our arrival at Beyrout, he had been much dispirited by learning that General Bruce, previous to his departure from London, had hired dragomans for the route, through the British Consuls in Egypt and Syria. He was very glad to take charge of our party; and we had no reason to regret our choice.

Mr. Haskell of New England left us at Beyrout, as he was anxious to push on more expeditiously than we could do. number was reduced to six. Colonel Lang, not feeling very well, remained in Beyrout till Tuesday morning, when, escorted by Abdallah, and accompanied by the ladies of our party, he performed a two days' journey in one, enjoying the luxury of a drive in an open Syrian carriage. Mr. G-, Mr. Harkness, and myself left Beyrout on horseback, at four P.M. on Monday afternoon, conducted by Abdallah's second in command, with the prospect of halting, after a three hours' ride, half-way up the ridge of Lebanon, over which the road to Damascus winds. The distance between these two places is about sixty miles, and whereas, formerly, the traveller was compelled to be content with only a wretched bridle-path, an enterprising French company, for some time before our visit, had been engaged in the construction of an admirable high-way, broader than an ordinary English road, and which had been completed for more than thirty miles. Telegraphic wires, mounted on strong and lofty poles, gave it quite an imposing appearance, and made us feel as if we were travelling in Britain or France.

As we were leaving Beyrout, indeed, we could have supposed we were leaving Glasgow; for an omnibus, carrying passengers to a suburban village, ran beside us for a few miles. In an hour or so, however, we found that we had the great highway very much to ourselves. We began to ascend the mountainous region of the Lebanon, and to see Beyrout, with the ships lying in and off its harbour, far behind us, and far below us. Our view was bounded, away out to the Mediterranean Sea, only

by the sweep of the distant horizon. There the sun was setting gloriously in an unclouded sky. We could not refrain from turning back in our saddles, ever and anon, to gaze upon the splendid luminary. At length his rim seemed just about to touch the water, and the question was started among us, as to what time would elapse before the vanishing orb had completely disappeared. "Four minutes," said one. "Two minutes," said another. My guess was nearest the truth, for I said, "three minutes;" and the last speck of the red ball became invisible in two minutes and three-quarters. Then the shadows grew darker on the mountains, and a cold evening breeze played around us, rendered more chilly by the great elevation which we had already reached.

All this time Lebanon had been full in view. Its superior heights had been gazing down upon us on our left hand, for an hour or two, separated from us only by one broad valley. Our conductor, who was himself a Maronite, pointing to a village that nestled among the crags, said, "That is my village. My mother and father, sisters and brothers, are there. They do not know that I am here to-night. How happy would I be to see them, and they to see me!" The mountain sides were dotted with villages; and, here and there, we could see roofless walls and blackened rafters, which seemed to cry out piteously against the merciless massacres, recently perpetrated in the region.

I have had occasion to refer more than once to that sanguinary civil war, which was recently waged between the Druzes and the Maronites; and while we are, in imagination, within sight of the scene of conflict, I will endeavour to give my reader some idea of the causes which led to results so deeply to be deplored.

The Druzes, as already noticed, are a tribe who inhabit chiefly the southern parts of Lebanon. They derive their name from a certain Neshtakeen Darazi, a missionary who had been sent into Syria by Hamze, the vizier of Hakem, the Fatimite Caliph, who reigned in Egypt, A.D. 1017. The doctrine which he had been charged to proclaim with apostolic authority was, that Hakem, the existing Caliph, was an incarnation of the Divinity. Although

scouted by orthodox Mahommedans as heresy and blasphemy, the tenet found adherents in Morocco, Persia, Syria, and even in India. Darazi gathered around himself a certain number of followers accepting this doctrine, in a small district lying between Lebanon, and Anti-Lebanon, called Wady-el-Tame. Elated by his success, he assumed the air of a pontiff, gave himself out as the head of the sect, and, to increase the number of his converts, sanctioned the most licentious practices. Indignant at his conduct, Hamze, his religious master, deposed him from his office, denounced him as an impostor, and succeeded at length in persuading his followers to assassinate him. He was replaced by Moktana Baha-edeen. This teacher, by his numerous tracts and epistles, did more than Darazi himself to establish the Druze religion on its present basis, and pruned away those abominable and nefarious corruptions which the latter had engrafted on it. To this day the Druzes are divided into two parties with their mutual jealousies: the followers of Baha-edeen, the more numerous and purer party, and the followers of Darazi, the least numerous, but the most impure and ferocious. Although outwardly practising the rites of Islamism, both parties are regarded as heterodox by other Mahommedans. Still, when the question comes to be whether they will have them or Christians, their sympathies and armies will always be found ranged on the side of the Druzes. The latter have not made progress, by proselytism, since the days of their founders. Their only increase has been that of the numerical growth of the tribe, which has, for centuries, maintained a hardy independence in the southern districts of Lebanon. Their number is estimated at 78,000.

The northern regions of the same mountainous range have, strange to say, been inhabited, for a still greater period, by an equally independent race, of an opposite faith,—I mean the Maronites. And, as if to make the contrast absolutely complete, the Maronites were a heretical branch of Christianity, as the Druzes were of Mahommedanism. They were originally a Menothelite sect, founded by the Monk Maron, who built and

lived in a convent, on the banks of the Orontes, near Hamah, in the seventh century. The Menothelites maintained that Christ had not a human soul and will distinct from his divine soul and will, but only one will. Hence the name. Jacques de Vitry. Bishop of Acre in the twelfth century, in his Historia Hierosoly. mitana, drawn up at the request of Pope Honorius III., says: "Men armed with bows and arrows, and skilful in battle, inhabit the mountains in considerable numbers in the Province of Phenicia, not far from the town of Biblos. They are called Maronites, from the name of a certain man, their master, Maron, a heretic, who affirmed that there was in Jesus but one will or operation. The Christians of the Lebanon, dupes of this diabolical error of Maron, remained separate from the church nearly five hundred years. At last, their hearts being turned, they made profession of the Catholic faith in presence of the venerable Father Amaury, Patriarch of Antioch, and adopted the traditions of the Holy Roman Church." It was not, however, till the close of the fifteenth century that the Maronite clergy consented to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope in matters of ecclesiastical discipline. This point was carried by Eugenius IV., A.D. 1488. From that time the Maronites have never ceased to keep up active relations with the Vatican, and, through it, to obtain a certain hold on, and connection with, the Christian Powers of Europe. But it was not till the seventeenth century that their temporal affairs obtained the special care and supervision of the French Government. Both Louis XIV. and Louis XV. granted them "Letters of Protection." Hence, to this day, the Maronites regard themselves as being under the wing of France, and boast that they are "the French of the East." They are said to be 220,000 in number.

These tribes had lived on perfectly amicable terms in the mountain, for centuries. The Government at Constantinople had frequently been desirous of subjecting the whole district to the sway of a Turkish Pasha; but the project had always been

haughtily and indignantly repelled. Although rival factions had often divided the inhabitants of the Lebanon, it was not till the vear 1841 that the Druzes and Maronites were found ranged on hostile sides; and this opposition was, without doubt, to be traced to Mahommedan hatred of Christianity. The Christians, both of Lebanon and Damascus, had become so prosperous towards the close of Ibrahim Pasha's rule in 1840, that the jealousy of the Moslems knew no bounds, and, with the full connivance of the government of the Sultan, the officials in the pashalic of Damascus adopted the diabolical policy of setting Druzes against Christians, just as the men who delight in dogfights or cock-fights set one animal against another; and this they did for the double purpose of getting the Christians rooted out, whom they hated with a perfect hatred, and of eventually bringing the whole region under their own sway, so that the fastnesses of the mountain might no longer become a rallying-point for the turbulent and disaffected. It may possibly be difficult for my readers to believe that a European power like the Ottoman Porte, in continual intercourse and alliance with the civilized governments of the West, could be guilty, in this nineteenth century, of such duplicity and deceit; but the perusal of a book entitled "The Druzes and the Maronites, under the Turkish rule, from 1840 to 1860," by Colonel Churchill, author also of "Ten Years' Residence in Mount Lebanon' (which Dr. Van Dyck of Beyrout recommended me to purchase in London)-I say, the perusal of this book has convinced me that if any one wishes to find on earth an illustration of Satanic hate and subtlety, he has only to study Mahommedan policy in general, and specially in the Lebanon. I need not go into particulars; but it can be clearly proved that the outbreaks of 1841, 1845, and of 1860 (the last filling one of the bloodiest pages of the world's history) must be laid at the door of the Turkish Government, even although that government, with consummate hypocrisy, professed to be deeply grieved by the terrible tragedy, and, with consummate skill, succeeded, if not in persuading the five great European Powers of their own innocence, yet in causing all their protests and demands for vengeance and restitution, to vanish into thin air, and end in absolute nihility. I confess that, ultimately, a ferocious and fanatical religious hatred sprang up between the contending parties of wild mountaineers: but, in the first place, the fire never would have burned so brightly had it not been fanned by Moslem cunning; and, in the next place, even after the flame was at its highest, the earnest bona fide intervention of the Turkish Government might, any day, have prevented sanguinary collisions, if it had not availed to extinguish the conflagration altogether. Again, and again, and again, did they persuade the Christians to give up their arms, on the assurance that the Sultan's army was their shield; and in a few hours, or days, the poor creatures were abandoned to the hideous onslaught of the infuriated Druzes, on several occasions assisted by the Turkish troops themselves. Terrible is the responsibility of that government at whose door can be laid such massacres, in cold blood, as those of Zachle, Jezeen, Deir-el-Kamar, Rascheva, and Hasbeya, over the last of which Sitt Naaify, the sister of the Druze chief, presided with a zest worthy of a Jezebel or Herodiascalling for a lamp, after sunset, that she might have the pleasure of viewing the heaps of mangled corpses, when the bloody work had been done. Including the carnage at Damascus, to be afterwards noticed, and which was merely a continuation of the lamentable tragedies of the Lebanon, there were in all "11,000 Christians massacred in the bright summer of 1860; 100,000 sufferers by the civil war; 20,000 widows and orphans left desolate; 3000 Christian habitations burnt to the ground; 4000 Christians cut off by subsequent destitution; and property to the value of £2,000,000 destroyed." Contemplating such a calamity, we feel disposed to pray for the speedy arrival of that predicted day. when "Christ shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plow-shares. and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn the art of war any more."

But it is high time to turn our minds and eyes away from these melancholy scenes; for, lo! the Maronite villages are growing invisible in the gathering darkness. We were glad, on rounding a corner, to see our new muleteers looking out for us, and to be guided to our tents pitched about 4000 feet high on the steep of Lebanon. We were already conscious of a change of temperature. We had been scorched all day at Beyrout under an almost vertical sun; and now we shivered as we sought our couches of repose on the side of the mountain, although its snowy summit pierced the clouds of heaven far above our heads.

On Tuesday morning we still felt, at our morning repast, the chill of Lebanon. I was not a little surprised and amused to see stamped on the biscuits which our new cook placed before us, "Gray, Dunn, & Co., Glasgow." Rather a good sign, thought I, of the commercial energy of our city, that it not only supplies travellers, but biscuits for their breakfast on the heights of Lebanon! We were in the saddle about half-past six A.M., and for some time continued to ascend the mountain by a picturesque, white, and dusty road, with lofty hills rising on either side, reminding me not a little of those lonely paths among our own Highland hills, which shine afar, like silver streams meandering among the heather. We had still an elevation of nearly 2000 feet more to climb, before the road would wind downwards on the other side.

After riding about an hour in quietness and solitude, we suddenly came upon a considerable company of Turkish soldiers, drawn up at a place where two roads met. We could not understand what was the meaning of this unexpected display, till our conductor, having entered into conversation with some of the men, informed us that the Prince of Wales was returning from Damascus that day, and that we would meet him as the morning wore on. In an hour or two afterwards, as we were drawing near the highest elevation which the road over Lebanon attains, we met two mounted horsemen with their long spears, who told our leader, in Arabic, that we would meet the Prince in half-an-hour. These were the outriders, despatched, according to oriental

custom, to "prepare the way" of the distinguished traveller, and let all in the region know that he was near at hand. In this we could not fail to observe another verification of the naturalness and truth of the language of the Bible.

Advancing a little further, we met three or four immense empty baggage-waggons, sent forward, apparently, as not being required. Here we reached the apex of the road, and wondered if it would be our lot to meet his Royal Highness on the very top of the ridge; but, on gaining that elevation, we could see his immense cavalcade slowly ascending to the summit, about half a mile below us. We did not halt till he would come forward, but advanced till we were on the point of meeting him, when we drew up respectfully in line on the side of the road to let him He was riding a few paces in advance of the gentlemen of his suite, and still wore the white cloak, white cap, and white boots, which make up an oriental traveller's complete attire. returned our salutations with courtesy as before, and, after passing us, seemed to look back in his saddle and talk to Dr. Stanley. We flattered ourselves that he recognized us as the party whom he had twice seen in the valley of Jehoshaphat. After his personal attendants came a numerous troop of Turkish soldiers, and then a long line of waggons and mules, laden with the luggage of the company.

We could now understand, from the part of it which we had already traversed, and from what we saw before us, the nature of the route between Beyrout and Damascus. When we started from the former town, I thought that our journey would lie among valleys all the way; but we had now crossed a shoulder of Lebanon 5600 feet high, and had commenced our descent towards a broad and fertile valley. We saw rising across this valley the corresponding ridge of Anti-Lebanon; and we would not look upon the far-famed city of Damascus till we had surmounted its lofty barrier also. The valley of Bekaa is 4000 feet above the level of the sea, so that our descent into its grassy plain did not occupy us very long. We halted for an hour or two on reaching

it till the rest of our party came up. They had met the Prince about eleven A.M., far down on the other side of the mountain. Abdallah had been very excited in prospect of this meeting. He had composed some verses of poetry, or, as he called it, "Boetry," in honour of the Prince's visit to the district. He told us that, in these lines, he represented the flowers of Mount Lebanon as longing to be pressed by the illustrious visitor's feet. He had been most anxious for an opportunity of handing the precious document to His Royal Highness, or his reverend guide. We now learned that the desire of his heart had been gratified; for, notwithstanding the haste of the distinguished party, he had conversed with Dr. Stanley for a short time, who had kindly promised to present and translate his "Boetry" to the Prince.

About one P.M. we started on our journey across the plain. It was smooth as a lake; and the other side, on which the heights of Hermon rose majestically, seemed much nearer than it really was, by the same optical illusion that deceives us on the shore of an inland sea. I could now attest the great propriety of the names Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, which had been given to these lofty mountain-ridges. Lebanon comes from a Hebrew root, meaning white; and its white peak was now behind us. Anti-Lebanon means the mountain over against Lebanon; and there was its parallel chain right across the vale! I had learned and repeated at school these names without fully understanding their appropriateness, and little thinking that I would ever come to that understanding by personal observation.

The Bekaa, at the point at which we crossed it, seemed to be six or eight miles broad. We could see, on entering it, the ruin of a castle far in the distance, near which our guide told us that our tents would be pitched for the night; but hours elapsed ere we had traversed the intervening space. This beautiful plain was sadly desecrated during the civil war which recently raged in the district. It often formed the battlefield of the contending factions; its carpet of green was often dyed with the blood of the wounded and the dying; the smoke of burning towns and villages might be

seen afar across its lovely expanse; and some of the merciless massacres to which I have referred took place upon its bor-The river Litany flows through its midst, which, as we have already seen, falls into the sea between Tyre and Sidon. it is narrower than at its mouth; but its tide is as rapid and as Having crossed it, we pursued our journey to "the other side." As the afternoon advanced we found that we were drawing near the rocky shores of this grassy strait. Turning round a projecting spur of Anti-Lebanon, our path led us southward, for a little, through a quiet and lovely defile. At five P.M. we came to our tents, which we found had been pitched near a large village at the head of the narrow pass. The sun had now set, and we found the evening breeze very cold. We had not been advised to wear warmer apparel; and this we somewhat regretted, chiefly on Colonel Lang's account, who had been so long accustomed to the warm climate of India. He was seized with a fit of ague shortly before we halted for the night, and was under the necessity of retiring immediately to bed.

Next morning we found the air from Anti-Lebanon to be yet more chilly than that of the preceding evening. The Colonel was so much better, however, that no delay was needed; and, in truth, our unanimous vote was, "The sooner in the saddle the better." Turning backwards down the defile, we soon came upon the great Damascus road again, and began the gradual ascent of the ridge of Anti-Lebanon, which lay between us and the far-Mount Hermon, the highest peak of the range. famed city. which had lain far north of us during our progress through the Holy Land, and of which we had taken a farewell view, for a time, from the height behind Nazareth, now lay about two days' journey to the south, and on our right hand. The mountain before us was not so high as that which we had crossed on the day before, so that our progress was less difficult.

We had not advanced far when we overtook our plodding muleteers. They were in sore trouble; for the officials who were superintending the construction of the highway, would not permit them any longer to make use of it, but were turning them off unceremoniously, so that they were forced to have recourse to the old, stony bridle-path, which, at that particular point, ran near and parallel to the new road. The overseers would allow the English travellers to ride along the highway, but they would not grant that privilege to their servants. I remembered with gratitude and joy, that, on that "new and living way" which has been made to heaven for the whole world, there is manifested by its Divine constructer, "no respect of persons." As the day advanced, however, we reached the end of the unfinished path ourselves, and were constrained thenceforward to watch our horses' feet as warily as we had done, for weeks, in the hill-country of Palestine. What a comfort, thought I, to know that the bloodsprinkled way nowhere "ceases and determines" thus abruptly. "It is finished." It becomes smoother and more beautiful the nearer we approach the heavenly city; and at no point is so safe and delightsome, as where the Shining Ones meet the toiling traveller to bid him welcome to Immanuel's land.

We frequently met merchants and native travellers on horse-back, between Beyrout and Damascus, so that we could readily believe, from our own observation, that the traffic between the two places was considerable. Often the mother, her face religiously concealed from view, with one child, would be on one horse, while the father, with another child, would be on a second. When, at any time, I saw these small caravans, I remembered that this was the very fashion after which the people had journeyed since the days of Jesus, and even since the days of Abraham.

During the course of the forenoon we came to a narrow defile, guarded by soldiers. This precaution had been taken, because, as we were told, murder and robbery had recently been committed there. A day or two afterwards our dragoman informed us that, as we were passing through this valley, he saw a man of suspicious appearance, narrowly scanning us from the rocks overhead; and that, without doubt, he would have attacked us with all his band of outlaws, if he had not

observed that we were English travellers. The Druzes, as we subsequently learned, who have been outlawed since the massacre, while they cherish a great hatred to the native Greek Christians and Roman Catholics, both French and Syrian, profess to have great respect for the English; for, as already noticed, they look upon our government as their traditional and historical protectors. Certain it was that a robbery, accompanied with bloodshed, took place at that very spot, a day or two afterwards, and while we were in Damascus. When we heard of it, we felt thankful for the protection afforded us by the strength of Great Britain, and of Great Britain's Almighty God.

On former occasions we had generally halted for our mid-day rest and repast beneath sheltering trees. On this day, however, no such protection could be had; but our dragoman provided an excellent substitute. Leading us to a little hamlet, he asked liberty from the sheikh, or principal man, to bring the travellers into his house. Leave being granted, with a readiness which showed that the inmates were not unaccustomed to such intrusion, for which, probably, they would be well remunerated, we lay down thankfully on the mats, which our attendants had spread upon the floor. The house consisted of but one apartment, the one end of it being somewhat more elevated than the other. The family courteously retired that we might have the full use of their dwelling during our stay.

It was, indeed, a brief stay; for the order was soon given to mount our horses again. As the afternoon advanced we became somewhat excited; for we knew that the most superb panorama in the East lay in store for us, namely that of "the Paradise of Damascus." All day long we had been journeying beneath a burning sun. We had enjoyed no great view, for our road lay over a story and sandy spur of Anti-Lebanon, whose crags on either side concealed the prospect. The lofty Mount Hermon, indeed, rose behind us; but in front nothing could we discern, save the continuation of the brown and burning path on which we had been travelling. At length we began to notice that we were approaching the termi-

nation of the mountain-ridge; and we concluded, in our own minds, that in all probability the capital of Syria would lie in the plain below, and would soon be revealed to our view. Still our dragoman said nothing,—till suddenly he stopped short, a little before us, and exclaimed-"Here is Damascus!" It was a sight never to be effaced from memory. We had been gradually descending Anti-Lebanon during the afternoon: but the brow of the hill, from which we now had a commanding view of the plain and the metropolis below, was still about five hundred feet high. Suddenly we saw, as far as eye could reach, away into the district of the Syrian desert called the Hauran, fringed with the mountains that look down upon Palmyra, between which and us, as we were afterwards told, lay "The Lake of the Meadow," where the waters of Pharpar and Abana lose themselves, as they did in the days of Naaman the leper. But what mass of verdure was that which rose between the brown sand near the distant verge of the horizon, and the hill on whose brow we stood, extending to within a mile of its base? That was "the Paradise of Damascus." It is a circle of deep verdure, thirty miles in circumference, made all the more remarkable by the contrast between it and the arid desolation beyond. The brown roofs and tapering minarets of the ancient city rose up in the midst of this sea of verdure, producing the effect, upon a large scale, of gold set in emerald-green. Lord Lindsay, in his book of travels, paints the scene well with his descriptive pen: "Oh, how lovely! the city with her picturesque minarets, sailing like a fleet through a sea of verdure." Let me add a simple illustration of my own: Suppose waving green fields, and, in their centre, one field of yellow corn, the ripe ears visible above the green, and far beyond, barren heath. This would be a faint representation of Damascus, brown with age, amid the verdure of her gardens, the white sand of the desert bounding the horizon far away. The roofs of the houses, visible in the midst of the leafy trees, looked like a great and magnificent cross—one row, running for about two miles from west to east, while another extended for a mile from north to

south. This very shape of the city seemed to condemn its apostasy to Islamism, and continually to demand its return from the Crescent to the Cross. It is reported of Mahomet that, while yet a camel-driver from Mecca, after gazing on the scene below, he turned away without entering the city, saying—"Man can have but one paradise, and mine is fixed above."

There is perhaps no city upon the face of the earth, the sight of which so impresses the mind by the consideration of its vast antiquity as the city of Damascus. Hebron is perhaps as old, but it is much inferior in size and historical importance. read of it in the days of Abraham. He is said to have pursued the four kings "unto Hobah, which is on the left hand of Damascus;" and of his servant he said-" The steward of my house is this Eliezer of Damascus." In the Old Testament we are familiar with it as the capital of Benhadad, and the other kings of Syria, who sometimes were the allies, but more frequently the foes, of the people of God. It was successively subjected to the Assyrians, the Babylonians, and the Persians, from the latter of whom it was taken by Alexander the Great, as one consequence of his victory at Issus. Then it made a part of the kingdom of the Seleucidæ, from whom it passed into the hands of the Romans. In the time of the apostle Paul it belonged to the kingdom of the tributary Arabian prince, Aretas. At a later period it was reckoned among the cities of Decapolis. From the time of Adrian it bore the title of metropolis without enjoying the honour of a chief city. Under the Greek emperors of Constantinople, Damascus was the most celebrated city of the East, remarkable for its wealth, luxury, magnificence, and its numerous population. Of course, it was in their days, and as a chief city of that empire, a Christian city. A great era in its history was its conquest by the The war was begun, about A.D. 633, by the celebrated Abubeker, the successor of Mahomet, and ended in the capture of the city and the substitution of Islamism for Christianity. It then became and remained the capital of the whole Mussulman world, till the Caliphate was removed from it to Bagdad.

tinued under the sway of the Caliphs of Bagdad till it came into the hands of the Turks, and was held and rendered famous by Noureddin and Saladin. In 1301 Timour the Tartar captured it, and barbarously treated the inhabitants. For several centuries it has acknowledged the sovereignty of the Sultan of Constantinople, whose pasha holds his court there. The pashalic of Damascus sweeps round by Baalbec, and extends as far south into Palestine as Nablous, where it meets the pashalic of Jerusalem.

It thus was the metropolis of an independent kingdom for 1450 years. The Babylonian and Persian monarchs next held it for 417 years. It was subject to Grecian rule for 248 years. The Romans were its masters for 699 years, and the Saracens for 441. Lastly, it fell into the hands of the Turks, who still retain it. But their power is rapidly declining, and the sixth period of the history of Damascus is fast drawing to a close. Who will come next? Will it keep its Sabbath in the world's millennium?

It is not wonderful, then, that this venerable city, on account of its great antiquity, as well as its great external beauty, impresses, to an extraordinary degree, the mind of the traveller who is privileged to behold it. While Babylon, Nineveh, Samaria, and Memphis, have been laid and left in ruins, it has continued to flourish, and still, after a fashion, it flourishes. Under any master and any form of government, and, I must add, under any religion, it has, comparatively speaking, thriven. Tyranny could not crush it; war could not lay it waste for ever. Though levelled with the ground, it forthwith rose again, phœnix-like, from its ashes. Whether as the chief seat of local government, or the tributary of a far-distant metropolis like Rome, it has equally prospered. this day it contains a population of 150,000 souls. It is thus unique and singular among the cities of the world. It is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, and the only one which, overcoming all disasters, remains great and populous. Jerusalem has shrunk into narrow proportions; Athens and Rome are but the skeletons or ghosts of their former selves; but Damascus

rises among her gardens, queenly and influential to this day, being still, in more senses than one, "the eye of the East," as she was called long ago. Without doubt, her geographical position is much in her favour. She stands right between Bagdad and the seaports of the West—between the Euphrates and the Mediterranean—a resting-place for caravans, and therefore an emporium for articles of commerce—"the first city," as has been well said, "when one leaves, and the last when one enters, the desert."

We could not look upon her towers without emotion. What changes these grey stones and green groves had seen! Princes and potentates had there lived their little day of honour and pleasure, and then had passed away! Ever since the days of Abraham, life, and stir, and bustle had been there! But these thousands and millions, alas! how short-lived they had been! Where were they all? All dead and gone! And the reflection came upon the mind with mighty force—In a few years where shall we be, and all the men of this generation? Gone like the myriads of grey Damascus; and the places that now know us so well, shall "know us no more" for ever!

One other more cheering remembrance was suggested to our minds by the sight of the city. Paul had been converted there! It was said of him there, "Behold, he prayeth!" It was in truth "a sacred scene." As Gentiles we were deeply interested in the place. The Word of God had "come out from it" to our distant Western homes, with "the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." Gladly, Damascus, would we repay the debt, and send back to thee, instrumentally, the stream of salvation which thou didst send to us, and hear it said of thy sons and daughters, "Behold, they pray to Jesus, the Son of God!"

Such were the thoughts which filled our minds as we descended into the plain below, and rode into the ancient city. And now we began to see the chief reason of this unexpected verdure and luxuriant vegetation. The river Barada, the modern name of the Abana, the very river which Naaman the leper preferred to the

Jordan, in his rage, bursts out from a narrow fissure among the hills, and, like a volcanic eruption, not of death but of life, pours down into the plain no desolating lava, but a fertilizing stream. The effect which it produces, with the other streams which join it, is as great as that produced by the Nile in Egypt, making allowance, of course, for its inferior size. I never saw such vegetation in any part of Britain, France, or Germany as that which met our eyes as we rode into Damascus, about six o'clock in the evening of the 7th of May. In fact, I got a good lesson from my well-informed fellow-travellers in the names of trees. The apricot, apple, almond, peach, plum, fig, mulberry, white and red pear, pomegranate, walnut, olive, orange, lemon, citron, vine, hazelnut, pastachio, and prune, were all represented there. Besides, the numerous rills of water, into which the Barada divides itself, gushed past us with their refreshing murmur, and seemed to sing in our ears, "We are the cause of all the fruitfulness you see, or rather, He who has brought us forth from the depths of the flinty mountain."

And now we have reached the western wall of Damascus, and have entered its ancient gate-way. In a moment the spell is broken, for we make a sudden transition from the magical charm of the suburban gardens to the prosaic and even painful reality of a close and confined oriental city! The streets were so very narrow that two horsemen could with difficulty pass one another. And whatever might be the beauty of the houses within, we could see nothing but the dull grey walls which concealed the court-yard from view. Our road led us through the great bazaar of the town. The shops were on either side of the highway, with no more room than would allow a well-laden camel to pass between them. The Mussulmans were shutting them up for the night;—indeed, the onehalf were already closed, as we rode slowly through. They surveyed us with not a little interest and curiosity, for they rarely see European ladies so far east. We were glad, however, that we were allowed to pass without insult; for not very many years ago they would not permit "Christian dogs," as they called them,

to ride into the city, but compelled them to walk, or ride on asses. The enlightened rule of Ibrahim Pasha, some thirty years ago, and especially the residence of a British Consul, have produced at least an external change, although it is to be feared that much rancour still slumbers in their hearts towards those who bear the Christian name.

But do you know, my reader, the name of the street through which I have been leading you, and which extends from the western to the eastern gate of the city? It is called Straight—the Via Recta of the Romans—the very street in which the Apostle Paul first entered upon the strait and narrow way that leadeth to life, and where he received his great commission to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles. It has been proved by remains recently dug up, that this was the chief street when the Romans ruled in Damascus, with Corinthian pillars lining it on either side.

And now our muleteers have stopped, and we are at the door of our inn, in the street called Straight. But have they not made a mistake? Is an abode, apparently so mean, the chief resort of travellers in Damascus? Let us not hesitate, but enter by that low door in the ungainly mud wall, and lo! what a sight presents itself to the view! In the centre of a magnificent quadrangle stood a spacious fountain of water. All around were ranged the rooms of travellers, every one of which looked into this courtyard. When the clear stars of an eastern sky shone down upon it at night, the water gushing at the fountain, and the Arabian servants moving noiselessly about, it presented a fine picture of oriental life, reminding one of the days of the long-departed Caliphs of Damascus and Bagdad.

My prescribed space fails me, else I might have continued to narrate particularly what we saw of Damascus, during our four days' residence in it. The bazaars seemed to be even more crowded than those of Cairo; and we found there, besides the ordinary shops, immense warehouses, or khans, built round spacious quadrangles, like our hotel, and whose owners were men

of great wealth and influence. We were deeply interested in the old castle which dates from the days of the Mahommedan conquest-in a palm tree, near it, forty feet in circumference, and of marvellous longevity, which gave us a tolerable idea of the size of the cedars of Lebanon—in the ruins of the Church of St. John, erected in the third or fourth century, when Christianity first obtained a footing in the city, and especially in that part of it, at which, according to tradition, Paul was "let down in a basket." We also surveyed with grief, the devastated "Christian quarter," which had been burned to the ground by the infuriated mob. during the recent massacre. My American fellow-travellers, who had seen the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, assured me that the marks of desolation were not more striking in these excavated cities than in this district, which, up to the time of the disturbance, had been the busiest and most prosperous part of Damascus. We were specially impressed with the blackened remains of what used to be the magnificent and ancient cathedral of the Greek Church. We could see the place where the altar had stood, riddled with shot, and the pictures of the Saviour and his mother pierced with successive balls. The work of destruction was complete. The dwellings of the rich and the poor had been consumed in the common conflagration, even as the rich and the poor themselves had perished alike in the murderous onslaught. For a quarter of a mile the silence of death reigned where, of late, had been heard the hum of life and commerce; and on all sides were to be seen only the terrible traces of fire, rapine, and the sword. Into the history and origin of this outbreak, which sprung by a kind of savage infection from the massacres of the mountains, I cannot now enter. I would only add that the Mahommedans, by their fanatical fury, have been their own worst enemies; for they have thereby paralyzed, at least for a time, the right arm of their mercantile prosperity. The ladies of our party were willing to invest some money in the far-famed silks of Damascus; but when they asked for the kind of goods of which they had read, or heard, the invariable answer was "None of it is to be had since the massacre." Meanwhile Beyrout has gained what the inland emporium has lost.

I am here compelled, somewhat reluctantly, to lay down my pen for the present. I have brought my narrative to the most easterly point of my journey, and that at which I turned round, and began to set my face homeward. If health and leisure be granted to me, I may, in a subsequent volume, endeavour to describe not only the wonders of Damascus, but the scarcely less "sacred scenes" of Asia Minor and Greece, which I was privileged to visit on my way back to Britain.

I conclude with a benevolent wish for my reader. It may not be in his power to visit the "Holy Land" on earth, but it is the desire of the Holy Spirit that he should behold and dwell for ever in the Holy Land above. A poor dying girl, whom I went to see on the day before my departure for the East, remarked to me, "In all likelihood, before your return, I will have gone to the real Holy Land." I take advantage of her saying to express this parting wish for my reader, whoever and wheresoever he may be: May you have that holiness, without which no man shall see the real Holy Land!

THE END.

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